THE LITERARY DIGEST

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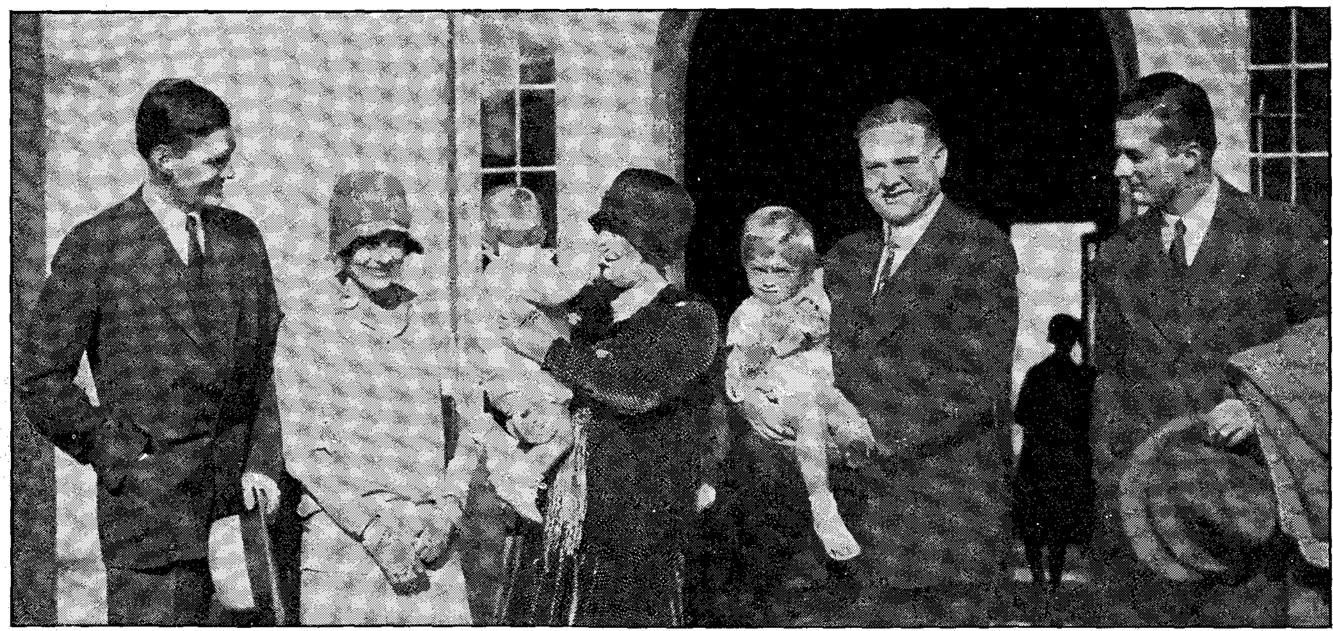
TOPICS ▾ OF ▾ THE ▾ DAY

(This title registered in U. S. Patent Office)



P. & A. photograph

MR. HOOVER AS A FAMILY MAN IS ALSO INTERESTED IN THE FAMILY OF NATIONS

We see here, from left to right, Herbert Hoover, Jr., Mrs. Herbert Hoover, Jr., Mrs. Hoover holding Herbert, 3d, Herbert Hoover holding his granddaughter Peggy, and Allan Hoover. The photograph was taken at the President-elect's Palo Alto home.

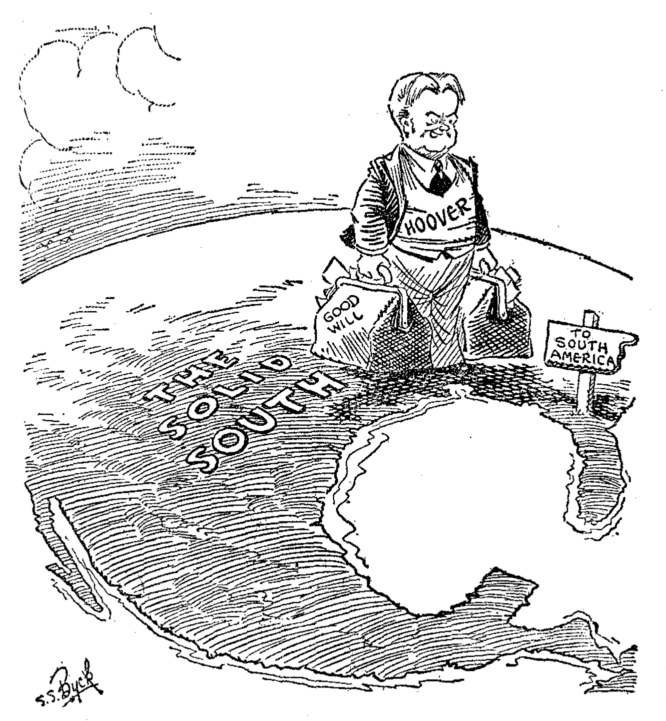
HOOVER TO SEE SOUTH AMERICA FIRST

DOES THE GOOD-WILL JOURNEY of President-elect Hoover to South and Central America indicate the turning of Uncle Sam's diplomatic and commercial hopes away from a seemingly incorrigible Europe? This question is raised by the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger*, which believes that "Latin America will be the New World of to-morrow," and applauds Mr. Hoover's unprecedented pilgrimage as evidence that "our diplomacy is showing signs of intellectual maturity, imaginative power, initiative, and, what is even more important, a plan." The significance of this move to strengthen "the Pan-American consciousness" is similarly recognized by many of our editors and correspondents. "Not since the formulation of the Monroe Doctrine has there been such a bold attempt to solidify the Americas," declares Arthur Hachten in a Universal Service dispatch from Palo Alto, where Mr. Hoover has his California home. "It may mean the beginning of a new era in American trade, born of a policy that sees South American markets more advantageous than European markets," reports Warren W. Wheaton in a Washington dispatch to the New York *Evening Post;* and he adds that some Washington observers go beyond this and say "it may indicate a new commercial alinement, with the nations of the Western hemisphere banded together more closely than ever before." In any event, "there seems not the slightest doubt that the visit of Mr. Hoover to the South has profound economic significance," says Mr. Wheaton, who reminds us that "the World War enabled the American manufacturer to enter Latin-American markets on an unprecedented scale, and after the war these gains were consolidated, and for the most part held in the face of severe and increasing competition from foreign competitors, especially the Germans and English. The markets of South America are potentially the most valuable in the world."

"Mr. Hoover visualizes South America as taking the place of the United States as the chief outlet in the New World for the surplus population of Europe, and expects it to increase in population and wealth during the next half-century, just as the United States increased during the half-century which closed when its immigration restriction law went into effect," says W. W. Jermane in a Washington dispatch to the Seattle *Times;* moreover, "population will hasten the economic and political development of all its countries, with resultant increase of purchasing power and export of raw materials."

From this point of view the President-elect's dramatic southward journey in the *Maryland*, one of the Navy's newest and most powerful dreadnoughts, is a prophetic recognition of the fact that Latin-America, with its population of about 80,000,000, is destined to become more important to us as an outlet for our surplus production than is Europe, with its 460,000,000.

"As a political romance, this pilgrimage borders on the sensational," remarks the New Haven *Journal-Courier*. Mr. Hoover



FARTHER SOUTH
—Byck in the Brooklyn *Times*.

has tackled one of the most important problems confronting America with a directness and swiftness which may startle the sticklers for convention, but which will delight the nation, declares the New York *Herald Tribune*. "He has not awaited his inauguration to prove his statesmanship," notes the Springfield *Union*, which believes that "nothing is more important to the United States than its relations with Latin America." The fact that Mr. Hoover's trip is unprecedented for a President-elect moves the Kansas City *Star* to hope confidently that "he will do many things in the next four years that have not been done before."

In fact it must be almost startling to Mr. Hoover, after the give and take of a Presidential campaign, to find public opinion virtually unanimous in approval of his plan. The press, regardless of party affiliations, applauds it. President Coolidge and Senator Borah, correspondents tell us, are in enthusiastic agreement about the probable results in good-will and good business between this country and Latin-America. A note of cordial welcome sounds through all the dispatches from the countries of South and Central America. In League of Nations circles, a Geneva dispatch tells us, this journey of the President-elect is hailed as "furthering the amity of nations." Virtually the only criticism we have discovered is that reported by John Billings, Jr., in a Washington dispatch to the Brooklyn *Eagle:*

> "The first reaction of political Washington to the prospective trip to South America by President-elect Hoover was one of fretful impatience at the indefinite postponement of Cabinet formation and patronage assignments.
>
> "The Old Guard of Republicans who are beginning to straggle back into the Capital after the election were frankly annoyed at the prospect of Hoover's leaving the country for many weeks at a time when they were ready to shake the new plum tree and get down to the more serious business of 'lining up' the next Administration."

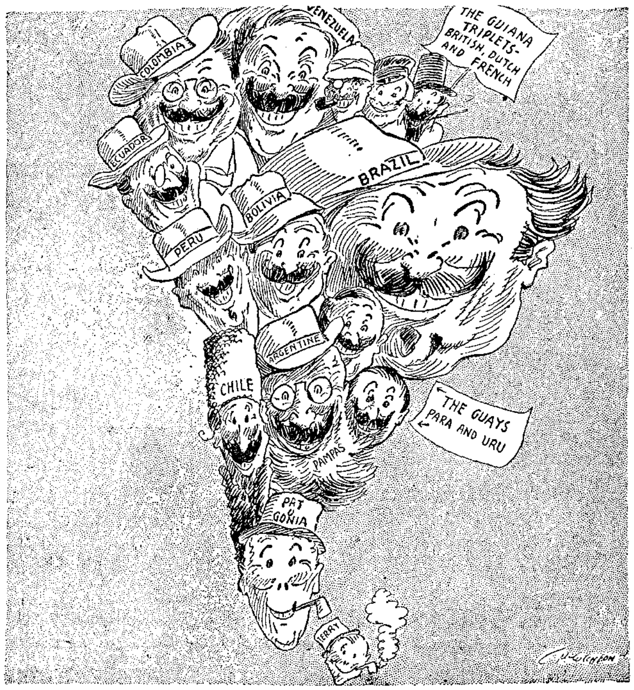
Something of the practical importance of an *entente cordiale* with Latin-America is indicated by the figures cited in the following editorial, in the Detroit *News:*

> "Before the great war, Europe furnished most of South America's foreign capital. Our foreign investments were made, for the most part, nearer home—chiefly in Canada and Cuba. British holdings in Brazil alone, on the eve of the war, were estimated at $1,100,000,000, and in the rest of South America at $2,300,000,000. In the three years 1910-13, British investments in South America increased nearly $890,000,000, showing the rapid rate at which British capital was flowing into the southern continent. French, German, Dutch, and Belgian investments were also increasing.
>
> "Then came the war, and the flow of European capital ceased. This caused, in the first place, a period of retrenchment and hard times in the southern republics, followed by an effort to attract capital from the United States. This effort was successful, and it has continued to be successful since the close of the war. In 1926 alone, according to the Investment Bankers' Association, American advances to South America totaled $508,000,000. In short, the United States has become the chief source of financial aid both to South American governments and their agencies, and to South American industry.
>
> "For these reasons, as well as because of the Monroe Doctrine and the relations established by the Pan-American Congresses, our interests in South America are greater than they have ever been before, and have become of prime importance."

That there are certain sore spots to heal and rough places to smooth in our relations with Latin-America is a fact not ignored by our editors in their commendation of Mr. Hoover's neighborly gesture. As the St. Louis *Star* reminds us:

> "There are many things in Latin America that need attention and first-hand knowledge on the part of the Chief Executive. Argentina and Brazil have long been in rebellion against the American tariffs; Peru and Chile are aggrieved with each other and with the United States over the bungling attempt of Secretary Kellogg to settle the Tacna-Arica quarrel; Costa Rica is irritated that the Monroe Doctrine will not permit the taking of its boundary dispute with Panama to the League of Nations.
>
> "Personal acquaintance with the leaders of South American thought, a frank discussion of Latin-American problems, and a statement of American ideals and aims on this hemisphere by the President-elect will go far toward quieting the fears of these southern peoples. South American States are beginning to resent the 'big-brother' attitude that ignores their aspirations. Situations are bound to come up during Mr. Hoover's term of office wherein an intimate acquaintance with Latin-American affairs will be imperative to a wise solution of problems. Mr. Hoover shows sound judgment in getting that information before he is tied down by official duties in Washington."

But underlying all these frictions, notes the New York *Times*, there is one common cause of misunderstanding:



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OUR SOUTHERN NEIGHBORS ARE EXPECTING A FRIENDLY VISITOR FROM THE NORTH
—McCutcheon in the Chicago *Tribune*.

CAN YOU ANSWER THESE?

Test your knowledge by the questions below. If you can not answer them, turn to the pages indicated. Each one counts 4.

1. What effect has anger on the nervous system? (p. 31).
2. What is absolute loss of consciousness? (p. 21).
3. What "Russian situation" did Mrs. Hoover meet in China? (p. 39).
4. How does Lindbergh account for most airplane disasters? (p. 63).
5. Did the Pilgrims wear drab clothes? (p. 46).
6. Which are the two most important towns in the Netherlands East Indian Archipelago? (p. 19).
7. What is the object of the Zionists? (p. 31).
8. How accurately did the DIGEST poll forecast the election results? (p. 13).
9. How does a tornado unroof buildings? (p. 22).
10. What is the lowest cost of an airplane? (p. 59).
11. What great change takes place on December 1 in the printing of Turkey's newspapers? (p. 20).
12. Is the cutting of Christmas-trees a menace to forestry? (p. 32).
13. What is the "best-known smile in the world"? (p. 28).
14. What is Edison's biggest contribution to national welfare? (p. 24).
15. What subject brought the Hoovers together as sweethearts? (p. 44).
16. Where were "baby" cars evolved? (p. 54).
17. What is described as the greatest of the many national reforms of the President of Turkey? (p. 20).
18. Who is the editor of the New York *Nation?* (p. 27).
19. Was the election a dry victory? (p. 14).
20. What "sinister" researches concerning airplanes are being made? (p. 22).
21. What are the most primitive emotions? (p. 25).
22. Have we reached traffic control over air-ways? (p. 58).
23. Who became "as much a cult as a candidate" in the recent Presidential campaign? (p. 17).
24. Who supplied starving Germany with food after the war? (p. 18).
25. What Archipelago in length equals the distance from Ireland to the eastern part of the Black Sea? (p. 19).

> "There is sporadic talk about our 'imperialism,' as manifested in Haiti, Santo Domingo, and Nicaragua; there is occasional jealous discussion of the implications of the Monroe Doctrine; there is always criticism of our tariff policy. But the one sentiment which really unites people in the countries to the south of us is resentment at our condescending ignorance of their political institutions, their culture, and their national life. Subtle and unintended affronts to the national pride of South Americans have been a serious handicap to our diplomatic officials and business men. It will be within the power of Mr. Hoover to sweep away much of the lingering misunderstanding."

From the statesmen and the press of Latin America come assurances that Mr. Hoover's visit will make for greater understanding between North and South America, and will facilitate the solution of our mutual problems. Altho officially still a private citizen, the President-elect, we are told, will be given full Presidential honors by the countries he visits, and will receive a salute of twenty-one guns on entering the ports aboard the *Maryland*. Says a Buenos Aires, Argentina, dispatch to the New York *Herald Tribune:*

> "A great strengthening of relations between the United States and Latin America is already declared to be a sure result of such a trip. American recognition of the growing political and economic importance of South America was foreseen by political leaders throughout South America following the announcement.
>
> "The leading newspapers of the continent have been particularly hearty in their predictions of the welcome which would be extended to Mr. Hoover. 'He will be welcomed with genuine pleasure,' *La Nacion* said. 'President-elect Hoover will be enabled to appreciate the sentiments uniting North and South America, as well as learn the economic conditions of Argentina in relation to the United States. The trip will unquestionably be beneficial to the relations between the two countries.' *O Jornal*, one of the most influential newspapers of Rio de Janeiro, warmly welcomes Mr. Hoover to Brazil. 'The visit indicates that the Republican party is adopting a more amicable South American atitude,' the paper said. 'The *Jornal de Commercio*, of the same city, declared that the visit will have 'great beneficial results to all concerned.'"

A dispatch from Santiago, Chile, to the same New York paper, quotes an editorial in *Mercurio* as saying that Mr. Hoover's tour "reveals a statesman of profound vision." "It will be the first time the White House has been occupied by a man knowing Latin America," remarks this Chilean paper, which goes on to say: "Thus Mr. Hoover will not commit the common error of considering Latin America a single bloc." "His voyage will make him acquainted with most of Latin America and all of its problems and necessities, enabling him to head an administration with a vigorous policy of economic and intellectual advancement, which is necessary for the future greatness of the Americas," comments President Leguia of Peru. And the dispatches carry messages in similar vein from all the countries on his itinerary.

Returning to the comment of our own press, we find the New York *Evening Post* characterizing the Hoover trip as "a perfect instance of serving both the common sense and our ideals":

> "Before taking on a great office that should have to do almost primarily with 'the other America,' he decides to visit it, to talk to its Presidents, to visualize its contours, to learn of its commerce. This is plain 'common sense.'
>
> "On the idealistic side, the visit to our southern neighbors of an American war-ship bearing the American President-elect can not but be an overwhelmingly convincing proof of the desire of the incoming Administration to be friends.
>
> "Mr. Hoover has started well his march to a great era."

The only irons Mr. Hoover has in the fire in this tour of friendship are those that the world may see, remarks the Washington *Evening Star;* and the Philadelphia *Inquirer* tells us that—

> "When and where the idea of the contemplated trip to Latin-American countries by Herbert Hoover originated, we can not say. Probably, however, in the fertile and very practical brain of Mr. Hoover himself. In any event, it might almost be cataloged as inspirational. For back of it is good-will conveyed in an official way on the eve of a new Administration.
>
> "Mr. Hoover is not going to these southern ports and capitals on any diplomatic mission, save in the sense that the breeding of cordial relations is diplomacy. He couldn't discuss treaties and international problems even if he wished, for he is still a private citizen. But he can get a 'close-up' of the desires, the aspirations, the hopes and the fears of the nations which will welcome him. He goes to them bearing the olive branch of peace. The representatives of the governments with whom he will talk will hear from him that all that the United States seeks of them is mutual respect and confidence—the trust in each other and the understanding of each other which foster amicable and neighborly ties.
>
> "Upon various occasions we have tried, through visitations and through discussions in Pan-American congresses, to impress the fact that friendship is the one motive that controls our policy. We have not been entirely successful. There is still a lingering distrust of us in certain quarters. The good-will visit of Herbert Hoover, who will preside in Washington for the next four years at least, should go very far in removing these doubts."

THE JOB OF MENDING THE "CRACKED" SOLID SOUTH

THE SOLID SOUTH was the tallest political landmark swept away by the Hoover landslide. The bitterness of Democratic defeats in other Presidential years has been assuaged by the retention of that solid block of electoral votes from ten faithful States below the Mason and Dixon line. This time the solid Democratic South is "cracked," "broken," "split," "liquefied," to use favorite newspaper descriptions, and the loss of Virginia, North Carolina, Florida, and Texas, besides all the border States, vastly complicates the reconstruction problem which the Democracy's leaders must now tackle. We find papers both North and South agreeing that the most significant feature of the election is this break in the "Solid South." So before quoting editorial comment on the future of the Democratic party, it will be worth while to notice how editors explain what happened in the South. In general they consider the Democratic party "down, but not out," while they are pretty much at sea about the permanence of the Republican trend in the States of the old Confederacy.

P. & A. photograph

AN OPTIMISTIC DEMOCRAT

Franklin D. Roosevelt, photographed as he was listening in on the election returns with his mother, Mrs. James Roosevelt, and his daughter, Mrs. Curtis Dall. The Governor-elect of New York, who looms large politically as a Democratic victor in a Republican year, insists that the Democratic party is far from crusht, and will soon present a united front.

Turning first to the Southern Democratic editors, we find them citing Prohibition and the religion of the Democratic candidate as two fundamental factors leading to the break. The Richmond *Times-Dispatch* speaks of the "twin issues of Prohibition and religion," and the Charleston *News and Courier* also ties together Governor Smith's "church connections" and his wetness. Several papers put the Prohibition issue first. The Dallas *Dispatch*, for instance, feels certain that "another Catholic candidate, avowedly dry," would have held the South together. Governor Dan Moody of Texas, while paying tribute to Governor Smith's personal qualities, declares it unfortunate that "the management of the campaign was entrusted to Mr. Raskob, a cynical commercialist with an alcoholic complex." Other Texas leaders, whose views are summed up in a New York *World* dispatch from Houston, emphasize these three major factors: "Prohibition," "propaganda against the Catholic Church," and the superior organization of the anti-Smith forces. Senator F. M. Simmons of North Carolina, the most important Southern party leader to bolt Smith, sets down as one reason for the New York Governor's failure to carry the South, the fact that "the Smith campaigners preached too much Tammany and not enough genuine Democracy." Bishop James Cannon, Jr., of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, described as the "war horse of the dry movement in Dixie," calls the result in the South a protest against the nomination of a "wet Tammany candidate." In Florida, Senator Duncan U. Fletcher is quoted in the New York *World* as saying: "The women were all dry, and they turned out in unprecedented numbers to vote, not for Hoover, but against Smith because of his stand on Prohibition." In North Carolina the Charlotte *News* agrees that the Democratic candidate's "own most ardent supporters in the solidly Democratic part of the nation could not follow him" in his stand on Prohibition, and that this stand made him "hopeless" as a candidate. Other Southern papers, like the Atlanta *Georgian* and Mobile *Register*, think that "the fatal handicap to Governor Smith's candidacy was Tammany Hall."

But there are tendencies of a different kind which seem to editors both North and South to go far to account for the break in the South. The election "forced into premature bloom a political flower which has been forming in Southern States for a quarter of a century," says the Houston *Post-Dispatch:*

> "Texas, North Carolina, Virginia, and Florida, where the industrial movement has made big headway and drawn millions of Mid-Western and Northern immigrants, went Republican. The religious and Prohibition issues contributed heavily to this result, but they merely hastened a momentous political break with the past. The political complexion of the industrialized South is changing rapidly. The solidarity of the South is broken. Southern States of predominantly rural population were not affected by Tuesday's turnover. The necessary heavy Independent and Republican nucleus was lacking. Southern States, where the industrial movement has wrought its changes, will be political battle-grounds in future national elections. Texas has become, in all likelihood, a permanent addition to the list of States classed as doubtful in Presidential contests."

"The South voted against the Governor of New York and not for Mr. Hoover," insists *The Nation* (New York). Other papers see the pro-Hoover as well as the anti-Smith urge in the South. The Providence *Journal* (Ind.) recalls the Southern backing for the Presidency Mr. Hoover had eight years ago, and the way he endeared himself to a part of the South because of his Mississippi flood-relief labors—"much of the strength he has developed in the Southern States is more personal than political." And the Boston *Transcript* (Rep.) thinks "the tremendous sweep of Mr. Hoover was due chiefly to his reputation, which made it easy for Southern Democrats to take him, and to the popular confidence in him as man and administrator." Bigotry, Prohibition, and the increasing industrialization of the South are all cited by the New York *World* (Dem.) as causes of the break. It also tries to explain why the major portion of the South remained faithful, and comes to the conclusion "that the Democratic solidity of the several Southern States varies directly with the proportion of negroes in their population." In other words, "the Solid South—what is left of it—was not voting against the Eighteenth Amendment; it was still voting against the Fifteenth."

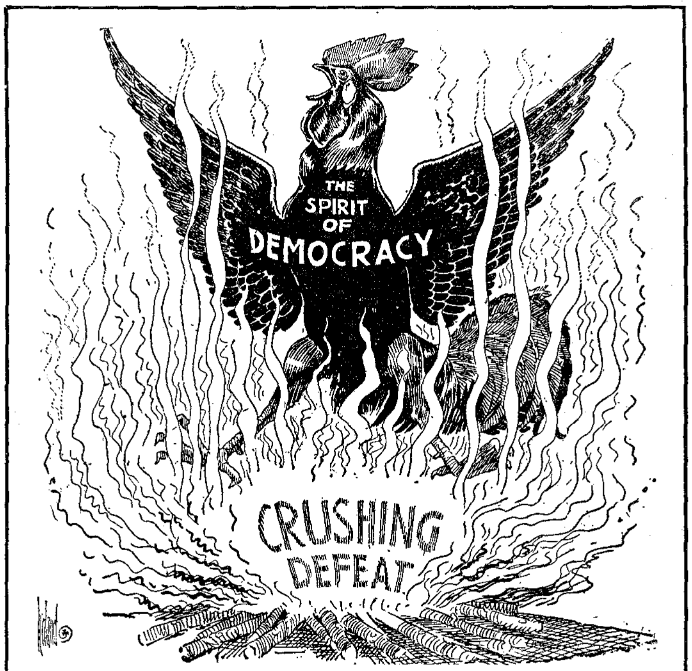
"To the question, does this election mean that the South is necessarily permanently broken," the Birmingham *Age-Herald* (Dem.) declares that "there can be but one answer, No!" The defections, it adds, "were not due to a change of political faith, but to a religious hostility and a dry zealotry which smashed through the bonds of old attachments." The Cleveland *Plain Dealer* (Dem.) feels that "no permanent break is yet in sight." "Will it be possible for the Republican party to retain the advantage it has secured in the Solid South?" Just now, it seems to W. W. Jermane of the Seattle *Times* (Rep.), a majority of careful thinkers will answer in the negative.

And yet, both North and South, there are papers which feel that things will never be the same again. "Politics in the South has reached a turning-point," admits the Little Rock *Arkansas Gazette* (Dem.), in one of the six States still "solid." This is just the conclusion that is reached by Northern papers like the Detroit *Free Press* (Ind.), Cleveland *News* (Rep.), Kansas City *Star* (Ind.), Philadelphia *Bulletin* (Rep.), Philadelphia *Inquirer* (Rep.), New York *Herald Tribune* (Rep.), *Wall Street Journal*, and Syracuse *Herald* (Ind.).

So much for the not so solid South. A glance at the map at the top of page 13 will give the reader an idea of what the St. Louis *Star* (Ind.) means when it says: "The new map of Democracy presents a dismal aspect." The Asheville *Citizen* (Dem.) sees the Democratic party nationally "smashed even as a party of opposition." Other Democratic papers are frankly pessimistic. Note what Senator Carter Glass's Lynchburg *News* says:

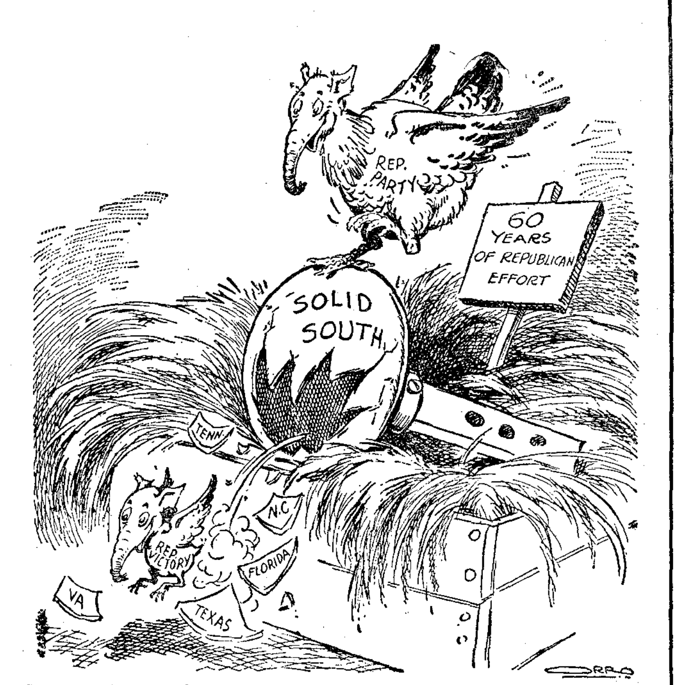
> "Democracy has received the worst defeat in its history, and at a time when it was most truly democratic. As a party, it can scarcely be said to exist. Overwhelmed by its enemies and deserted by its friends, it lies gasping for breath and in imminent danger of death. Whether or not it will ever recover is a question for the future to answer."

But Franklin D. Roosevelt, who was elected Governor of New York in spite of the Hoover victory there, and who is being hailed in some quarters as a future leader of the party, sniffs at the idea that the party is smashed. He believes it has a bright outlook for the future, and that a party which polls "15,000,000 votes does not need any reorganization." "The Democratic party is far from dead," says the independent Detroit *News*. "The elephant may trample all over the donkey, batter and bruise it, but so long as a spark of life remains that stubborn animal will somehow contrive to get on its feet again," we read in the Hartford *Courant* (Rep.). "The Democratic party is far from dead," insist papers like the Manchester *Union* (Rep.), Portland (Me.) *Express* (Rep.), Columbus *Ohio State Journal* (Rep.), and Omaha *Bee-News* (Ind.) in the North.



PHOENIXLIKE, THIS SPIRIT WILL ALWAYS LIVE IN AMERICA
—Ireland in the Columbus *Dispatch*.

"The Democratic party still lives!" cries the Jacksonville *Florida Times-Union* (Dem.) in the South. The Atlanta *Constitution* (Dem.) prophesies that "the Democratic party will live in this country as long as the flag carries the forty-eight stars representing separate State units." It will not only survive the defeat," we read in the Charleston *News and Courier*, "but will be virile and strong in 1932, and not afraid of new ideas or of being denounced as radical." The New York *Times* (Dem.) and the Montgomery *Advertiser* (Dem.) point out that now the Republican party will be on trial with difficult problems to solve and unpopular decisions to make, and the Democratic party as the opposition will be in position to take full advantage of whatever situation may arise.



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THE DOOR KNOB FINALLY HATCHES
—Orr in the Chicago *Tribune*.

In his radio message delivered to the Democratic party and the people of the country a week after election, Governor Smith denied that the verdict of election day was a "crushing defeat" for the party, and then proceeded to offer this counsel to Democrats:

> "The Democratic party to-day is the great liberal party of the nation.
>
> "It would be regarded as a constructive achievement if the Democratic party at Washington were to formulate a program, adopt it, offer it to the Congress of the United States, and there defend it. A refusal on the part of the party in power to accept it or their inability to bring about party unity for the solution of these problems would then fix the responsibility and make a record upon which a successful campaign can be waged four years from now.
>
> "In other words, the Democratic party would not be acting in good faith with the people of the country, nor in good faith with the millions of those who rallied to its support, if it were to sit by and adopt a policy of inaction with the hope of profiting solely by the mistakes or failures of the opposition.
>
> "I do not regard the defeat of the Democratic party at this election as impairing in the slightest degree the soundness of the principles for which it stands. I am just as anxious to see them succeed as I was when the party honored me with the nomination, and with all the vigor that I can command, I will not only stand for them but I will battle for them."

International Newsreel photograph

Underwood & Underwood photograph

International Newsreel photograph

THE THREE NEW "CONGRESSMEN"—TWO REPUBLICAN; ONE DEMOCRATIC

The election of three more women to the House of Representatives, making seven in all, barely comes within the definition of news, remarks the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle*, "because woman's place in politics no longer has anything of the unusual about it." The three new members who have "won their spurs," are, from left to right, Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen, Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick, and Mrs. Ruth Baker Pratt.

MR. HOOVER'S CONGRESS

"WHATEVER ELSE IT MAY BE, the new Congress will not be Ruthless." With this sage observation, the Springfield *Union* heralds the advent of what one Washington correspondent describes as "three new and interesting names and faces" in the Seventy-first Congress: Representatives Ruth B. Pratt, Ruth Bryan Owen, and Ruth Hanna McCormick. "If woman's place is no longer in the home, it at least appears to be in the House," remarks the usually staid Cleveland *Plain Dealer*. And other editors say nice things about the seven women members of the lower body of Congress, four of whom were reelected. That the new women members will not be mere figureheads is attested by the qualities they already have revealed in dealing with public affairs, notes the Springfield daily, and the New York *Times* admits that "they have won their spurs."

For the first time since Woodrow Wilson was swept into office in 1912, points out a Washington correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*, the new Senate will be under absolute control of the Republicans, and never in the last generation has the Republican strength been so overwhelming in the House. One of the defects of our system of government, it is often remarked, is a Congress not in sympathy with the President. At first glance, it would seem that Mr. Hoover will go into the White House with a party majority large enough in both the House and Senate to enable him, in the opinion of many political prophets, to put through such policies as may be agreed upon by him and the leadership in Congress. But W. W. Jermane, a veteran correspondent at the capital, says in a dispatch to the Seattle *Times:*

> "The Republicans have not quite succeeded in giving Mr. Hoover a dependable Senate. As now constituted, there are 47 Republicans, 46 Democrats, 1 Farmer-Laborite, and 2 vacancies. In the new Senate there will be 55 Republicans, 39 Democrats, 1 Farmer-Laborite, and 1 vacancy. This vacancy will remain until the question of seating William S. Vare, of Pennsylvania, is disposed of.
>
> "The new Senate includes all the Republican radicals who have held the balance of power since the Harding inauguration, and who have interfered, on numerous occasions, with the carrying out of Administration programs. They are of all shades, from light pink to red. The reds among the Republicans are led by Norris, of Nebraska, and include La Follette and Blaine, of Wisconsin; Frazier and Nye, of North Dakota; Norbeck and McMaster, of South Dakota; Brookhart, of Iowa; and Howell, of Nebraska—nine. Subtract from the 55 seats which the Republicans are to have in the new Senate, and we have 46, or within two of a Senate majority—with Curtis, a regular, as Vice-President, casting the deciding vote in the event of a tie."

"Should these nine members hang together, they could, by joining with the Democrats, break the Republican majority," we are warned by the Kansas City *Star*. There is also the possibility, points out the Boston *Herald*, that Senators Borah and Johnson might "kick over the traces," altho the gentlemen from Idaho and California campaigned for the Republican candidate. "The ostensible Republican majority is somewhat misleading," believes the Hartford *Courant*. For, "despite the regularity of most of the insurgent Republican Senators during the campaign, it is probable that on many occasions a considerable group of them will be found working hand in hand with Democratic members." In an editorial headed "Mr. Hoover's Precarious Hold on Congress," the Philadelphia *Record* says:

> "Every President has Congress 'on his hands,' as Cleveland acidly remarked on an historic occasion.
>
> "He can do few things without its cooperation, and fewer still against its will. If it is controlled by the opposition, some of his aims are bound to be frustrated. And even if there is an Administration majority, he must often contend with or defer to leaders of his own party, who not infrequently differ with him on policies and programs.
>
> "Mr. Hoover will find that he is no exception to the rule.
>
> "An overwhelming electoral majority and an impressive popular plurality should give him exceptional prestige and influence. It is to his advantage, likewise, that his party will have increased strength in both legislative chambers. But there will be a formidable Democratic minority, and on many issues it will have strong reinforcement from the Progressive Republicans."

The political complexion of the new House of Representatives, says a Washington dispatch, will be: 267 Republicans, 167 Democrats, and 1 Farmer-Laborite. Mr. Hoover, believes *The Record*, "may be assured of smooth going in the House, but he will find Administration support in the Senate a variable quantity, with defeat of specific measures always a possibility."

The great majority of newspapers, however, agree that the Senate insurgents will not be a thorn in the side of the Hoover Administration, as they were in the two preceding ones. In the opinion of the Troy *Times*, "the regular Republicans will have absolute control." If the newly elected Republicans can not "swing" things their way, predicts the Portland (Me.) *Express*, "they probably can depend upon Senators Borah and Brookhart, who are likely to be more regular under Hoover than they have been under Harding and Coolidge." Continues the Maine daily:

> "The independent Idaho statesman is bound to the President-elect as are few men in public life. For the first time in his political career, Borah fought during the last campaign for a Republican nominee for the Presidency. He believes in Hoover, and will cooperate with him. Brookhart's support of Hoover was unstinted, and he will be with the President. Norris, Blaine, and La Follette are without the fold, but they are not needed."

The Senators who have held the places of greatest power—the Senators of longest service—will all return, observes the Syracuse *Post-Standard*. One of the first moves of the regular Republicans when the new Congress is organized, says Arthur Crawford in a Washington dispatch to the Chicago *Tribune*, will be to shift some of the Senate committees about in such a way as to break up the power that the radical members have wielded. During the first two years, therefore, Mr. Hoover "ought to have his way," thinks the Chicago *Journal of Commerce*. We read on:

> "With a Republican majority of about 100 in the House and 16 in the Senate, Mr. Hoover ought to be able to succeed without much difficulty in procuring such important legislation as he wants and in blocking such important legislation as he opposes. No President, of course, can reasonably expect to have Congress act to his satisfaction in regard to a multitude of minor matters. But in respect to major questions, Mr. Hoover, who pledged himself during the campaign to a continuance of the Coolidge policies, ought to be supported by those members of the House and members of the Senate who also have in general terms endorsed the Coolidge policies. And these members constitute a majority of the respective houses of Congress."

As the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* summarizes the situation:

> "A President with a Congress in opposition to him, or that is so nearly equal in its political composition that control is not practicable, is greatly handicapped. The latter situation has been the greatest difficulty under which President Coolidge has labored.
>
> "But Mr. Hoover, during the first-half of his term at any rate, will be more happily situated. In both Senate and House the Republican party will dominate. And it will be a party committed by the electorate to his support. The unprecedented majority given to Mr. Hoover is in effect a mandate to the Republican party in Congress to stand by him.
>
> "In the Senate, where the Coolidge Administration has found its greatest obstacles, the power of the more obstreperous and obstructive of the insurgents will be broken. Brookhart of Iowa, Frazier of North Dakota, and Johnson of California, and their associates in past obstruction, because of their approval of Hoover during the campaign, and because of the vote their States have given him, will be less inclined to make trouble.
>
> "As to Senator Borah, he has always been in a class by himself, and tho he has often been in opposition to his party, he has never been properly grouped with the insurgents. Apparently he has now allied himself closely with Hoover.
>
> "Mr. Hoover, in short, will have a Senate, as well as a House, that will be inclined to work harmoniously with him."

One of the facts demonstrated in the recent election, we are reminded by the Houston *Chronicle*, "is that the fair sex has become a potent political force in the life of the nation." Four of them have been reelected to the House, and in addition there will be three new women Representatives. Says the Houston paper of the seven women "Congressmen":

> "In the South the name of Ruth Bryan Owen stands first. The able and talented daughter of the Great Commoner has been elected to Congress from the State of Florida. She possesses to the highest degree William Jennings Bryan's ability to stump and work tirelessly for a cause. During the course of her campaign she covered 8,000 miles in her automobile. An accomplished speaker, she convinced the voters of her Florida district that their interests in Congress could be as forcefully protected by a woman as by a man. Florida went Republican, so far as the national ticket was concerned, but no voter scratched the name of Bryan's daughter.
>
> "In the West, a daughter of Mark Hanna reached new eminence in the councils of the Republican party. The children of two mighty gladiators who strove furiously in the political coliseum of 1896 will meet next March on common ground. Ruth Bryan Owen sits in Congress as did her father. Ruth Hanna McCormick will take her place in the Illinois delegation of the House. Elected by the entire State of Illinois as Congressman-at-Large, she has an opportunity to advance still higher.
>
> "In the East, a Republican Congressional district of New York City elected to office Ruth Baker Pratt, the mother of five children and widow of a Standard Oil magnate. A New Englander of the old school, a graduate of Wellesley, a woman of great wealth, she represents a Manhattan district devoted to finance. Probably Mrs. Pratt is a good business woman. Her defeated opponent can well testify to the fact that she is a good politician.
>
> "There are now seven women in our national legislative halls. Several of them represent districts formerly loyal to their deceased husbands. Two of them, Mrs. Pratt and Mrs. Owen, are Representatives in their own right, owing nothing to the activities of former partners. All are interesting and intelligent. Their continued prominence in politics brings a fresh view-point from which to attack the growing problems affecting the national life of America.
>
> "The hand that rocks the cradle helps to rule the nation!"

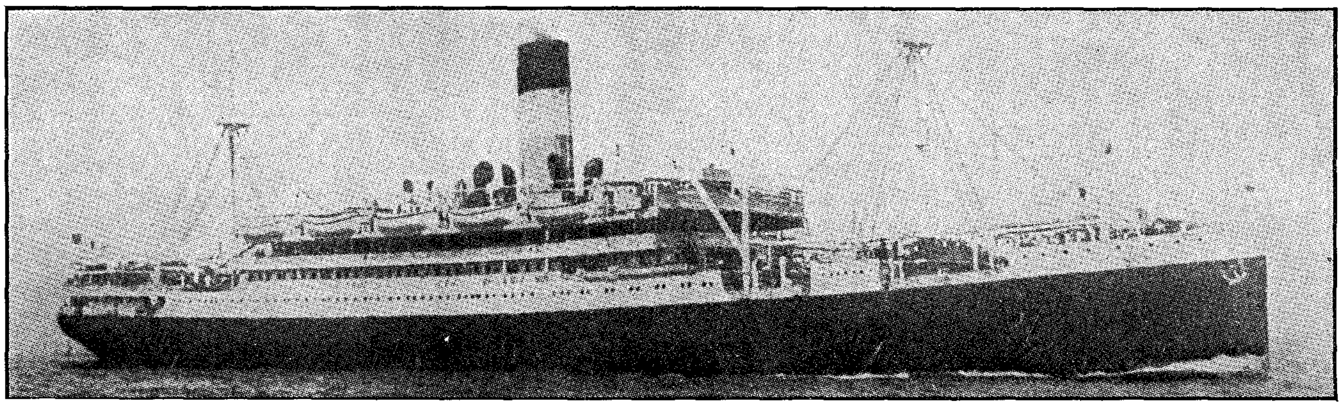
Underwood & Underwood photographs International Newsreel photographs

MRS. KAHN MRS. LANGLEY MRS. NORTON MRS. ROGERS

THE FOUR WOMEN "CONGRESSMEN" WHO WERE REELECTED

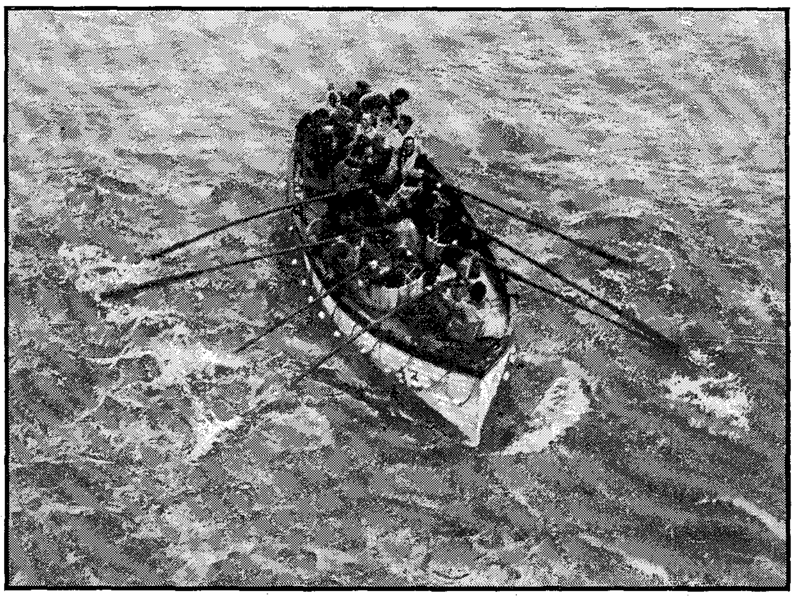
Mrs. Florence P. Kahn, of California; Mrs. Katherine Langley, of Kentucky; Mrs. Mary T. Norton, of New Jersey; and Mrs. Edith Nourse Rogers, of Massachusetts.

VESTRIS VOYAGERS GIVEN UP BY THE SEA



Acme Newspicture

THE *VESTRIS* BEFORE SHE CARRIED HER HUMAN CARGO TO TRAGEDY



P. & A. photograph

PICKING UP A BOATLOAD OF SURVIVORS

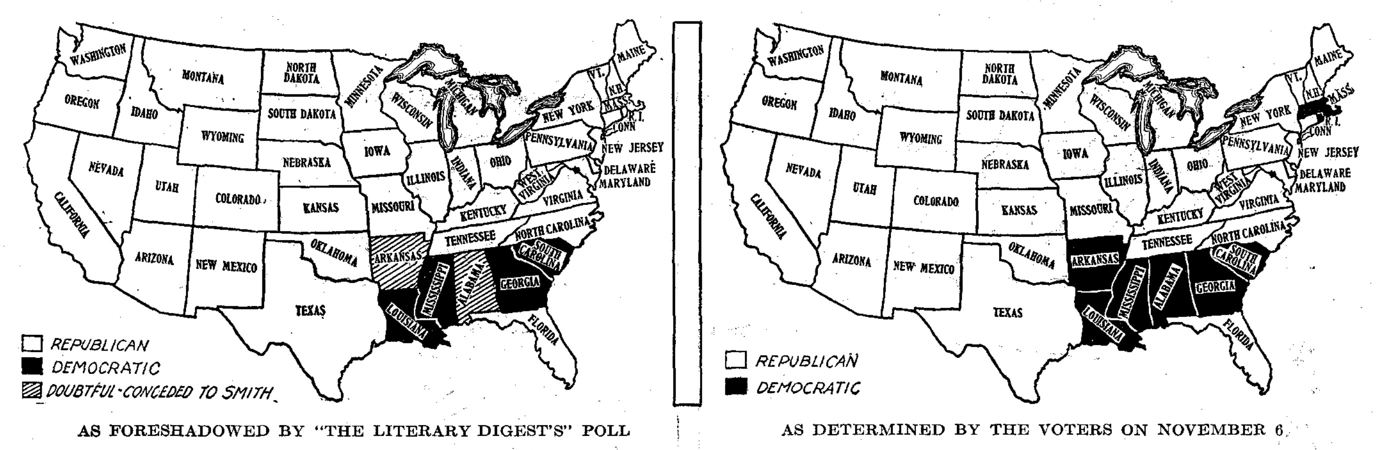
International Newsreel photograph

SAILORS SAVING A SWIMMER

International Newsreel photograph

SOME OF THE RESCUED HAVING THEIR FIRST MEAL AFTER MANY HOURS OF EXPOSURE

THE radio proved its worth last week by its efficient summoning of aid to the sinking Lamport & Holt liner, *Vestris*, which listed to her side and went down off the Virginia capes on November 12, in what many journals regard as the grimmest tragedy of the sea since the loss of the *Lusitania*. Of the crew and passengers, numbering 328, 108 were lost and 220 were saved, according to the New York *Herald Tribune*, at the time survivors were being brought back to New York by the *American Shipper*, the *Berlin*, the *Myriam*, and the battle-ship *Wyoming*. But, the Associated Press reports, none of the thirteen children on board were saved, and most of the women perished when the first life-boats launched went down. Capt. William J. Carey of the *Vestris* sank with his ship, as did Michael O'Loughlin, the wireless operator, who stood at his post amid constant peril to summon aid to the doomed vessel until the inrushing waves made further sending impossible. Nine ships turned from their courses, obeying the code of the sea to aid a sister in distress. The reason for the sinking will be, we learn from the newspapers, the subject of a government investigation.



AS FORESHADOWED BY "THE LITERARY DIGEST'S" POLL

AS DETERMINED BY THE VOTERS ON NOVEMBER 6

THE LINE-UP OF THE STATES IN THE 1928 PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION

THE "DIGEST" POLL AS A NATIONAL INSTITUTION

FOR THE SECOND TIME a Literary Digest nation-wide straw vote accurately predicts the outcome of a Presidential election, and the press of the country now accept the poll as an established institution and almost part of our campaign machinery. Editorial congratulations were quoted last week, and as more come in, they repeat the half jesting observation that these polls might be substituted for the general election with a great saving to taxpayers. The Cincinnati *Post*, for instance, quotes a reader who suggests that here is "a way to economy and comfort in elections." "When we learn to interpret your polls we won't have to bother with elections," the Macon *Telegraph* (Dem.) wires us. Coming to more serious comment, we find the Minneapolis *Tribune* and Kansas City *Star* asserting that in the next Presidential election a Digest poll will be given more respectful consideration. As barometers, both "the State of Maine and The Literary Digest have been vindicated by the national election," in the opinion of the Cincinnati *Times-Star* (Rep.). The poll's accuracy this year should, the Utica *Press* thinks, "tend to establish it as a fixture in the political calendar." The South Bend *Tribune* calls it "a solid political institution," while it is characterized by the Spokane *Chronicle* as "a national public service." The Greenville (S. C.) *Piedmont*, after speaking of the "almost spooky accuracy of the poll," continues:

> "A straw vote with such a prestige—and it is firmly intrenched now—will be of powerful influence in future races. It will not be regarded as infallible, but people will know it is likely to be accurate.
>
> "It is typical of Americans in their impatience with waiting to find a way to avoid awaiting election day to know the answer."

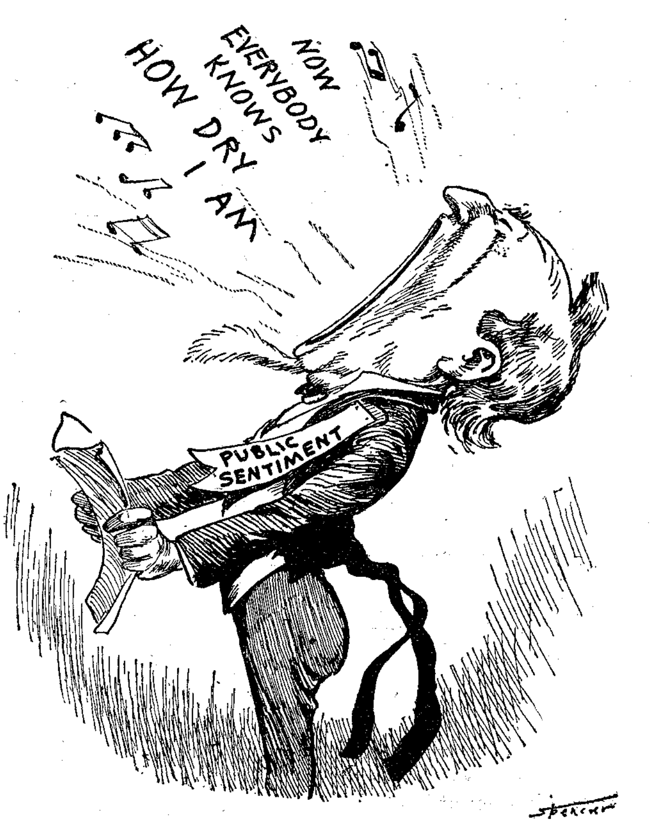
This poll will be an increasing factor in future campaigns, the Kansas City *Times* thinks, and a similar thought occurs to the editor of a Texas daily, the Sherman *Democrat:*

> "In the next crucial contest between Democrats and Republicans one can imagine what dismay can be thrown into the ranks of the workers for either party by such a poll. The morale on one side or the other might be destroyed as easily as it is for the people to read the results of the poll. In effect, The Literary Digest's straw poll would decide the election with the voting on the first Tuesday in November a mere formality of confirmation."

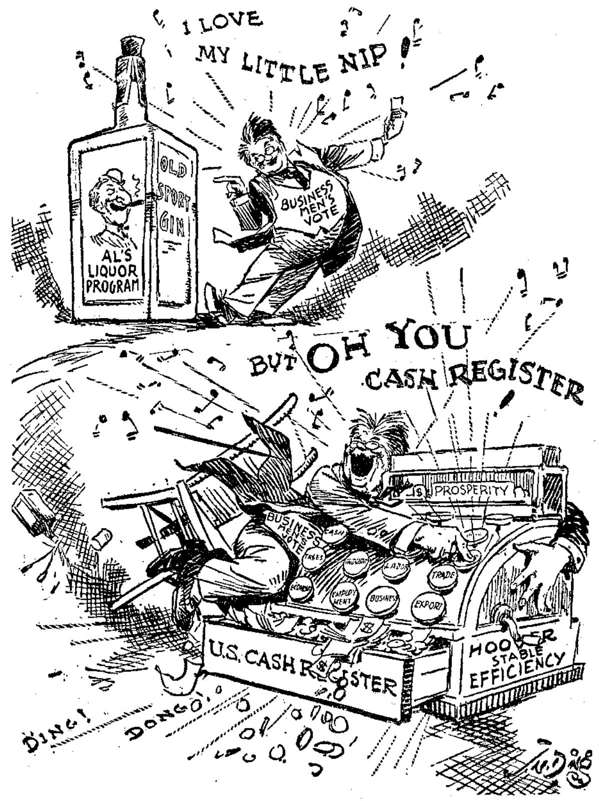
A comparison of the maps at the top of this page shows how close the Digest straw vote came to predicting the actual division in the Electoral College. The straw vote gave Governor Smith a majority in only four States, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi and South Carolina. But Hoover's lead was so small in the normally Democratic States of Alabama and Arkansas that the editors of The Digest, in presenting the final poll figures, suggested that their electoral vote might be credited to Smith. As a matter of fact these were the six Southern States carried by the Democratic candidate. But he also carried by comparatively narrow majorities two New England States, Massachusetts and Rhode Island. Thus Governor Smith has 87 electoral votes to Mr. Hoover's 444, while the Digest straw vote indicated that he would have 64 to Hoover's 467. It will be remembered that in presenting the final poll returns we referred to a last-minute switch of votes in 1924 from La Follette to Davis and suggested that such last-minute switches of sentiment must be taken into account in considering the validity of the 1928 poll. And, in fact, after the Digest's "straw voters" had sent in their ballots Governor Smith made a dramatic tour through Southeastern New England, delivering perhaps his most vigorous campaign speech in Boston, and rousing the urban crowds to such enthusiasm that representatives of Republican newspapers admitted they could not tell what the effect would be.

In The Literary Digest's straw vote Mr. Hoover received 1,750,584 ballots and Governor Smith received 987,795. In terms of percentages, this is 63.2 per cent. for Hoover, and 35.7 for Smith, leaving 1.1 per cent. to the minor candidates. Now let us see how closely the straw vote foreshadowed the actual country-wide division on Election Day. According to figures available on November 14, with 4,962 districts missing, Mr. Hoover had 20,812,912, or 58.8 per cent. out of a total of 35,439,715; Governor Smith had 14,626,803, or 41.2 per cent. of the total. Thus, on the basis of the popular vote, the Digest estimate was only 4.4 points away on a percentage calculation—in other words, 95.6 per cent. accurate. On the basis of the electoral vote, the Digest poll was only 4.3 per cent. wrong in estimating the relative strength of the two candidates; that is, it was 95.7 per cent. accurate.

To many observers the outstanding triumph of the Literary Digest poll was its foreshadowing Governor Smith's loss of his own State and of several normally Democratic States in the hitherto solid South. For instance, the San Francisco *Chronicle* finds the most striking thing about the poll to be "the uncanny accuracy with which it forecast the result in New York State and Dixie." The Wilmington (N. C.) *News-Dispatch* adds to these two triumphs the fact that most experts conceded Governor Smith at least an even chance in Wisconsin, but "the straw vote showed Mr. Hoover a heavy favorite and the election proved The Digest right again." Both on the basis of general results and returns from specific States and cities, the Springfield *Union* finds the Literary Digest poll vindicated. It takes up in detail the results in New York City, Virginia, Florida, Texas, North Carolina, Maryland, Kentucky, Tennessee, the States west of the Mississippi, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Iowa. And it thinks that "in view of the special results in these and a number of other States, relatively slight importance attaches to the few State exceptions."


NOW EVERYBODY KNOWS HOW DRY I AM
PUBLIC SENTIMENT
Spencer

FORTISSIMO!
—Spencer in the Omaha *World-Herald.*



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WHEN HE COMES RIGHT DOWN TO A CHOICE
—Darling in the New York *Herald Tribune.*

WAS THE ELECTION A VICTORY FOR PROHIBITION?

IT WAS "A GREAT DRY VICTORY," exclaim the Prohibition organizations and their spokesmen, as they view the election returns. As they see it, the Presidential contest was "a great national referendum on Prohibition"; and Governor Smith lost, not because he was a Democrat, but because he championed the wet cause. By the same token, Hoover, say the drys, did not win because there were more Republican than Democratic voters, but because he favored the dry side. Governor Smith, observes the South Bend *Tribune*, "made Prohibition the major issue in his campaign," and his defeat "gives the drys some reasonable grounds for their claim that he lost because of his stand on Prohibition." The election of Hoover convinces this paper that the people are either overwhelmingly against the wet movement, or else considered the Prohibition question settled. And, it adds: "Either way, the result provides no comfort for the wets."

Furthermore, points out the Raleigh *News and Observer*, "in almost every close Senatorial fight, a dry was elected to the Senate, thus strengthening the Prohibition forces in the Upper House." Of course, admits the Mobile *Register*, "Prohibition was not the only factor in Smith's defeat; others of deep moment contributed to the result. But the forces opposed to the return of the liquor traffic were militantly organized against Governor Smith and his pronounced wet views." It was a case, remarks Mrs. W. R. Pattangall, of Maine, "where the Nineteenth Amendment, giving women the vote, saved the Eighteenth." In the opinion of not a few dry authorities, the overwhelming defeat of the New York Governor should remove the issue of Prohibition permanently from the field of partizan politics. As the Chicago *Journal of Commerce* explains:

> "Mr. Hoover's election means that the Prohibition laws will be maintained in their present essential form for at least four years, and, if he should be reelected, for at least eight years.
>
> "Governor Smith's election would have been the signal for the beginning of an earnest effort to increase anti-Prohibition sentiment throughout the country and build up an anti-Prohibition majority in Congress."

What of the Congressional elections? According to Washington dispatches, the drys gained strength in both House and Senate. Senators Bruce of Maryland, and Edwards of New Jersey, outstanding wet leaders, were defeated. Successful dry Senatorial candidates were Townsend of Delaware; Patterson of Missouri; Walcott of Connecticut; Herbert of Rhode Island, and Glenn of Illinois. Congressmen White of Colorado, and Hill of Maryland, both wets, were also defeated. The present House of Representatives, says an International News Service dispatch from the capital, "has sixty-three outspoken wets; the new House will have between fifty-five and sixty." With Senator Reed of Missouri, a bitter opponent of the Anti-Saloon League, on the retired list, the wet opposition in the Senate will be less aggressive than it has been, predicts F. Scott McBride, General Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League. In fact, he declares:

> "This is the end of the Prohibition fight in the Democratic party. After what happened to Governor Smith, the Democrats will not dare to nominate another man who favors a change in the Eighteenth Amendment."

From the Woman's Christian Temperance Union comes the flat statement that the Hoover victory may be traced to the women of this country. According to the Secretary: "No issue other than Prohibition could have sent women to the polls by the millions." And a spokeswoman for the Woman's National Committee for Law Enforcement has this to say:

> "It was not the tariff, nor the farm issue, nor prosperity, but the menace of the return of the old saloon which led millions of women who had never voted to cast their first ballot for Herbert Hoover. It was the fear of this menace which made hundreds of thousands of other women forsake for the time

being their party allegiance to vote for the man with whom they believe this Amendment will be safe."

A statement by the Anti-Saloon League of New York says:

"The election of Hoover was a referendum on Prohibition. Smith would have made a better run against Hoover if he had been dry. He would have held the Solid South and would have made deep inroads in the dry agricultural West. If Smith had been dry and the Republican candidate wet, there can be no doubt but Smith would have been elected.

"Second, the vote was a referendum in the State of New York. If Hoover had been wet he could not have carried the State, and if Smith had been dry at least 100,000 dry Democrats who voted for Hoover would have voted for Smith."

"The people have indicated, with a finality that is unmistakable, that they will not have a wet for President," notes the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*, and this is also the conclusion reached by the Minneapolis *Journal*, Memphis *Commercial Appeal*, Nashville *Tennessean*, Raleigh *News and Observer*, and the Emporia *Gazette*. Furthermore, declares the Denver *Post:*

"Those wets who profess to find encouragement in the result of the election point to the fact that the popular vote of over 14 millions given Al Smith is the largest ever polled by a Democratic candidate. But they overlook the fact that he suffered the most overwhelming defeat ever administered to a Democratic Presidential nominee.

"The wets fool themselves by considering only the popular vote. But the thing which counts is the vote by States.

"The electoral-college system prevents a few thickly populated States from dominating all the rest of the country. It keeps sectionalism out of the Government as far as possible. It is designed to put all the States on an equal basis, so far as possible, and to give each of them an equal voice."

The press seems to be evenly divided as to the value of the election as a Prohibition victory. According to the Chicago *Daily News*, "it can not be alleged that any one issue elected Mr. Hoover or defeated Governor Smith," and in the *Montgomery Advertiser* we read:

"A glance at the results of the election should be enough to convince any one, whether he be wet or dry, that the election was not a referendum on Prohibition. To say that it was is to say that such States as South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Arkansas are wet; and such States as New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Illinois are dry, when the reverse is known to be true. Most of the electoral votes won by Governor Smith come from dry States, while Mr. Hoover captured the electoral votes of nearly all the wet States.

"In view of this, it is ridiculous to say that the election was a referendum on Prohibition."

If the election was a referendum on Prohibition, asks the New York *American*—

"Why did the driest part of the dry South stay with Smith?

"Why did Wisconsin, admittedly wet, give Hoover a one-hundred-thousand majority?"

"Why did New York State, which proved itself wet by giving a majority of over a million in a formal Prohibition referendum two years ago, give Hoover a majority of a hundred thousand?

"Any one who analyzes the vote will realize that the people were not voting on Prohibition."

"Admitting that opinions upon Prohibition actually did affect the voting to some extent," remarks the Springfield *Union*, "nothing could be plainer than that such opinions did not affect the far larger percentages of the electorate." In fact:

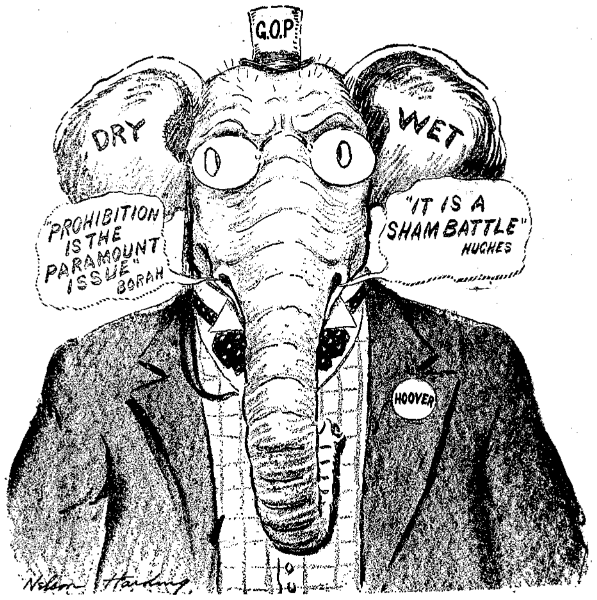
"Within the complicated aggregation of motives and influences which affected the opinion and judgment of some 35,000,000 of voters in forty-eight States, Prohibition played a relatively insignificant part. It is our opinion that had Herbert Hoover commanded nothing in and for himself but the approval and support of the Anti-Saloon League and the other Prohibition organizations, he would have been as badly beaten as was Governor Smith."

"There were too many other important issues in the campaign for the election to constitute a referendum on Prohibition," believes the Hartford *Courant*. In the opinion of this paper:

"Mr. Hoover won for many reasons, but above all else he won because he was the Republican candidate, because he is identified in the public mind with prosperity, and because he is one of the most admired and respected figures of his time.

"Suppose, however, we admit that the election was a referendum on Prohibition. What, then, does the outcome prove? It proves that Prohibition is opposed by some fourteen millions of men and women citizens—the Smith vote—and that, therefore, all attempts to enforce it will come to naught. No law opposed by fourteen millions of people could possibly succeed.

"Still, on the unsound assumption that the election was a Prohibition referendum, what else does the outcome prove? It proves that a majority of the people in six States of the South—carried by Smith—oppose Prohibition, and that therefore Prohibition is weak where it was supposed to be strongest. It proves that Rhode Island and Massachusetts—both carried by Smith—are against Prohibition. It proves that numbers of the country's centers of population are opposed to Prohibition; that at least a million citizens oppose it in New York City, at least 600,000 in Chicago, at least 250,000 in Philadelphia, at least 150,000 in Los Angeles, and so through the list. Hence, it proves that Prohibition ever must be a failure.


G.O.P.
DRY
WET
"PROHIBITION IS THE PARAMOUNT ISSUE" BORAH
"IT IS A SHAM BATTLE" HUGHES
HOOVER
Nelson Harding

THERE'S A LOT TO BE SAID ON BOTH SIDES

—Harding in the Brooklyn *Eagle*.

"But, it will be objected, many persons voted for Smith who believe in Prohibition. Precisely; and for that reason the election was not a Prohibition referendum. Many Prohibitionists voted for Smith, and many anti-Prohibitionists voted for Hoover."

In a New York *Herald Tribune* editorial we learn that—

"The only two States to vote on Prohibition as a clear-cut issue in the balloting of November 6 have returned wet majorities. They are Massachusetts and Montana.

"In Massachusetts, which gave a slender majority for Governor Smith, the voters in thirty-six of the forty State Senatorial Districts were asked to pass on this question: 'Shall the Senator from this district be instructed to vote for a resolution requesting Congress to take action for the repeal of the . . . Prohibition Amendment?'

"Montana, which gave its electoral vote to Mr. Hoover, conducted a referendum on the proposal to enact the Volstead Law as a State law to replace the repealed State enforcement act.

"These two States are too small a proportion to form any basis for judging the national feeling toward Prohibition. Nevertheless, the results of their referenda are valuable as indicating, first, that a political election is an untrustworthy criterion of popular sentiment on this question; and, secondly, that wet sentiment, if anything, seems to be increasing."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

(An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press")

Nation is evidently for G. O. Prosperity.—*Wall Street Journal.*

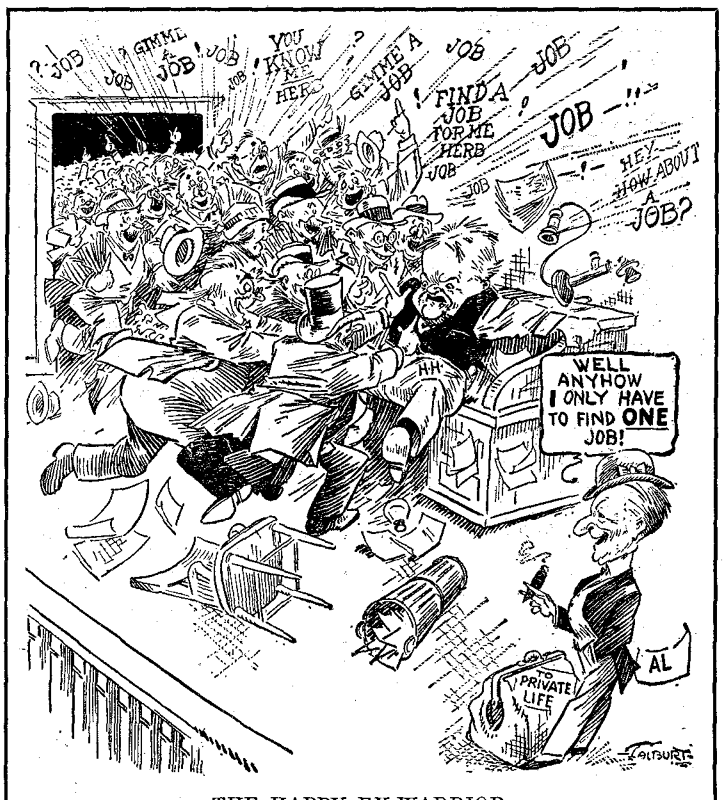
Sweet are the uses of adversity to the party it doesn't happen to.—*Dallas News.*

Literary Digest's poll proved to be pretty well pre-digested, didn't it?—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Now, if ever, is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the Democratic party.—*St. Louis Star.*

Personally we are tired of elections held merely for the purpose of vindicating The Literary Digest.—*Dallas News.*

An epigram collector is trying to learn who first said, "A fool and his money are soon parted." Has the gentleman questioned the gold diggers?—*Council Bluffs Nonpareil.*



THE HAPPY EX-WARRIOR

—Talburt in the Washington *News.*

Not the least curious of the results of this election is that California-Florida teamwork.—*Wichita Eagle.*

Looks as if the Nineteenth Amendment is to serve as a paper-weight for the Eighteenth.—*Toledo Blade.*

It's the public that's asleep and not the politician, when the latter sticks to his bunk.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

There may be glory enough for all, but somehow there are never enough electoral votes to go round.—*New York Evening Post.*

It also appears that the same people who "stuffed" the Literary Digest ballot boxes, stuffed the regular ones, too.—*Birmingham Post.*

Charles Schwab says "No one can help being optimistic in this world of change." Of course, Charley, if you have enough of it.—*Kalamazoo Gazette.*

An eminent scientist announces that man does his best work at sixty, and we'll bet he's the same one that announced about ten years ago that he does it at fifty.—*Ohio State Journal.*

Apropos of nothing whatever, American tourists spent $30,000,000 in Canada last season. Canada has such beautiful scenery.—*Macon Telegraph.*

President Coolidge has issued another declaration that business is good. But of course we can't all be in his particular line of business.—*San Diego Union.*

Literary Digest polls will be the standing jokes of future Presidential campaigns.—*Sioux City Tribune, October 25.* Who's turn to laugh?—*Cherokee (Ia.) Daily Times, November 8.*

The next time The Literary Digest mentions the name of the man who is going to be elected President of the United States, the election, so far as the general public is concerned, will be over.—*Waterbury American.*

When the new idea takes hold—the one about selecting a perfume to reflect the temperament of the user—we expect to become more familiar with the aroma of the quince blossom.—*Detroit News.*

Scientists have discovered that the Eskimos in the Arctic region were preceded by a race of more intelligence. The fact that they are no longer there shows they had more sense than the Eskimos.—*Macon Telegraph.*

Four more years of wood alcohol.—*Sunnyside (Wash.) Times.*

Us Democrats are ready for a slice of that prosperity now.—*Dallas News.*

The South appears less solid, but more sound.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

Our simile for the day: As proud as The Literary Digest.—*Ohio State Journal.*

Politics makes strange bedfellows—Massachusetts and South Carolina, for example.—*New York Evening Post.*

Enthusiasts for the simple life say that Governor Smith does not get enough straw in his diet. He is suffering from literary indigestion.—*Los Angeles Times.*

Massachusetts, there she stands; but rather lonesome.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

The embattled voter seems determined to keep the Ship of State in dry dock.—*Dallas News.*

Prosperity, apparently, is something that business men create so politicians may take credit for it.—*Detroit News.*

Norman Thomas, Socialist candidate, early conceded his defeat. That young man has prophetic vision.—*Toledo Blade.*

The Hoover Democrat hasn't found it as hard to serve two masters as he will to get served by them.—*Dallas News.*

Now that the Solid South has been broken, what of the Knotted North and the Welded West?—*New York Evening Post.*

Senator Borah appears to have remained regular so far since November 6, but we imagine the strain is beginning to tell.—*Ohio State Journal.*

Great men seldom are misquoted in print, but it's charitable to think they are.—*Washington Post.*

Perhaps the psychologist who says there is no such thing as pain has never listened to psychologists.—*Detroit News.*

Too many people take the steering-wheel and the speed laws into their own hands at the same time.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

All the big nations have agreed not to go to war, so they are now building war-ships to give the sailors a ride.—*Dallas News.*

"Says Latin-America Is Ready for Boom." Well, there are a lot of discarded ones in this country.—*New York Evening Post.*

This election has given the Republicans increased working majorities in Congress, but this does not necessarily mean that they will do any increased work.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

"Chicago assassin may have shot wrong man." Head-line. Something ought to be done about this. Perhaps they can work out a scheme for numbering prospective victims up in Chicago on the order of the football-player system.—*St. Louis Star.*

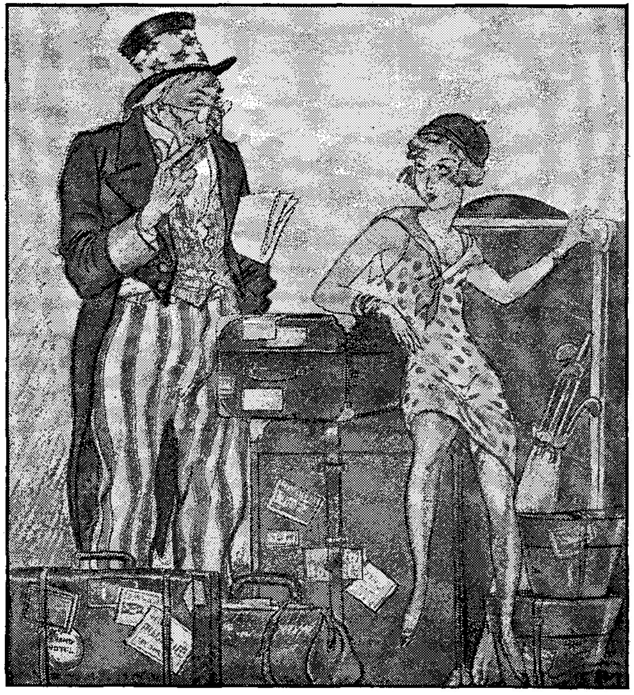
The nine million dollars spent by the Republican and Democratic National Campaign committees would have bought more than a few Christmas baskets for the poor, but of course the way things turned out there won't be any poor by Christmas.—*Macon Telegraph.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

OUR ELECTION AS HEARD ROUND THE WORLD

NEVER BEFORE were foreign nations so acutely interested in the outcome of an American Presidential election, and the reason given for this statement is that never before were their interests so liable to American contact and influence. It was also a matter of note, in the view of certain editors in other lands, that the two Presidential candidates, tho so wholly dissimilar personally, were both of political stature that measures high. In the main, foreign opinion seems largely in agreement on the conclusion that Mr. Hoover's election is the natural result of almost eight years of Republican prosperity. The Prohibition issue, the religious issue, it is admitted, flared angrily during the campaign, but the great mass of the voters, we are told, decided at the end that the most important question was "the full dinner pail." Naturally, the press in the various countries noticed below look at the outcome from the standpoint of their particular relations with Uncle Sam. Thus in England we find the London *Times* remarking that the years of Mr. Hoover's Presidency must necessarily be of critical interest for the British peoples, and of high promise, as they hope, for further adjustment of their own and American interests to a common point of view and common purpose. This newspaper then reminds us that "both have 1931 before them, and the second Washington Conference as a fixt point in their calendars." Turning to Governor Smith, this London daily adds: "Whatever his career may yet be, Mr. Smith will long be remembered as a candidate. Before the campaign had ended he had become as much a cult as a candidate." Says the London *Morning Post*, in its typical Tory mood:

> "One reason for this decisive result, which we commend to this country, is that the United States sees the best chance of prosperity in continuance of the Government on settled conservative principles. Hoover is, besides typical of the dominating type in American business—self-made, able, energetic and with just that touch of uplift which adds a pleasant moral flavor to the full dinner pail. He has not said much—a habit we modestly commend to our own politicians.
>
> "Americans rightly take their Presidential elections seriously, and Al Smith, with all his native wit and facile oratory, was never quite a serious person. If we might offer an opinion without offense, we should say preference for a serious man over a spellbinder does credit to the people of the United States. It is a demonstration of their sense of dignity."



THE CAPITAL QUESTION

MISS AMERICA: "Uncle Sam, the Europeans have been very much interested in our elections."

UNCLE SAM: "Not half as much as I am interested in having them pay their debts."

—*Il Travaso* (Rome).

In sharp contrast to the foregoing is the rather contemptuous tone assumed by a British official Labor organ, *The Daily Herald* (London), which remarks:

> "Smith's defeat is at bottom the judgment of the American electorate upon the unreality of American politics. The people just don't care. Only 50 per cent. of the electorate trouble to go to the polls, and of these the majority choose to keep Dum in office rather than bother to change to Dee.
>
> "It will mark a turning-point in American political history, for with the collapse of the sham, the real economic and social issues will assert themselves, the real political line of cleavage will appear, the real struggle about things that will develop. That will be the first step toward the coming of the first Socialist Government of the United States. When that day comes—and we would remind the incredulous that twenty years ago they would have jeered at the thought of a British Labor Government—the workers of America will look back with gratitude to men like Gene Debs earlier and like Norman Thomas and Jim Maurer this year, who did the hard, unrewarded pioneer work."

In France, the Paris *Temps*, reported as a semi-official organ of the French Foreign Office, ascribes the Republican victory to the fact that "a Republican administration had afforded a period of undeniable, prodigious prosperity," and it adds:

> "Hoover's campaign was carried out under President Coolidge's approbation. Does this mean that Hoover's Presidency will be a logical continuation of that of Coolidge—interallied debts, intervention by America in a disarmament conference for peace? Not necessarily, for the prodigious career of Hoover reveals him as a powerful individual ready to prove his individuality in all circumstances."

Because Mr. Hoover has several times affirmed his political program as closely identified with that of President Coolidge, the Paris *Journal des Débats* believes "it would be a dangerous mistake on our part to expect any favorable change." At the same time the Paris *Petit Journal* thinks France may place her confidence in Mr. Hoover, who "knows Europe so well as to assure the United States of occupying the first rank in helping to maintain order in the world." What Europe can expect from a new President, observes the Paris *Gaulois*, time alone will show, yet "he is a great American. His line of policy will be essentially American." The Communist Paris *Humanité* declares that "Hoover's triumph is the triumph also of the trusts."

Belgium's Foreign Minister, Paul Hymans, in a statement to an Associated Press correspondent at Brussels, said:

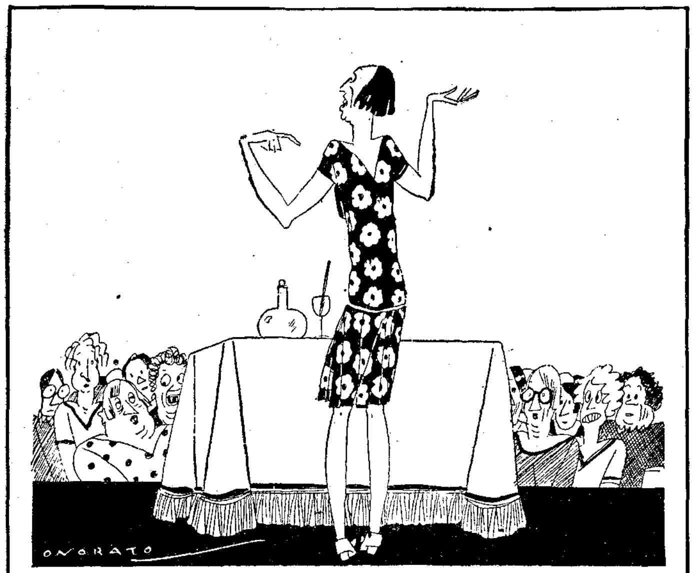
> "Mr. Hoover's success will nowhere find a more sympathetic echo than in Belgium, where his name is so intimately interwoven with the most tragic days of its history.
>
> "Without America's intervention the tremendous efforts of organization and solidarity made during the fifty months of the

war would have been impossible, and from beginning to end Mr. Hoover's outstanding personality played a foremost part.

"And what, during the war, he did for the starving population, he did after the Armistice for the starving Belgian universities, thus splendidly working in behalf of Belgium's scientific restoration."

"Herbert Hoover, the Man Who Supplied Starving Germany with Food After the War, Elected" is the head-line of the *Ullstein Berliner Zeitung* on its report of the election, and a Berlin correspondent of the New York *Times* says that this sentiment is typical of the attitude of the German press, which, with the exceptions of the ultra-Nationalist and Radical papers, warmly greet the triumphant victory of the Republican Presidential candidates. The Catholic Centrist *Germania*, which hoped that Governor Smith would win, has this to say:

"Hoover, sovereign director of an economic system and brilliant organizer, assures dollar-making better than Smith. The political course of the United States for the next four years is definitely fixt."



AN ITALIAN JIBE

THE PROHIBITION ORATOR: "Alcohol must be banned forever. If the men want excitement, we're here to provide it."

—*Il Travaso* (Rome).

In Italy the Rome *Tribuna* finds that:

"One of the characteristics of the campaign has been an almost complete absence of program on foreign policy. On this Republicans and Democrats, apart from slight variations, have always been agreed. Moreover, it was useless to discuss it.

"Mr. Hoover talked of the United States as the single country that interested Americans, and as a country that should be reserved exclusively to Americans. He also promised to raise even higher tariff walls and close even more hermetically the doors for foreigners. It is therefore easy to foresee what will be his attitude in the field of foreign relations."

Mr. Hoover's exceptional qualities as a business man, his genius as an organizer, have contributed to win for him the favor of the majority of the voters, the Rome *Giornale d'Italia* says, and, hailing his victory as that of the 100-per-cent. American, it hopes that he and the American people "will seek larger international, economic, and financial tolerance."

In Spain the Madrid *Debate* expresses itself rather dolefully, as follows:

"As far as Spain is concerned, two points in Smith's program merited our approval—the independence of the Philippines and the protest against intervention in small Spanish-American countries. We know that Smith's victory would not have meant a radical change in the foreign policy of the United States, but regarding these two points, it was sufficient to know that the huge influence of the President of the Republic would lean in that direction, and we admired him for his courage in saying so. For these reasons we lament Smith's defeat."

The Moscow *Isviestia*, organ of the Soviet Government, also gives as the chief reason for the Republican victory the continued prosperity of the United States, which "evidently was shared by the agricultural sections to a greater degree than had been generally supposed." It points out too that "it will be incumbent on the new President, as the representative of the basic interests of American industrial and financial capitalism, to define his attitude toward that great factor of contemporary political life known as the Soviet Union." In China, Foreign Minister C. T. Wang of the Chinese Nationalist Government issued a statement through the Associated Press at Shanghai, in which we read:

"China views the Republican party as a consistent friend of China, beginning as long ago as Hay's open-door declaration, which prevented the partition of China, Roosevelt's remission of the Boxer indemnity, the Washington Conference action of Hughes and Harding, and Coolidge's opposition in 1927 to foreign armed intervention in China."

Making a tremendous non-stop flight from distant China to our next-door neighbor, the Dominion of Canada, we find the Vancouver *Sun* declaring in a vigorous and challenging editorial, that, by his election, Herbert Hoover becomes "the greatest force in the world to-day," and it continues:

"Gorged with wealth, and possessing the greatest industrial organization on the face of the globe, the United States can either keep the rest of the world in a state of economic thralldom, or she can go out in a great international gesture and devote the force of democracy to the economic enlightenment of the earth. Which course will Hoover take? Will he help the little nations of the world on to their feet in an industrial way, or will he rapaciously exploit them?"

The main reason for the defeat of Governor Smith, avers the Toronto *Mail and Empire*, is psychological rather than logical. The United States is a Republican country, because it has been taught to believe that prosperity best flourishes under Republican auspices, and this daily continues: "There may be no more scientific support for this view than for the similar opinion that the early flight of migratory birds to the south presages a hard winter. It is sufficient that the majority believes it." What some millions of Americans, and not a few Canadians, are asking, *The Mail and Empire* goes on to say, is what is likely to be done about Prohibition, and it adds: "The old problem remains in all its essentials, and will prove a real test of Mr. Hoover's statesmanlike abilities, unless, like his predecessors, he chooses to ignore it."

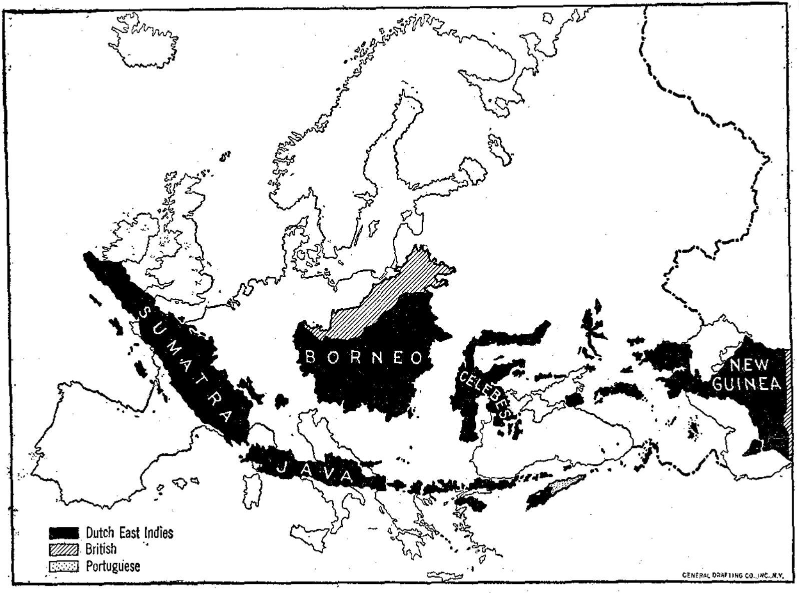
Because Mr. Hoover has undertaken to solve the important question of farm-relief, remarks the Windsor *Border Cities Star*, the Middle West took him at his word and cast their ballots overwhelmingly Republican, but this newspaper adds skeptically: "One naturally has great faith in Mr. Hoover as a producer of earthly miracles, but it is difficult to be very enthusiastic over governmental plans for farm-relief. The best kind of farm-relief is that provided by the farmers themselves."

In the view of the Kingston (Ont.) *Whig Standard*, the general impression is that Governor Smith was disposed to be a good deal more friendly to Canada than Mr. Hoover, who is the head of the party which "has reared a very high tariff wall against the farmers of Canada." Yet, at the same time, it is charged, Mr. Hoover is said to be anxious to involve Canada in an enormous expenditure on the St. Lawrence waterway in order to benefit the farmers of the Middle Western States so that "with the election of Mr. Hoover, Canada will need to be on her guard to the St. Lawrence waterway." On the other hand the Ottawa *Evening Citizen* asserts that there is no sound reason for believing that the election of the Democratic candidate would have been any better for Canada.

TO AIR-LINK ENGLAND WITH AUSTRALIA

TWELVE DAYS BY AIR from Amsterdam to Batavia in the Dutch East Indies is the record of the first mail-carrying airplane destined for the civil air service in that possession of The Netherlands. This carrier, immediately on arrival, we are told, distributed about 600 pounds of mail, including letters from London. The feat awakens the imagination of some journalists to the possibilities of establishing an air chain between London and Australia by way of the Netherlands East Indian Archipelago. The size of the Archipelago, writes the Batavia correspondent of the London *Times*, can best be understood by superimposing it on the map of Europe, as shown in the accompanying illustration, where it is seen that Sumatra would stretch from Ireland to the Mediterranean, that Java is considerably longer than England—with a population nearly equal to England—and that the extreme length of the Archipelago is equal to the distance from Ireland to the eastern part of the Black Sea. This informant goes on:

> "In the Netherlands East Indies, many business men travel regularly between the ports of Batavia and Surabaya—the most important two towns in the Archipelago. This journey can be made by rail or steamer, and as trains in Java do not run at night, the journey by either route occupies approximately forty hours. By airplane the distance can be covered in four and a half hours, so that it is possible for a business man to fly from one center to the other, arriving in time for tiffin, complete his business, and reach his office again the next day.
>
> "With regard to the influence of aviation on the development of wide and remote districts, Western Australian Airways, Limited, have demonstrated that the running of regular air services between Perth and the Northern Territory has induced a large number of men with their wives and families to settle in the Northern Territory. These factors are of immense importance to the Netherlands East Indian Archipelago. . . .
>
> "A glance at the map will show that geographically Sumatra, Java, and the Lesser Soenda Islands form an essential link in the Europe-Australia air route. Sir Eric Geddes is credited with the belief that London to Australia can be accomplished commercially, and Western Australian Airways, Limited, have for some time been considering the possibility of a Port Darwin-Surabaya service. With these and other links already in existence, it does not seem necessary to peer far into the future to see the London-Australia Air Service an accomplished fact."

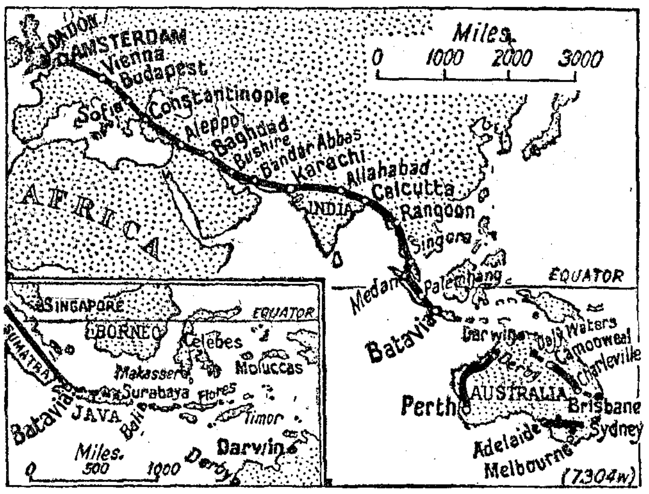


THE VAST EXTENT OF THE DUTCH EAST INDIES

The size of the Netherlands East Indian Archipelago can best be grasped by this map of it placed across the outline of Europe. Sumatra stretches from Ireland to the Mediterranean. Java is considerably longer than England, and has a population nearly equal to that of England. The entire length of the Archipelago equals the distance from Ireland to the eastern part of the Black Sea.

LONDON'S NEW TYPE OF MANIKIN

THE POPULAR NOTION that beautifying herself, posing and smiling are the three sufficient talents to make a successful manikin in a London shop, at least, is very emphatically exploded by the revelations of one of the newer type of London manikins, to a representative of *The Daily Chronicle*. What is true of the British capital's famous West End shopping center in this particular, may be suspected to be paralleled more or less in the daily duties of manikins in American cities. Fashions change in manikins even as in clothes, we are assured, and the West End manikin who was supposed to have nothing to do but languish and pose in elaborate and expensive frocks, to bask in the glow of admirers, to accept hosts of invitations to dinners, parties, dances, and supper clubs, is said to have passed out of existence, if this type ever really did exist. According to this contributor to *The Daily Chronicle*, the present manikin is first, not all cosmetics, but—



From the London *Times*

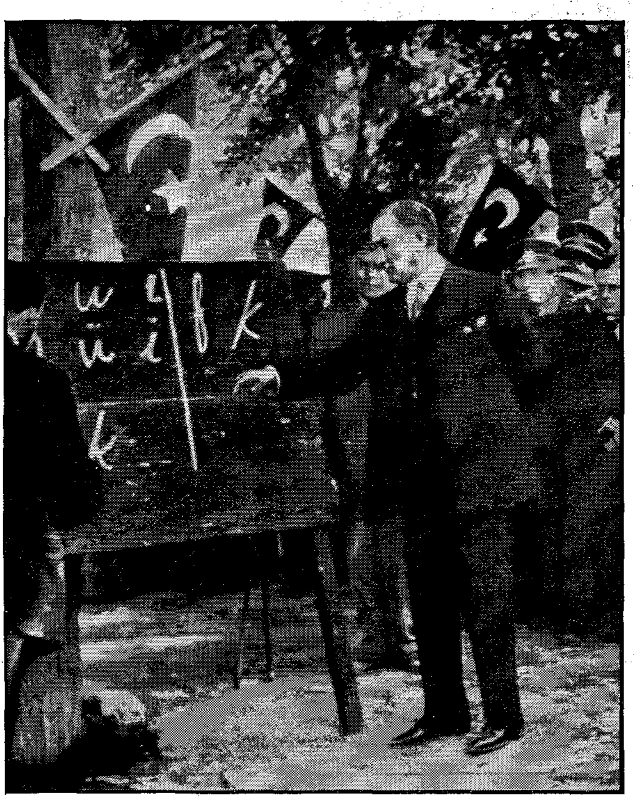
LOOKING FORWARD IN THE AIR

"With these and other links already in existence, it does not seem necessary to peer far into the future to see the London-Australia air service an accomplished fact."

> "She is essentially a business girl, who is expected to go about her work in a businesslike way. She works the hours of the normal business girl—and often a few more besides. She must have a business head for selling, as well as a beautiful form. She is the quiet, fresh, typically English sort. Maybe she is not even shingled.
>
> "I think I have discovered her at her best in one of the youngest recruits to the profession, a girl already known to shoppers throughout the West End—for her work takes her to all the principal stores in turn. Talk with her for five minutes about her life, and little of the old ultra-romantic glamour of the manikin survives.
>
> "First, the expert training at the manikin school. An hour's hard physical 'jerks' for fitness and poise, then walking practise and 'modeling'—learning the proper way of showing coat or cloak, costume or frock, bag or umbrella, and one knows not what, each with its special technique. Five different ways, for instance, of wearing a shawl!
>
> "After the modeling, some hard tuition in the art of selling and management—for the new manikin is essentially a selling manikin, with a wise head on her lovely shoulders: she must be able to push the goods as well as display them. Demonstration 'selling' is rehearsed, exactly as under shop conditions.
>
> "Then the actual work. There are the usual parades, of course, during which—for anything up to two hours, in which

nearly a score of changes may be necessary—the manikin may pose and glide, and imagine herself, just for fun, an actress of superb talents."

But the major part of her day, we read further, is spent in a sufficiently prosaic and tiring manner—just walking around the crowded departments and the restaurant, tempting shoppers to stop and ask her about the model she is wearing. There is nothing of the languishing odalisk about that, it is firmly stated, but just hard work demanding extreme patience, tact, and selling acumen. The earlier type of manikin, with beauty but not brains, we are told, would probably under this régime retire with a nervous breakdown within a week. Meanwhile, this informant relates that she learned from this well-known West End manikin that shoppers are shyer than one would think, and we read:


From *L'Illustration* (Paris)

TURKEY'S SCHOOLMASTER PRESIDENT

Mustafa Kemal Pasha, the founder of modern Turkey, giving a lesson in the letters of the Latin alphabet, which takes the place of the Arabic, in that country, by what is called "the greatest of his many national reforms."

"They know she is a manikin, they are dying to ask her about her model, but they will hang back. Well, if they will not go to her, she must go to them. That's her job and its psychology. Another thing you have to do, most tactfully, is to relieve women of the obsession that they simply can not wear a particular color, when you know very well that they can.

"Then there are the debonair men who haunt manikin shows —of the retired Army and club bachelor type, for the most part —who seem possest of a romantic complex, and just like to amuse themselves watching beautiful women. You must be able to single them out intuitively from the real buyers, who are there for business, or you will waste good time.

"When one brushes his trim mustache nervously, and says, 'Oh, ah-um-er, I was just wondering if that, ah, material would ah, do for pajamas, don't you know!' you need not waste any more selling psychology on him. Mayfair invitations? Petting? The gay night life? No, the new manikin gets precious little of these. She just hasn't the time—or realizes that sort of thing is not going to improve her mentality and looks.

"'They want natural good looks to-day—not heaps of make-up and tired expression,' she says. 'Often mother sends me to bed at ten, so that I shall keep my looks. It's just an ordinary business life. You can knock out all those old notions of romance!'"

TEACHING TURKEY NEW A B C'S

FOR CENTURIES regarded by Europe as a strange and isolated people, the Turks, we are told, are being drawn more closely to the nations of the West by what is called the greatest of the many national reforms of President Mustafa Kemal. The intricacies of the Arabic script, by his edict and all the force that propels it, are being abandoned for the Latin alphabet, which is taught now in all places from the offices of government officials and clerks to schools, homes, and places of resort. As Angora press dispatches inform us, to the traditional equipment of hubble-bubbles, coffee cups, packs of cards and dice in all Turkish coffee-houses and casinos, must now be added blackboards and plentiful supplies of chalk, by order of the Minister of Education, who is not minded to have those that idle in these social centers from morn to night escape his taskmasters in the new art of A B C. To 1,000 government and municipal employees, it seems, warning of two months was given that they prove their proficiency in the Latin characters or lose their jobs. According to Constantinople dispatches the plan of the Minister of Education provides that all Turks who have passed the age at which they can be called for service, that is, all men and women above the age of forty-six, must learn the new letters. A staff of 12,000 teachers has been recruited, and it is noted also that by December 1 all newspapers must abandon the Arabic for the Latin script. A glance at the original method of the Turkish President in enforcing alphabetical reform is provided by the London *Times*, which relates:

"On the famous Palace of Dolma Baghtche, over two hundred Turkish Deputies, officials, officers, and journalists took a five hours' lesson in the Latin alphabet, which will come into general use on January 1, 1931, and is already competing with the doomed Arabic letters. Their teacher was Ibrahim Nedumi Bey, but he taught and they learned under the stern and watchful eyes of one who has Albanian blood on the distaff side, of no less a headmaster than Ghazi Mustafa Kemal himself. The lesson over, there came what schoolboys irreverently term 'the pijaw from the Head.' But the Ghazi's method of correcting unwilling or troublesome pupils was marked by a humor and originality which are not always discovered among professional pedagogs. Casting his eyes about the assembly he descried certain temerarious members of Parliament, who during his absence from Constantinople had attacked the works and ways of the commission which drew up the new alphabet. He now invited them to mount the platform and explain their criticisms. The deputies, our correspondent relates, were at first 'loth to recede from the position which they had taken up,' but they seem nevertheless to have eaten their words against the commission and were doubtless relieved to escape with no more than an official rebuke. We are unlikely to hear more criticisms of the change, in Constantinople, at any rate. Even the most stalwart provincial defenders of the old alphabet will think twice before they raise their voices against a reform which the Ghazi encourages."

The advantages of the change of letters in Turkey can scarcely be appreciated, adds *The Times*, by those who have not struggled with the difficulties presented to the student of Turkish by the Arabic letters. They are admirably adapted, we are told, to the Arabic language, which has a most formidable array of consonants, a limited number of vowel sounds, and a grammatical system which relieves the writer from the necessity of writing any but the three long vowels which it possesses. But—

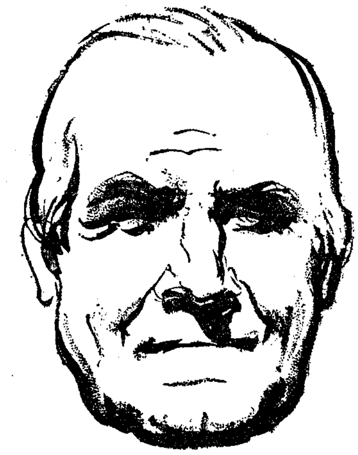
"No alphabet is less fitted to express the melodious Turkish speech, which has relatively few consonants and an astonishing wealth of vowels and diphthongs. To take a single instance, the Turkish word composed of three Arabic characters which can be transcribed as A, W, and K may be pronounced 'on' or 'eun' or 'evin,' and in several other ways besides. It is not surprizing, therefore, that years of study were needed for the mastery of written Turkish, or that the written language should have been overcrowded with Arabic words, many of which were not used in colloquial speech. Conservatism, the religious associations of Arabic which gave a sanctity to the letters in which the Koran was written, and the Oriental delusion that writing should not be made too intelligible in content or in form, explain the long domination of the Arabic letters over the Turks."

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

HUMAN CLOCKS

SOME PERSONS ARE TIME-CONSCIOUS; others are not, says L. Dugas, writing in *La Psychologie et La Vie* (Paris) under the title "Voluntary Awakening at an Hour Previously Fixt." This feat is an ordinary one with many persons, he assures us; these are the time-conscious variety of humans, who are a sort of living timepieces. Or rather, since we all carry within us the regular pulsation of vital processes, we are all human clocks, altho only a few have the ability, or the will, to tell the time by our own internal rhythms. Writes Mr. Dugas:

"The perception or feeling of time, with the estimation of its duration, should always, it would seem, accompany consciousness; it is usually so, except with a few exceptional persons. Descartes said that theoretically man is always thinking; that he can not, and, in fact, never does, completely lose the consciousness or feeling of his own existence. He feels that he is alive and that time passes, even in his sleep; for absolute loss of consciousness is death. It follows from this that he has (and we should be astonished if he did not) the faculty of awakening at will, at a previously fixt hour, since it is only necessary to maintain the sense of time while asleep."



THE HUMAN CLOCK—"BILL" JENNY

Can guess the correct time within half a minute at any hour of the day or night. Mr. Robert L. Ripley, who drew this picture for the Associated Newspapers, writes us as follows in answer to an inquiry: "Bill Jenny, the 'Human Clock' who can tell the time of day or night to within half a minute, is a sixty-two-year-old clockmaker of London. Jenny has been employed for the last thirty-two years as clock-tender in the Savoy Hotel in London, where there are 1,505 timepieces—the winding alone of which occupies four days of every week. Recently the British Medical and Psychical Association put Jenny through an exhaustive test and did everything in their power to dislodge what they described as Jenny's 'acute psychoastral poise,' but without success. Their findings caused wide-spread interest in medical and lay circles."

Why is it, asks Mr. Dugas, that this faculty, which is dependent on such a primary condition of consciousness, should appear mysterious to us? Some can not comprehend that it is natural, simply because they do not have it themselves; while others can not imagine how any one can fail to have it, at least in some measure. Mr. Dugas explains:

"The fact is that ability to write has enfeebled our memories to a singular degree, if not killed it altogether. Clocks have similarly given a mortal stroke to the time-sense. Few functions persist when they have become useless or when they have ceased to be indispensable. How could we fail to neglect the passage of time, when we have only to consult our watch, which is always at hand, and which furnishes a more exact measurement than that obtainable by natural means?

"Nevertheless, we have not all lost our native instincts or faculties in equal degree. Especially in regard to this time-sense is there the greatest difference between persons. Some allow time to pass without any direct appreciation of it, judging it by arguing from the distance traversed or some other exterior occurrence. If such indices are lacking, they have no notion of the hour. At night, when noises have ceased, when it is completely dark, if they awake, they can not tell whether they have slept long or briefly; they are confused in time as an awakened sleep-walker is in space; they have nothing to guide them. They thus can not regulate their own sleep; all that they can do is to remain all night, in the hope that they may awake in time. Their rest is agitated, interrupted by frequent awakenings when the anxious question arises, 'Is it time to get up?'—a question that can be answered only by the clock. Others, on the contrary, have a time-sense that never leaves them; it forms part of their lives; for them, time is not an inactive or abstract scale of duration into which events intrude; it is itself an occurrence, a concrete datum recorded by consciousness, an element of the ego. A man having this time-sense awakes in the middle of the night; he says, 'It must be 4 o'clock.' He consults his watch; it is 4.20. The same when unexpectedly asked the time, during a walk, will say, '6 o'clock,' when it is exactly 5.58. He should be able, and in fact he is able, to wake at any stated hour. One who has this ability tells me that he sleeps quietly and normally, but this is not always the case. Most of them say that training is necessary, and that the power is lost if not exercised."

If the time-sense, however, is natural, and not acquired, Mr. Dugas argues, it would be at every one's service; otherwise only at the service of those who take the trouble to acquire it. So we must thus go back to its origin—explain its formation:

"To perceive time is to measure it by the aid of successive occurrences, referred to some unit. But how reduce our states of consciousness to a time-unit—the hour, for instance? With comparable states, there is no difficulty; when I say that I have worked or walked for an hour, I measure the elapsed time by the amount of labor performed or the distance traversed, for I know by experience how much I can do in a specified time. If I mingle different occupations or cease all occupation, I have no longer a criterion; I can not compare dissimilar things. How is it, then, that I can say, 'I have done much in an hour,' or 'I have done nothing at all for an hour.' Because while I am evaluating elapsed time in terms of actions performed or sensations experienced—which gives me many different values—there is another evaluation that takes place within me, applicable to all cases, and the same in everybody, which can accordingly effect the reduction to a single scale of the whole complex system of time-evaluations.

"This is evaluation of time in terms of the organic modifications taking place within our bodies—respiratory movements, beating of the heart and the arteries, digestive phenomenon, nerve waves, etc.

"Through these incessant sensations, which make only transitory and fugitive impressions on the consciousness of the average person, is perceived or felt, to a greater or lesser degree, the uniform, continuous, and regular course of organic phenomena, and felt all the better because it is cut into lengths, as it were, or in other words is periodic. The rhythm of function and functional acts measures out our lives, and if I am sensible of this rhythm, if I apply myself and accustom myself to appreciating it, I shall then have an appreciation of time that is good under all circumstances, that superimposes itself on all time-measures otherwise obtained, that harmonizes them by bringing them to a common measure, and is available when all the others fail. Such a habit, acting even during unconsciousness, may persist even in sleep, and it is this which, associated with the feeling that one must awake at a given hour, brings about the awakening.

"If our analysis is correct, the *modus operandi* of telling time when one is asleep is unconscious; the appreciation itself, however, is conscious. We recognize it when we speak of having a 'feeling' of the time—an expression that signifies a result attained in ignorance of the means employed.

"This is therefore a matter of personality. It shows us that there are two kinds of minds, first those for which time exists, positive minds that desire to know just where they are in the day. Their state of consciousness has a 'temporal coefficient,' and this is a feeling that never leaves them by day or by night. Secondly, there are the minds that are content just to live, and that abandon themselves to life's course, which never have the idea of time-regulation of their states of consciousness, it being enough for them merely to perceive these states.

"It would be foolish, perhaps, to inquire which kind of mind is the right one; each has his own temperament, which controls his system of thought. We may rather inquire whether the philosophic theories about time may not be related in some way to the temperaments of the philosophers that have constructed them. Ribot has propounded the same question in discussing the classical quarrel about universal notions. It is a universal notion that we have been discussing here, and if we can solve the problem for time, we have solved it for all the other universals. It all holds together, and it is no trivial matter."

SILENT, INVISIBLE AIRPLANES

AIRPLANES THAT WILL BE SILENT as they move through the air, and practically invisible from the ground, may be one of the next steps in aviation, we learn from Science Service's *Daily News Bulletin* (Washington). Already experiments are being conducted on behalf of various European governments. France, England, Russia, and Germany are said to be interested. The silencing of the airplane engines, we are told, is in many ways the simplest of the problems, but as soon as engine noise is reduced, other sounds begin to make themselves apparent, such as the high-pitched notes set up by rapidly revolving propellers. Says *The Bulletin*:

"To cope with these propeller noises is more difficult than to quiet the engines. One way, however, in which this problem is being approached is illustrated by experiments now in progress.

"Instead of using an ordinary two or four-bladed propeller, tests are being made with screws having six or more rather small blades, designed and shaped to lessen the noise they make when in rapid motion.

"It is probable that before long secret demonstrations which are already being discust, will be conducted with large airplanes equipped with silenced engines and 'noiseless' types of multi-bladed metal air-screws; and the sounds these machines make as they rush through the air will be further reduced by the elimination of external wires and friction-producing projections.

"A more immediately practical field of research, and one almost equally fascinating, lies in the progress which is being made with 'invisible' paints or 'dopes.' In England the authorities have evolved a queer, dark dope of dull greenish hue. This not only makes a big machine elusive to sight when moving against a background of cloud, but it is also the color which has been found least conspicuous when a high-flying machine comes into the rays of searchlights directed on it from the ground.

"A problem even more complex than those already mentioned is now reported to be under investigation in German laboratories. This deals with the reduction and, if possible, with the elimination of tell-tale shadows.

"Recently German designers and builders have accomplished remarkable strides in the production of giant metal monoplanes, simplified in construction so as to offer a minimum of resistance to their own progress through the air.

"Such huge craft have their motors sunk in a big single wing projection on either side of the streamlined hull, and when they are flying immediately toward any observer viewing them from the ground these machines, wide-spread tho their wing-span is, present an astonishingly small object to the eye.

"But when such a machine, as it is flying, passes overhead until it is in a position almost directly above, the eye is attracted by dark all-revealing shadows, formed and held under the lower surface of the large curved wing. It is these shadows under the wing, rather than the wing itself, which draw one's attention to the machine.

"One of the lines of research which, it is understood, is being followed in German laboratories, and also at certain Russian experimental stations, is to devise special means whereby, owing to secret treatment of plane-surfaces and adjacent parts, heavy shadows are so distributed and broken up that, when viewed from below, they no longer reveal so plainly the shape of a wing.

In many respects such aerial researches are the most significant—and also the most sinister—ever undertaken. The evolution of a machine which will rush through the air unseen and almost unheard has practically illimitable possibilities."

TORNADO-PROOF BUILDINGS

A TORNADO WILL NOT SMASH UP A CITY unless it encounters smashable material. Much tornado damage is absolutely avoidable by taking simple precautions in building. In a high wind, roofs will not stay on unless properly anchored; poor mortar aids the wind to reduce a wall to a brick-pile. All parts of a building should be so bonded together that it will face the wind as a structural unit, and not go to pieces like a house of cards. These facts are emphasized in a report on last year's St. Louis tornado, made by a joint committee of the Engineers' Club of that city and the local chapter of the American Institute of Architects, and just issued in pamphlet form. The Committee reminds the citizens that similar studies of damage were made after the earlier tornado of 1896, but that these had little or no effect in improving the construction of buildings. Tornadoes occur even in parts of the country outside of the so-called "tornado areas," and no builders can afford to neglect the lessons pointed out in this report. We read:

"The wind velocity near the center of the tornado probably reaches 400 to 500 miles per hour over a small area, and it is not to be expected that any economical construction can withstand the force which will result. On the other hand, there seems to exist on either side of the tornado vortex a strip of varying width which is subjected to direct wind pressures of high intensity, but not too great to be met by economical construction. It would seem that in this particular area the damage might be reduced to less than one-fourth, if buildings were properly constructed to withstand wind pressures ordinarily specified in a building code; for altho the pressures in this area probably exceed to some extent the customary forty pounds per square foot, the 'factor of safety' should easily provide for a fifty-per-cent. increase above this value without serious damage.

"It is natural to suppose that roofs would suffer the most, but in most cases the damage was caused by the failure of the masonry on which they were supported, and by lack of proper anchors. With flat roofs, as the center of the storm passed, the confined air within the building expanded, lifting the roof from the walls on which it was bearing, at the same time the upper portion of the supporting walls were likewise forced out, leaving the roof without proper support and free to the direct action of the wind. There was little, if any, effort made to anchor flat roofs to the walls, the rafters being laid into the walls which were topped with nine-inch parapets. The walls themselves, being laid in lime mortar of generally poor quality, offered no resistance to any lateral action caused by pressure from within or without. In the case of hipped or gabled roofs it was noticed that the damage was not so great. It is probable that the larger volume of confined space in these roofs allowed the air to expand without great damage. Also the rafter ends anchored to the walls offered greater resistance to lifting, and the collar beams and ties helped to bind the entire roof into a more stable structure.

"Slate and tile suffered about equally. Whether these were sucked off by the vacuum or were blown off can only be conjectured. That they were blown off is more probable, as the greatest damage was on the windward side. Wood shingles were readily blown off. Asbestos shingles were blown, but not cracked. Composition shingles of rubber or asphalt withstood the storm more satisfactorily, but were found to be badly bent. Metal roof covering was rolled off by the wind after it had been lifted from its nailings.

"Hollow cornices exploded, and in numerous cases were blown off. Porch roofs where confined space existed between roof and ceiling were observed to have expanded. Box cornices were subject to similar action.

"Wood porches, being in most cases of more or less open construction, were easily subject to destruction in strong winds. It was found that much damage was done to open porches, owing to the lack of proper anchorage of floor and roof construction to adjacent masonry walls. They should be made an integral part of the structure in every case.

"Many examples were found showing the lack of anchors on floor joists. This was definitely determined in cases where walls were destroyed, leaving joists exposed to view. Where joists had the masonry supports removed, other supports, of course, kept the floor from collapsing. Cases were observed where joists cantilevered over interior partitions, others where flooring acted as huge plates, sagging to a great extent, yet carrying the loads to some other support on the sides. Comparatively speaking, more masonry walls were destroyed at points where floor joists were parallel to walls, than where they rested directly on the walls.

"In the path of the storm there were a number of modern buildings that stood the test admirably and proved the value of good construction.

"The committee dwelt at some length upon the desirability and necessity of anchorage of all wood construction to masonry or other materials. Such anchorage not only protects the wood portions, but in addition ties the entire building together, making it act more as a unit, with a corresponding increase in stiffness. Having obtained a unit with all portions stiffened by virtue of this tying together and anchorage, the unit is better able to withstand any unusual forces such as occur in a tornado.

"The committee was imprest with the fact that any building in the direct path of the tornado will probably not entirely withstand the tremendous stresses to which it would be subjected. To guard against all damage from the full force of a tornado is economically impossible; to prevent ,the greater part of the damages due to high-wind velocities is not only simple, but comparatively inexpensive. Much of the destruction caused by the tornado was due to faulty construction. The explosive force of the contained air naturally acts on the weakest part of the structure, and if the windows blow out and the walls have reasonable strength, the structure stands with little damage to its walls and roof. If, however, the walls are so poorly built that the windows present greater resistance than the walls themselves, the walls are blown out to relieve the pressure.

"In a great many buildings walls were torn out at the top story. Many of these collapses extended to the first story, indicating a lack of wall anchors at the floor below the roof. Numerous wall anchors are essential for joists where they rest upon the wall, as well as where they parallel it.

"We have innumerable examples of the fallacy of calling a wall three half-brick in thickness a 13-inch wall. In practically every case we have an 8-inch wall, more or less bonded, with a brick facing standing conspicuously alone, with practically no tie to the backing wall. In a number of cases where headers were used between the face and the backing wall, they occur so infrequently as to be of little value as a tie; and where running bond was used for facing and a clipt diagonal course for a tie, this occurred so infrequently and was so poorly executed that the diagonal toothing remains intact or is broken short where contact has been secured by adhesion of the mortar.

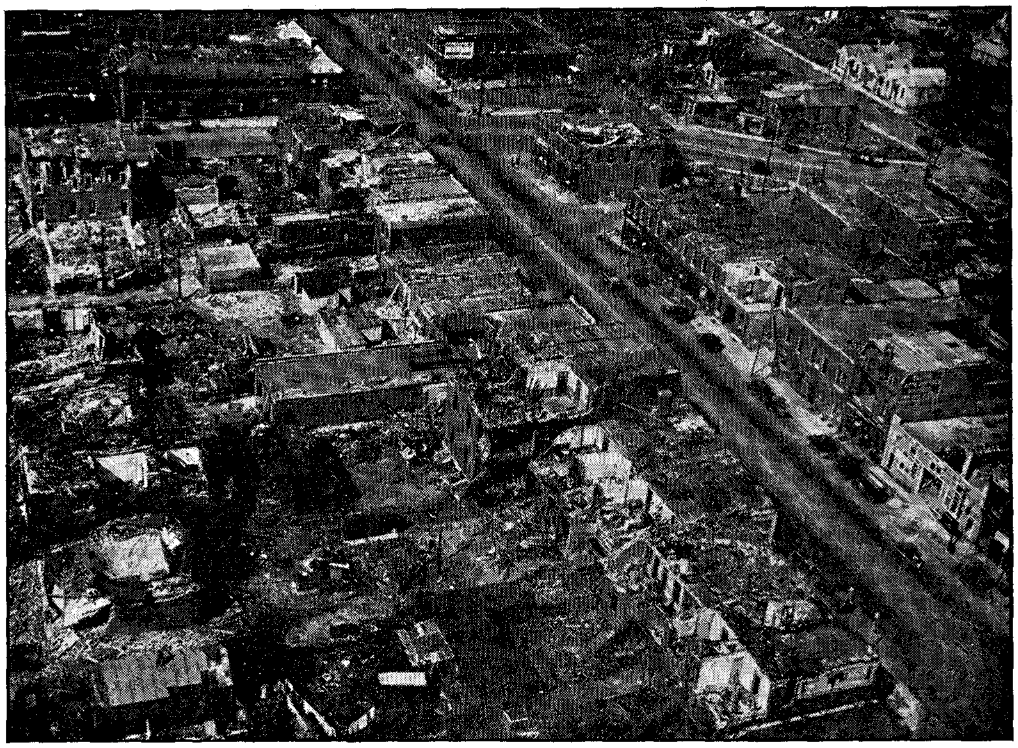
"In nearly all cases, it is noticeable that the vertical joint between backing and face brick had not been filled with mortar. There were a number of walls, presumably bonded every sixth course, where the brick had been so poorly laid that the bond instead of projecting into the lining wall was merely a bat in the facing."

The conclusions of the committee are embodied in the following set of resolutions:

"The mortar for use in all masonry work above the grade line should not be inferior to one composed of one part Portland cement, one part lime putty, and four parts clean sand. In an average brick house the additional cost of using cement mortar would be an exceptionally good investment.

"Header courses should be used for bonding walls where possible, and diagonal bonding brick be prohibited. The use of metal wall ties should be limited to types approved by the Building Commissioner. The diagonal bonding brick have practically no value in bonding the facing to the wall, but some types of metal wall ties have been found efficient.

"If any wall is built of brick and hollow tile, the strength of the bond between the brick and tile should be equal to that required by the building code for brick walls. This would also apply to a combination of stone and brick, or terra-cotta and brick, or any other materials, or to walls containing an air space between the outer and inner face of the wall. Flue linings should be used in all chimneys to help make them more rigid.



Courtesy of the Engineers' Club of St. Louis

TYPICAL SECTION OF THE DAMAGED ZONE IN ST. LOUIS; AN AIRPLANE VIEW

"Light structural steel frames should be so connected as to constitute a rigid framework complete in itself. Each individual element of enclosure supported on such frames, whether wood or steel joists, corrugated iron, asbestos shingles, rib-lath, or precast cement tiles, should be securely fastened to the individual structural members.

"Materials used as fillers, such as spandrel walls, non-integral decks, decorative elements, ornamental railings, etc., should be effectively and permanently anchored to these frames, and when such filler elements are individually of light weight, compared to their exposed superficial area, the ancorage should be individual for each such element.

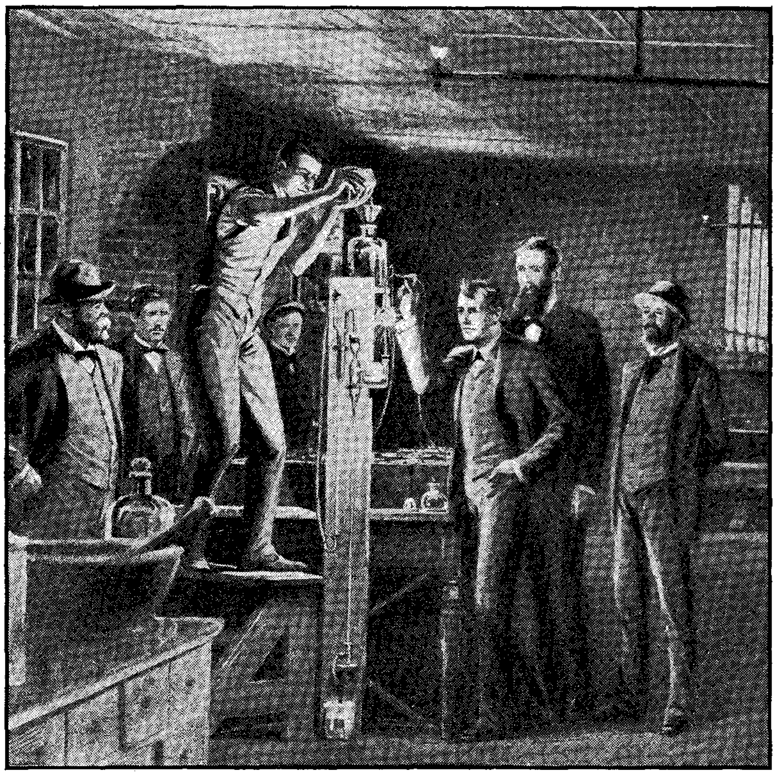
"It is recommended that joists laid parallel to walls be anchored every six feet to the walls, and anchors should extend through the second or third joist. Further stiffness in buildings can be obtained by anchoring all interior partitions of any material to the masonry walls. Partitions should also be tied together at their intersections.

"In conclusion and disregarding any explanation of tornado action, the indisputable teaching of the disaster is the importance to all buildings of integral bonding throughout all parts, from the individual bricks of a wall to the completed structure.

"It is quite apparent that the studies made of the tornado damage in St. Louis in 1896 had little or no effect in improving the construction of dwellings and small buildings in our rapidly growing city, as many of those recently destroyed were built shortly after the disaster of thirty-one years ago, but were nevertheless glaringly inadequate to meet unusual stress."

OUR WIZARD AND HIS LAMP

THE GOLDEN JUBILEE of the Edison incandescent lamp inspires the news bureau of the General Electric Company to issue a bulletin containing a chapter from the history of that invention. J. W. Hammond, of the bureau, remarks that to capture the human voice upon a cylinder of wax; to produce pictures in which the people move as they do in actual life; to imprison a hairlike thread within a vacuum and make it glow electrically with such brilliance as to furnish the people with a lamp—these things are magical indeed. And these things, as he says, all shout the same magical name—it is the name of Edison. Mr. Hammond then notes that on October 20, to mark the golden jubilee year of his incandescent electric light, America paid him homage of a singular sort. Acting as the representative of all his fellow Americans, the Secretary of the Treasury, Andrew W. Mellon, presented him with a special Congressional gold medal at a ceremony which was broadcast by radio; and the President of the United States spoke to the nation from Washington, to remind the millions who listened of the influence Edison has been in their daily living. We read on:



THE BIRTH OF A GREAT INVENTION

Edison and his associates at the Menlo Park laboratory preparing the first successful incandescent lamp for its life-test. This lamp was lighted in the evening of October 19, 1879, and burned continuously for over forty hours. Edison is seen driving the last of the occluded gases from the filament with current from a battery; Francis Jehl is replenishing the supply of mercury in the reservoir of the Sprengel pump. Francis R. Upton stands behind Edison with Charles Batchellor looking over his shoulder. The bearded man at the left is John Kruesi, while Martin Force and Ludwig Boehm are in the background.

"All this happened in commemorating the incandescent lamp, because the incandescent lamp is generally appreciated as Edison's biggest contribution to the national welfare and the national wealth. He himself once described it as 'the most satisfactory of my inventions to contemplate.'

"The incandescent lamp, however, was born amid storm and stress, amid the thunderings of critics and the vociferations of skeptics. In the world at large, especially the scientific world, there was heard the clash of carping voices whenever Edison and his scheme were touched upon.

"Yet, in the solitude of Menlo Park, New Jersey, fifty years ago, there was intensive industry. Men came and went, absorbed in curious tasks. At one of the work-tables sat Charles Batchellor, the model-maker, whose delicate fingers patiently struggled to mount a slender bit of carbonized cotton thread upon a little stem of glass. Beside him, watching, assisting, directing, sat Edison.

"That evening the work went on. It continued until past midnight, as it often did. The next morning the new experimental lamp—the thin filament encased in its bulb of glass—was taken over to the Sprengel pump and carefully attached to the exhaust mechanism, to have the air pumped out."

Edison watched his pump work all that day. At last he connected the lamp to his large battery, and every now and then he sent an electric current through the bulb. The gases buried in the filament began pouring out. The pump worked on; and Edison stayed at his post, "doctoring" the lamp with frequent doses of electricity, until the highest possible vacuum existed inside that little bulb—one-millionth of an atmosphere. To quote further:

"It was eight o'clock in the evening of October 21, 1879. Edison, satisfied with his work thus far, spoke tersely to young Francis Jehl, the pump-tender. He sent for Ludwig Boehm, his glass-blower, who carefully sealed off the lamp and helped Jehl mount it on the test-stand to undergo its life-test.

"A few minutes later the spot of yellow incandescence began to glow; and then the little group took up what Jehl always afterward called the 'death watch.'

"'We had tested many lamps before that day,' Jehl recalls. 'And none had come up to the mark that Edison sought. With this new lamp we did not know that the result would prove any better. The life-test alone, as in all previous cases, would decide the question of success or failure. The one thing we wanted to know was how long the lamp would last—how soon it would show signs of burning out.'

"That watch lasted forty hours. The lamp glowed steadily all the rest of that night, all the next day and night, and until about one o'clock in the afternoon of the second day. Never once in that interval was it left without observers.

"At last the glowing filament burned out. But they knew success was theirs. Edison exclaimed to his assistants, in quiet and equanimous elation: 'That's fine, boys, fine! If the lamp will burn forty hours now, I know I can make it last a hundred.' Before many months had passed he had made it last a thousand.

"The first thing he did, however, was to deliberately break that glass bulb and carefully remove the filament for a microscopic examination. It was his invariable practise; nothing that could possibly add to his knowledge of incandescent lighting was ever left undone.

"That is why the original forty-hour lamp no longer exists. It can not be enshrined in any museum, not even in Henry Ford's growing aggregation of Edisonian treasures. The nearest approach to it is the replica designed by lamp engineers of the General Electric Company from the authoritative recollections of Edison's men and of Edison himself.

"All this in October, 1879. The great news did not filter out to the world until December 21. And then there was a stir! Critical folk would not believe it. Scientists refused to be convinced. Edison's previous efforts had brought forth nothing; his first attempt—a platinum lamp—had been a failure. How could he be successful now? It was too short a time!

"The 'shouting and the tumult' swelled. But some of the noise came from Edison's stanch supporters. And in truth the news was soon sufficiently confirmed to start a lusty boom among shares of the Edison Electric Light Company.

"To-day the modern corporation which inherited the manufacture of the lamp has seventy thousand workers and pays dividends upon a capitalization of two hundred million; while the nation's electric light and power business provides employment for two hundred thousand and is capitalized at a cool six billion.

"A wizard indeed who makes dollars grow where none grew before! Certainly this is a golden jubilee that America can well afford to celebrate!"

WHERE FEAR AND ANGER LIVE

THE SEAT OF CERTAIN EMOTIONS has been located in a definite part of the animal brain, we are told in an editorial in *The Journal of the American Medical Association* (Chicago). The part of the brain is one that is found in the early stages of animal development, so that fear and anger may be considered very primitive emotions. To quote the editorial:

"A recent writer has interpreted the mind as an expression of activity of the brain to the same degree that digestion is the function of the alimentary tract and that embryo and infant are the product of the reproductive organs. In other words, the mind is not something separate from the body but is a function of one of its organs. The brain, he adds, 'secretes' the mind no less than the glands of the mouth secrete saliva and the kidneys secrete urine. The mind is as dependent on the integrity of the anatomic structure and the normal physiologic functioning of the brain as the circulation of the blood is on the normality of the heart, its valves, and rhythmic action. Thus normal cerebral activity, consisting of the transmission of nerve impulses this way and that among the centers, is the process underlying the mind, or intelligence. Disturbances of the mind, Haggard concludes, are to be regarded as the psychic and behavioristic aspects and expressions of abnormal cerebral functioning.

"From this standpoint it becomes logical to seek to locate the seat of psychic processes in definite parts of the nervous system. The association of impressions that constitute thought, memory, imagination, and the process of willing acts has been referred to the cerebral hemispheres. The emotions, which play a large part in human life, are not merely reflected in consciousness but also lead to physiologic phenomena of varied sorts. What is the seat of the emotions? Are they to be relegated to the cortical [outer] areas of the brain?

"It has been established that, in certain mammals deprived of their cerebral hemispheres, symptoms resembling anger and rage may still be elicited by appropriate stimuli. Interest in the responses provoked by emotions is no longer restricted to a few external reactions involving obvious changes of posture and expression. We know today, particularly as the result of Cannon's interpretations, that emotional excitement is attended by marked visceral changes. Thus, in fear and rage the viscera are dominated by a discharge of impulses over the sympathetic nervous system. The arterial pressure and the sweat glands may become affected. The viscosity of the blood is altered.

"Working in the physiologic laboratories of the Harvard Medical School, Bard has attempted to ascertain the locus of the nervous system where the emotional activities of decorticate animals are generated."

The method used was that of removal of varying portions of the brain stem in the cat after removal of the hemispheres. In acute experiments it was found that typical sham rage regularly developed even after the removal of a large part of the brain. It invariably failed to appear after other parts had been removed. This leads to the conclusion that the expression of anger in the cat is dependent on central mechanisms located in these latter parts. To quote further:

"Bard points out that the behavior attending the major emotions, fear and rage, is called forth by the urgency of certain definite circumstances and it is plainly directed toward the preservation of the individual. It constitutes, as he states, a reaction that is primitive, energetically purposive and common to the divergent members of the vertebrate series. From an evolutionary standpoint it is significant that the reaction is dependent, as Bard has found, on the older divisions of the nervous system."

BLAU GAS NOT BLUE

"BLAU" IS THE GERMAN WORD for blue; but the "blau-gas" used in the *Graf Zeppelin* is not blue at all, as most of the daily press would have us believe. It was named after its German inventor, Herr Blau. Says *Mechanical Engineering* (New York), on its editorial page:

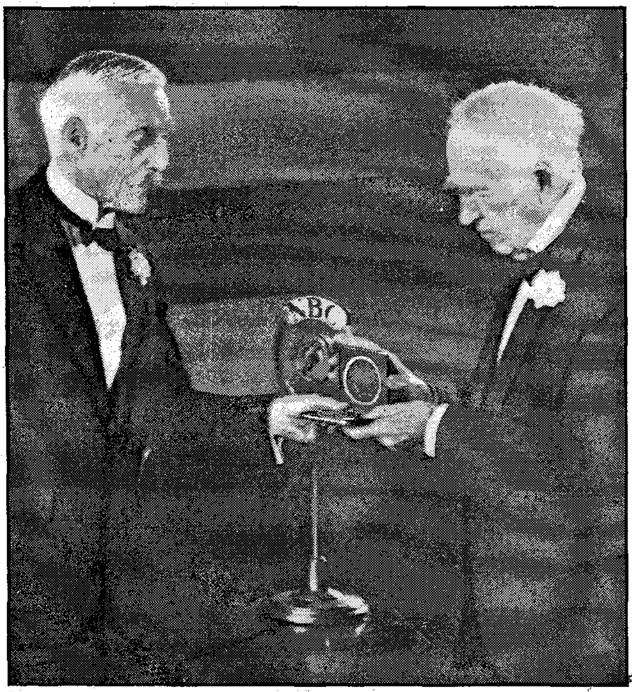
"The recent development in airship propulsion involving the use of oil gas as fuel has led to a revival of interest in this substance as well as to much misunderstanding, beginning with the very name of the gas. As a matter of fact, it is not 'blue' gas at all, but 'blau' gas, so-called because it was developed by a German chemist by the name of Blau. The misunderstanding arose because 'blau' in German means 'blue.'

"Accounts appearing in the daily press have given the impression that blau gas is something quite new, which is by no means the case, as the development of this type of gas dates back to the work of Taylor in 1815, and, as a matter of fact, as early as 1823 there were eleven English municipal plants which used gas of this type.

"Quite a number of oils may be used for the manufacture of this kind of gas; for example, mineral-oil distillates, distillates from lignite tar or shale tar, and in tropical countries even vegetable oils, such as castor oil, have been employed. If mineral oil is used, only the fraction between 250 and 360 centigrade gives blau gas. This fraction in oil not subject to cracking lies between kerosenes and the lubricating oils, and constitutes something like 10 per cent. of the crude.

"The gas is obtained by spraying gas oil into highly heated retorts. This produces first a vaporization of the oil and then a break-up resulting in the transformation of the oil into oil gas, tar, and coke, together with a certain amount of soot and lampblack. The proportions of the constituents of the derived products can be regulated to a considerable extent by proper control of temperature and composition of initial material. The gas consists of light hydrocarbons, and may be used in various ways. The Blau Gas Company, of Augsburg, Germany, produce a liquid oil gas which they call 'blau gas' by gasifying the oil at temperatures of from 500 degrees to 600 degrees. This gas is next purified and compress to a pressure of 20 atmospheres. In this way hydrocarbons of the benzine type are segregated, while the residuary gaseous materials are compress to 100 atmospheres. Under this latter pressure the gas is liquefied or loses a part of its very low-boiling gaseous compounds. When used it is vaporized in a boiler at 6 atmosphere pressure and employed in the form of the resulting vapor.

"Apparently the main advantage in the carrying of blau gas on airships is the fact that it simplifies the matter of compensating for loss of weight, which is a serious matter when gasoline is used, and possibly makes the handling of an airplane easier. On the other hand, it must be very much more expensive than gasoline, and probably is not as efficient."



P. and A. photograph

FOR "ILLUMINATING THE PATH OF PROGRESS"

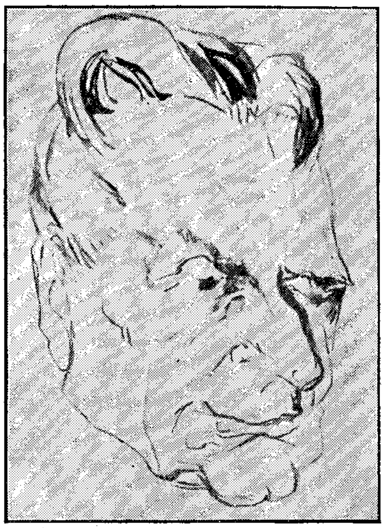
Commemorating the forty-ninth anniversary of Thomas A. Edison's invention of the incandescent lamp, Secretary of the Treasury Mellon (at the reader's left) presents to the inventor the Congressional Medal of Honor, bestowed by Congress.

LETTERS - AND - ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

OUR WATER-COLOR MINDEDNESS

IT WILL LOOK TO MANY like a left-handed compliment that the famous German critic, Julius Meier-Graefe, pays American artists in saying that "the predilection for water-color is one of the most essential factors in American art." Art is supposed to be art, irrespective of the medium. Yet the common assumption is that certain degrees of dignity seem to attach to different media. Painting in oil is regarded in general view more important than painting in water-color. And, of course, the subjects undertaken in the former are more important than those usually exprest in the latter. Mr. Meier-Graefe came here last spring, says Henry McBride in the New York *Sun*, "at the behest of certain enthusiasts, who thought it was time that Europe knew something about our art, and that an article written by a European critic would be a step in the right direction." The article appears in the *Neue Rundschau* (Berlin), and an English version in *Vanity Fair* (New York). The critic admits that "there are, of course, oil-paintings without number, but there are very few which could not have achieved their effects as well, or better, in water-color." The questions he posed for himself were: "Is the work of the best artists in America American? Do their products have an expression typical of the country and the people, a collective form which could have arisen nowhere else?" His general conclusion is thus exprest:



CALLS US WATER-COLORISTS

Julius Meier-Graefe, famous German critic, sketched by Rud Grossmann.

> "There is art in the United States which is produced by native painters and sculptors. There are many good artists living there, perhaps not so many as in France or in Germany, but a goodly number in any case—and among the many there may be found a small percentage of really worth-while personalities whose works would be a delight to own. Are there two or three such rare personalities in a hundred, or in a thousand? The ratio, whatever it is, is certainly lower than in France or Germany, but assuredly higher than in England and many other countries.
>
> "But that is not the main point at present.
>
> "We have long been accustomed to the enormous and ever-mounting wastage of human energy in the field of art, and know how the vast majority of artists whose productions are worthless, must sink into the common grave in order that a few names may live. . . . American art can only lie in the realm of European tradition."

From here Mr. Meier-Graefe takes examples:

> "I consider Preston Dickinson (one of the few American artists known to a small circle among us in Europe) as very typical of America, not because of his preference for New York themes, but because this aspect of his work is enlivened by a particular *verve* which seems new to us, and which we accordingly designate as American. And, incidentally, we now have a further definition of our inquiry: the idea of American art must be tentative, and subject to constant revision.
>
> "In contrast to Dickinson, George Bellows—who has perhaps been a little overestimated since his death—affects me as absolutely un-American, despite the indigenous types in his boxing-matches, and tho many of his scrupulously recorded scenes can probably be found nowhere outside of America. The gymnastics of his theme is stronger than the rhythm of the artist. The realism of Bellows is sound and honest, but undifferentiated. He does not lie, but he is not exposed to the temptation. It seems that we do not value truth until it comes to us across cliffs and chasms.
>
> "I found, in America, some exceptional water-colors by Arthur B. Davies. The recent ones in particular must attract the art-lover. Davies seizes the aspects of landscape which lend themselves to his technique and glorifies them with delicate coloring. We feel his work as a greeting from home. Not only the painter's themes but also his manner of seeing belong to Europe, especially his taste. This artist is unusually many-sided in his expression. His decorations—such as his distinctive room for Miss Bliss in New York—his renovated Gobelins in Paris, which stand out very favorably from most modern attempts of Parisian manufacture, are guided by unerring taste. There are few Europeans as able in Europe to-day."

John Marin, painter in water-colors, is selected as the man who "can pass to-day as the representative of art in America." Going on:

> "He is a landscape-painter, a water-colorist exclusively, and has made this technique the medium of his steady upward development. Departing from an impressionism which was as objective as possible, he has advanced, step by step, to a progressively freer structural presentation, and to-day his pages give us fascinating insight into nature. They are not segments chosen more or less at random, but generalized complexes of light, atmosphere, and vegetation. At first the observer confronts only a mixture of pleasing color and spots which appear to be arbitrarily distributed. The artist in his stimulation provides an impulse which leads to the interpretation of the chaos. To be sure the landscape is not completely realized; but it emerges gradually, and this process of 'growing' satisfies us more strongly than any static condition. Our eye paints. We do not come upon a definite lake lying in a definite spot, but find a flash of water among green trees. The drawing, which recalls the economic setting of a modern stage, is aided by the genesis of the succinct strokes. The stroke was formerly a tree, with branches and leaves. Nothing of this remains by the colored volume, or the reflection of the volume. A hundred years ago a landscape would never have resulted from such a mélange, for at that time the eye needed more robust assistance. The Impressionists and their successors have taught us to interpret the spots. As we have become sparing, and as we grasp the equivalences more readily, the artist is entitled and obliged to reckon with this economy, which is particularly adapted to fluid water-color.
>
> "American painters love the water-color. MacKnight, Charles Demuth, with his floral still-lifes, Man Ray, Charles Sheeler, and many others, employ this technique almost exclusively. This is not true of to-day alone. The older men, of the generation of Winslow Homer, also gave their best in water-colors. The banality of Sargent is more tolerable in this medium, and Whistler's reputation would be less in danger if he had always kept to paper.
>
> "Significant achievements in oils are much rarer in America. I know of hardly one American artist to rely upon oils except the deceased Prendergast, who painted charming tho somewhat stereotyped figurative compositions in a mosaic technique reminiscent of Monticelli, but perhaps a little more brightly colored.

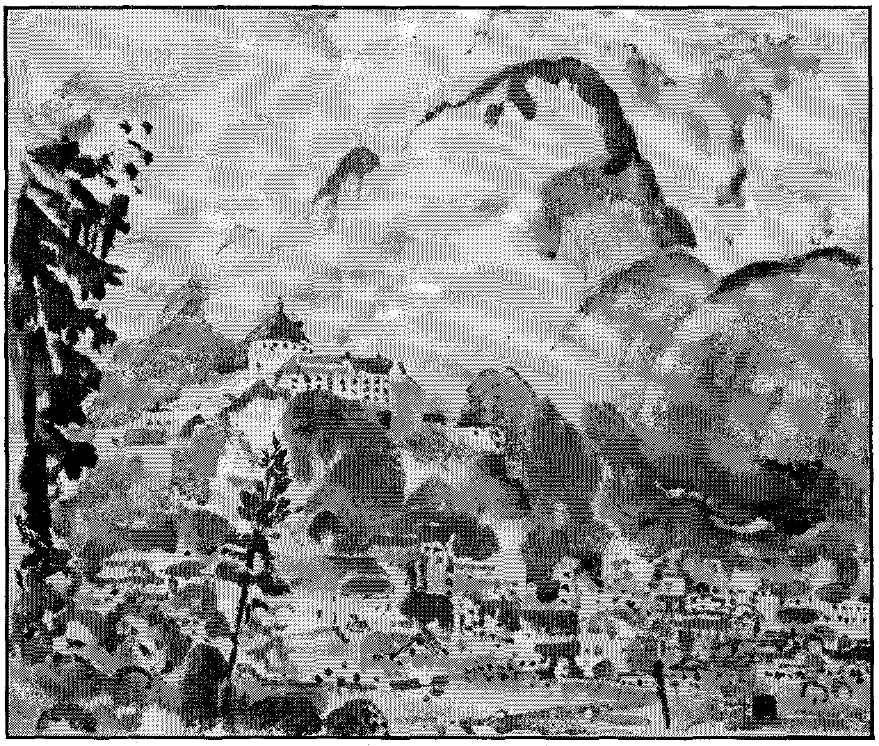
Kuniyoshi, an outsider, is a Japanese and plays about the same rôle in New York as Chagall plays in Europe. However, he is the most gifted modern Japanese I have ever seen. His Japanese rhythm is skilfully adjusted to Parisian exoticism, and the combination gives rise to a fresh and very tasteful nuance."

Lest it be inferred that depreciation is here implied, Mr. Meier-Graefe observes that "confinement within the unassuming range of water-colors calls for considerable modesty," and he reminds his countrymen that "German painting has suffered appreciably at times from the lack of this virtue." The verdict is finally reached that "Americans are too little adjusted socially."

"Their pictures could lead one to suppose that there were no other problems in their country but those of light and the palet. They take society as a *fait accompli* which stands apart from their influence, and are content with esthetic ideals. One can answer that there is no other course open to them, and that Cézanne did exactly the same thing. On the first point a foreigner who came in contact with none but the most enjoyable features of life in America can have no reasoned opinion. But if art alone is left for the painter, painting becomes a purely sensorial pursuit, a dance performed purely for the sake of gymnastics. . . .

"The charm of the American water-color is an integral part of the artist's equipment, but at times it destroys our feeling of experience, of the relentless drive toward the maximum of realization. Or we might say that it obscures the confession, the clear expression of an attitude toward life and mankind. I am not sure that this need of confession is helped by the general predilection for the water-color; in the very nature of his technique there may lurk temptations to avoid a clear expression and to be content with charming approximates, whereas the unquestionably greater risks of painting in oil may, under some circumstances, compel the personality to strive after the farthest reaches of concentration. The earlier transition from wood to canvas followed the emancipation of painting from the restrictions of architecture. It entailed many upheavals and brought great advantages. The glorious development of painting without this medium is unthinkable, as is also the entrance of the problematic into art. The transition from canvas to paper can serve the intimacy of the alcove, but it would eventually oblige painting to renounce the wider aspects of public appeal.

"Returning to the question of American art. I arrived at no blanket approval, but before deciding upon a blunt 'no,' I thought of applying the question to Europe, and then all sorts of complications arose. We can not, for the reasons which we have indicated, distinguish flatly between American and European art. It occurred to me that I might seek for a European art of the present, and I found it. . . . To-day French art alone can serve for a general definition of contemporary painting, particularly as the Germans are as good as unknown, a deficiency which the Americans might repair to their profit. But even in France a precise general definition would be difficult. Should we base our conclusions on Renoir, who was alive until recently, or on Picasso, the immigrant Spaniard whose influence was and is much greater? But if the question is so confused even in the land where art is most homogeneous, dare we require one clear expression of the national and racial agglomeration in the United States? The general definition for America, in art, is still in the making. Whether this country, in forming its standards, will have to rely upon the art which arose in Europe under absolutely un-American conditions; whether the artistic values which are being created in the States to-day signify an end or a beginning, no one can yet decide. There are people who think the same of contemporary art in Europe, and assert that Europe is no longer in a position to fertilize other continents, but awaits its fate from the rising world in America."



Courtesy of the Weyhe Gallery, New York

"REPRESENTATIVE OF ART IN AMERICA"

So the painter of this, called "Kuffstein," is described by the German critic, Meier-Graefe. The painter is John Marin. "His pages give us a fascinating insight into nature."

AN ORCHESTRA ON ITS OWN

Turn on the orchestra and let it run itself. This seems to be the newest idea in the music world, and as it hails from Moscow and is reported spreading to various places in Central Europe, it may be accepted as one Soviet triumph. A conductorless concert was tried by an orchestra at Carnegie Hall recently, and naturally gave rise to some raillery by the wags. Prima-donna conductors have long been the butt of witticisms, but in the present instance it seems to be their expensiveness that caused the innovation. Some of the gags passed about by the critical fraternity are reported by Oscar Thompson of the New York *Evening Post:*

"Oswald Garrison Villard, editor of *The Nation*, in making a speech in favor of the innovation, couldn't resist referring to orchestraless conductors. Nicolai Sokoloff, the Cleveland dirigent, having permitted his presence to be discovered, presently answered wisecrackers with a threat to give a concert, himself, without his orchestra. Reviewers who put their heads together agreed that they had heard many concerts before this by orchestras in a like predicament. It was even inferred that some of the failures of ambitious young orchestras of recent years had been due to playing without conductors. Also, it was discovered why Serge Koussevitzky had decided that the part of wisdom was to polish up the handling of the big bass viol.

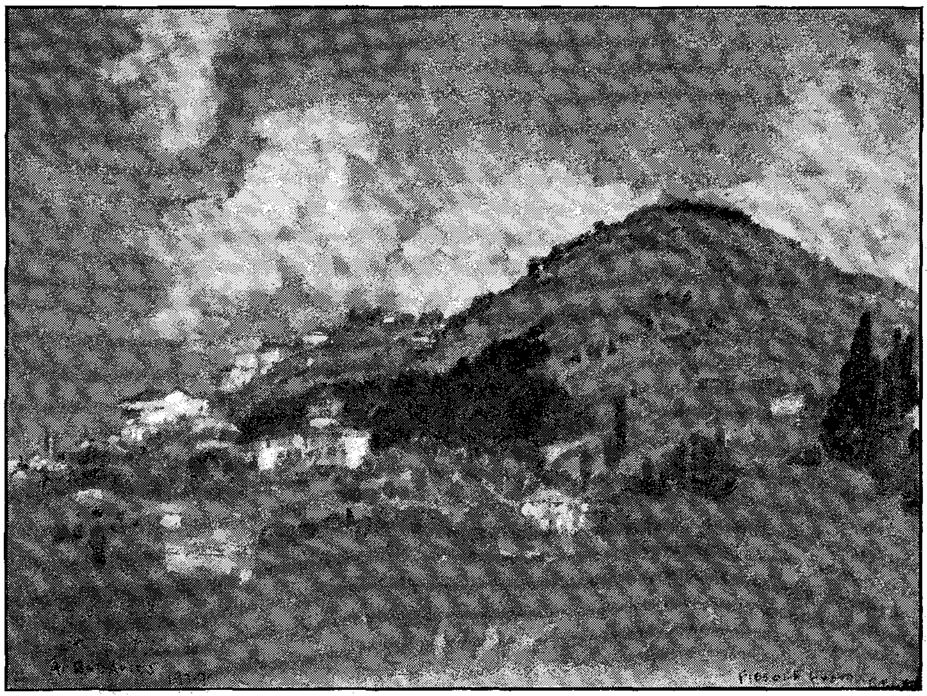
"Soberer spirits recalled that Dr. Karl Muck would sometimes put down the baton and let his men play on. It was mentioned that Anton Seidl once walked off the stage, when, to oblige a Sunday-night concert audience in the opera-house, the orchestra at the Metropolitan repeated the Scherzo of Mendelssohn's 'Midsummer Night's Dream' music.

"These more sober ones were nearer the spirit of the occasion. There was no cause for levity in the playing of the new orchestra. It not only went about its business in due earnestness, but with an enthusiasm that spread to the audience. No firebrand of the baton has been applauded more energetically. 'Cooperation,' said Mr. Villard. But cooperation probably wouldn't have brought such hearty applause if it had not resulted in some rather surprizing playing. It was playing surprizing because it was as good as it was; not because it was as good as a good orchestra under a good conductor."

It is intimated that the orchestra played safe in choosing

Beethoven, probably familiar to all the participants. Some of the modernist composers might set a harder task. Mr. Thompson continues:

"The eye did not reveal that the concert-master—in this instance Paul Stassevitch—took the place of a conductor. There were many times when he undoubtedly guided the strings, but no more so, perhaps, than a concert-master usually does. According to the program, interpretations are determined by a committee, for the time being consisting of the concert-master, a viola player, a 'cellist, a bassoonist, and the orchestra pianist. The theory apparently is that each man must know the music much better than any ordinary conductor-led player. This means more rehearsing, with the committee on interpretation working out.



In the permanent collection of Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass.

"FIESOLE FROM CICERI"

Arthur B. Davies's work, of which this is an example, strikes Meier-Graefe "as a greeting from home."

"The program, all Beethoven, consisted of the 'Eroica' Symphony, the Violin Concerto in D and the 'Egmont' Overture. Max Rosen was the soloist. Similar programs, possibly identical ones, have been played by conductorless orchestras abroad. Most orchestral players know their Beethoven. How a conductorless orchestra would emerge with more diversified fare, including works of trickier rhythms—say a mixture of Brahms and Stravinsky—can be relegated to the domain of pure conjecture.

"It is sufficient to chronicle what came of the experiment in Carnegie Hall. Seated so that a little group of the first violins, including the concert-master, faced inward toward the other players, with the woodwinds directly in front of them, the ensembled assailed the 'Eroica' with no signs of trepidation or of lack of certitude. It not only played the symphony relatively cleanly and smoothly, with unity and mutuality, but played with almost an excess of spirit. Plainly, the music meant something to the men of the different choirs. That crescendi or diminuendi were more abrupt than some conductors would approve was equally plain. Nor was the most made of pauses. The ordinarily critical ear could find plenty of such details in which there was neither the subtlety nor the cumulative force of a well-conducted performance.

"The Concerto did not go so well. Parts of it were ragged, most of it of a tentative, plodding character. The soloist shared these deficiencies with his accompaniment. It was not an inspiriting fellowship. Sixteen rehearsals were required to produce the results achieved at this concert. Probably Toscanini would have been content with two."

The enterprise was cooperative, financed by the participants, and it employed musicians rendered idle by the recent consolidation of the Philharmonic-Symphony.

THE SMILE COMES OFF

POLITICS LAGS BEHIND FASHION. Its devotees still smile in their pictures. The press has been burdened with smiling candidates; some of them can now easily, if not cheerfully, adopt the new fashion, for "photography," we are told in the London *Daily Express*, "has taken the old masters for models, and the camera portrait now aims at reproducing the interest, experience, and meaning in a face, rather than the explosive affability of the old smiling picture." So a "famous London photographer"—otherwise not identified—delivers himself:

"The smiling portrait has died out because people have discovered how tired they can get of a perpetual smile. The only smile we don't get tired of is the child's, and that is the only smile that is entirely natural. Among paintings there is one exception—the 'Laughing Cavalier,' we never get tired of him."

Then the interviewer looks about him to confirm the expert:

"The graceful women on the walls of the Royal Academy have grave faces. Even the familiar photographs of actresses rely for their effect on the simple lines of facial repose, and abandon the crude smile for a subtler range of expression in the eyes. No photographer in these days dives under his velvet cloth with the old familiar, 'Smile, please'—judging from the thoughtful faces and careful line-composition in the window of any studio.

"In Marie Lloyd's day it was different. Then a photograph meant a smile, and a smile meant all the teeth that could be shown without actual contortion. All actresses smiled, and most society beauties; but nowadays it must be admitted that, as far as portraiture is concerned, the smile has died a natural death.

"The photographer's mention of the 'Laughing Cavalier' may set you trying to remember what pictures you know in which the brush has caught forever that most elusive of all expressions—the spontaneous smile. In the average person's memory there will scarcely be more than half a dozen, and these few collected from among many centuries and lands.

"You may walk the galleries for hours without finding even the ghost of a smile watching you from a canvas, for they are few and far between. In Florence you can see, among Botticelli's wistful Madonnas, a pagan goddess who smiles faintly, with a world of tolerance in her eyes. But the 'Primavera' of Botticelli does not show her teeth.

"The delicate genius of Leonardo caught the fugitive ambiguity of the smile more surely, perhaps, than any other. His 'Sainte Anne' is only on the verge of a smile. There is the 'Mona Lisa,' whose smile is the best known in the world, but which makes us afraid and regretful, and ultimately wiser, rather than happy. His 'John the Baptist,' smooth-browed and pointing heavenward, has the kindly, doubtful smile of persuasion.

"Hogarth could sometimes paint an honest grin. His 'Shrimp Girl' really smiles; she has been startled into it.

"The photographer seems to have spoken the truth about the child's smile, when we look at the children of Reynolds. There is the 'Portrait of Master Hare' in the Louvre, a nice, contented child waving good-by, with the farewell smile lingering in his eyes and the corners of his mouth; and that lovely little round-eyed girl, 'Miss Bowles,' hugging a spaniel tightly.

"Children can hold a smile without effort, but before the advent of the camera the famous beauties seem to have been reluctant to risk it. Nell Gwyn, in Lely's famous portrait, almost smiles; her face is by no means in repose, but it is not wreathed in the later facial pleasantries. The lovely Lady Hamilton smiles, and this is nearer our own day."

"OH, MR. BURKE!"

TWO BRITISHERS HAVE REACHED ACROSS the Channel and engaged in one of the most amusing shindies of recent date. Thomas Burke, the author of "Limehouse Nights," despises the theater, and tells the Paris *Daily Mail* so in eight different keys. The same paper publishes a comeback by the famous actor, Mr. Seymour Hicks, and it must be admitted that he scores on the side of urbanity. But here is why Mr. Burke doesn't go to the theater:

"I don't go to the theater, because if I want an evening's entertainment, I know by experience that I sha'n't find it there; and because if I want to waste an evening, I can think of so many less boring ways of wasting it.

"Because 99 per cent. of the plays produced in the West End of London are not worth a moment of any sensible person's attention.

"Because it distresses me to see so much time, thought, money, and labor wasted on fatuities.

"Because I object to paying the price of two Thomas Mann novels or a Beecham concert for sitting in a reasonably comfortable seat for two empty hours, or paying a lower price for the two empty hours plus worse treatment than a pauper gets in a bread-line.

"Because I can find no entertainment in watching grown-up people paint their faces and play at dressing-up. Acting is not a thing for intelligent people to do, or for intelligent people to watch, and one of the few intelligent people of the theater, Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, has admitted it.

"Actors call their business an art, but it is no more than a not very highly skilled craft. Almost anybody who has been trained to speak and walk can act (under the coaching of a producer), and, judging from my random visits to the theater, almost anybody does. That, I suppose, is why dramatic critics never trouble to criticize the wretched acting so often given by West End of London 'stars.' They cheerfully note the faults of the creator of the play, but always end with a daub of praise for the intermediaries. From dramatic notices one would think that there were no bad actors; yet, foolish as the game is, there are not more than five people on the London stage who can really do it.

"Because the serious plays fail to be serious and the funny plays fail to be funny. The serious plays are usually much ado about nothing, and I have never yet seen a comedy or revue whose wit reached the level of a twopenny comic paper.

"Because I can't endure the talk and behavior of theater audiences. It is a popular fallacy that the theater is vital and stimulating, but the talk one hears in theaters rather suggests narcotics. It has as much thought behind it as the talk at a church garden-party. Is it the fact of being in a grown-up nursery that makes playgoers behave so curiously, and discuss with so much banality, something not worth discussing? I don't know; but even if I found any interest in the theater, the audiences would still keep me away from it.

"And, finally, I don't waste my time in the theater because, even when a writer for the theater does present an idea—as Chekhov and Shaw and Pirandello and Toller sometimes do—one has to suffer the intrusion of the posturing actor between one's self and the idea. Actors can give a fantom of life to a bad play; all they can do to a serious play is to materialize a marvelous fancy and kill it with their solid persons and foolish voices. (Some years ago I saw a West End 'star's' production of 'Macbeth.' *Macbeth* still lives in Shakespeare's play, but the moment the actor brought him on the stage was the moment of his petrifaction.)

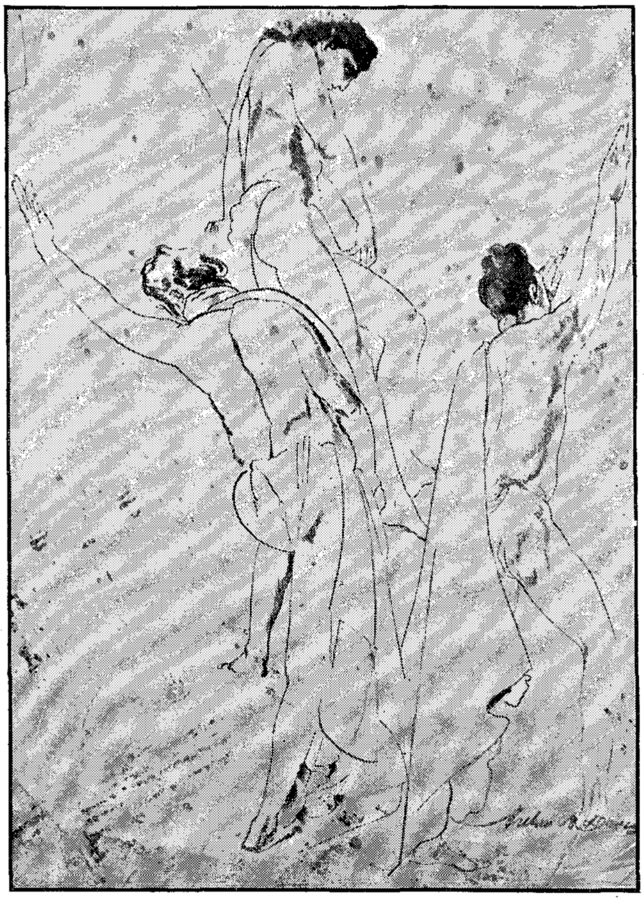
"Sitting at home with the printed book I can project in imagination its scenes and characters far more sharply than the reality of the stage can do; and my inner ear can evoke far finer voices than any actor possesses. Nothing has ever been presented on a stage that does not glow with richer life in its printed form, but in reading one has to use imagination. The theater exists solely to serve those who haven't any."

Mr. Hicks's retort is all amiability, but he can not forbear remarking, "Now I suppose nobody living really cares why you do or do not go to the theater; but what is a matter of moment to all and sundry is the fact that the brain which gave to the world 'Limehouse Nights' has suddenly forgotten the nights and become only Limehouse." Mr. Hicks injects a few gentle doubts of the soundness of Mr. Burke's views:

"You say you can think of many ways of wasting your evenings in a less boring way than going to the theater!

"So could I. Is there a lover in the land who would prefer a book to his lady? Unless, of course, it were one of your books.

"You say that acting is not a thing for intelligent people to do, or for intelligent people to watch. With a splash and a blot you are even more Napoleonic than Napoleon himself, for you wipe off the face of the earth the brains of untold millions who would beg to differ with you were they alive, and who would probably be extremely rude to you if they met you elsewhere.



Courtesy of the Ferargil Gallery

DAVIES AS LITHOGRAPHER

Meier-Graefe saw Davies only as water-colorist, but he is one of the most versatile of our artists, a painter in oils, and, as here shown, a consummate draughtsman.

"Of course, don't think for a moment that I am quite certain you are not right in your condemnation of my profession. It is improbably possible that you are. But before I can be quite sure that all the men who live and have lived are idiots in thinking that acting is a great art, I should have to convince myself that David Garrick and Edmund Kean were imbeciles, that Sheridan was a fool, Tennyson a jackass, Henry Irving a puppet, Shakespeare a poacher, Barrie a joke, Pinero a bookkeeper, and a dozen other geniuses of no account whatever.

"Of patrons, who you say have no intelligence, I should have to give grave considerations as to the sanity of such pigmies as Lamb and Hazlitt, Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Dr. Johnson, to say nothing of Mr. Gladstone and Disraeli, and a thousand others, possest of mighty intellects, who so far forgot themselves as to be ardent playgoers.

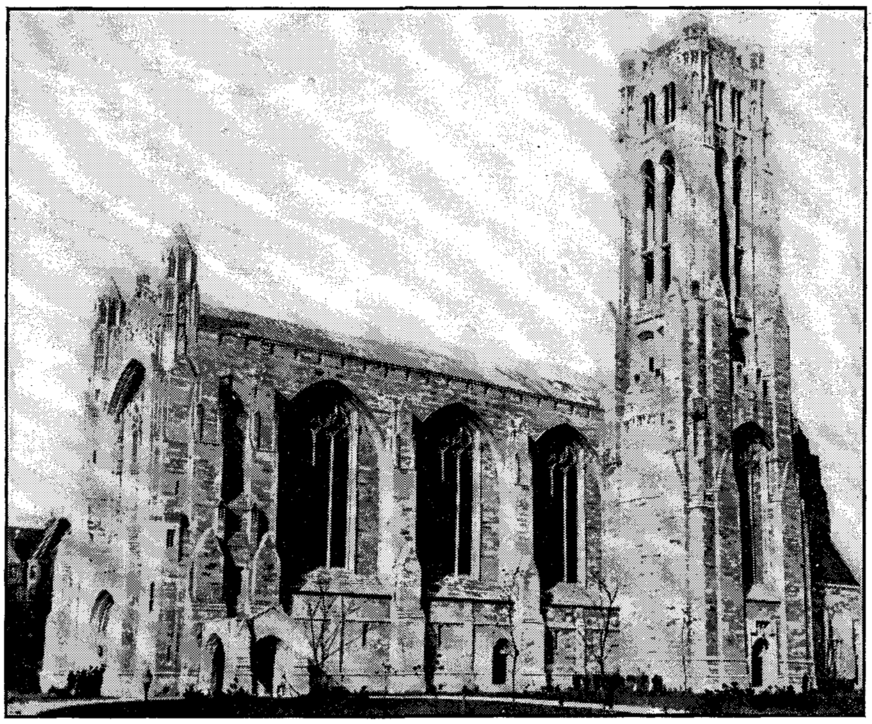
"When you say that any one who has been trained to speak and to walk can act under the coaching of a producer, you give hope to thousands. The game of acting, you say, is foolish. Is it any more foolish than a hundred other things in this foolish world? More foolish than the things men do to canvas with a brush? Or to a piece of wood with catgut attached to it? Or more ridiculous than what happens to virgin foolscap when a cheap pen scrawls across its surface?

"I venture to think not. If you are basically destructive about one art, you must be logical and be so about them all. For all art is the expression of emotion, and is given to the world through the eye, the ear, or the voice. What right have you to dismiss the last of the three as of no value?"

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

A CREEDLESS COLLEGE CHAPEL TO PROMOTE RELIGION

THE STRESS ON THEOLOGY rather than upon religion, as he sees it, has so confused the mind of youth that it stands aghast at the contradiction, said John D. Rockefeller, Jr., at the dedication of the University of Chicago's creedless chapel to promote religion, the gift of his father. But the younger Mr. Rockefeller does not agree with those who tell us that religion is dying out. "While this may be true of some forms of thought and practise that have been called religious," said Mr. Rockefeller, "nothing could be further from the truth if one is thinking of the religion of Jesus Christ," and he proclaimed that any professor, "be his religion what it may, who makes light of such vital religion, who belittles it, who seeks to undermine his students' faith in it, is unfit to be a leader of youth, is faithless to his trust." During the course of his address, Mr. Rockefeller announced that the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial Foundation, which commemorates his mother, had established an endowment fund of $1,000,000 "to promote the religious idealism of the students of the university, through the broadest and most liberal development of the spiritual forces centering in and radiating from this chapel."


International Newsreel photograph

A "FRONT-LINE POST OF RELIGION"

The new University of Chicago chapel, donated by John D. Rockefeller, and endowed by the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial Foundation, to "promote the religious idealism of the students of the University." It is to serve all sects who wish to come.

In keeping with the purpose of the chapel, which is to serve not one sect alone, but all who wish to come, we read in Kathleen M'Laughlin's report in the Chicago *Tribune*, the motif of religious tolerance recurred through the service. "In the light of experience and passing years," said Mr. Rockefeller, as he is quoted in that report, "a broader and more tolerant religious spirit has been developing in this land and in others. But while the present generation is not infrequently repelled rather than attracted by religion, as it often finds expression in the bewildering variety of churches of to-day, and while it has an ever lessening interest in what men say about Christ, it is vitally interested in Christ Himself." True religion, as the great philanthropist believes, "means abiding faith in God and our fellow men." Church leaders may find food for reflection in what this renowned layman has to say on the problems confronting youth:

> "In spite of the progress which has been made, youth finds itself confused and irked as it stands at life's threshold and is confronted with an almost infinite variety of religions and sects. It stands aghast at the sorry and unchristian spectacle of good men and women hurling anathema at each other because of differences of theological belief and denominational partizanship.
>
> "Is it strange, then, that the younger generation, from being at first confused and irked by our multiform theologies, then aghast at the unchristian attitude of so-called religious people, is tempted to say to itself: 'If this is religion, to insist on sectarian differences and to quibble about non-essentials, when sin is rampant in the world and evil is omnipresent; if church members are more interested in whom they will keep out of their religious bodies because of theological differences than they are in helping people to be strong in body, clean in mind and pure in heart, we will waste our time with nothing so hypocritical and useless; rather will we give all religion a wide berth and have none of it.' And to the extent that such a conclusion is reached, the intolerant sectarians of our churches are largely to blame. If Christ were on earth to-day I fancy there would be but one church—the Church of the Living God."

Acclaiming the Rockefeller gift of a chapel and a million to promote religion as "one of the significant and encouraging happenings of our day," the Chicago *Evening Post* speaks its own word for religion by saying that "there is nothing more ignoble in the realm of intellect to-day than the spirit which belittles faith. Cynicism never added a single joy to life, never augmented any value of life worth holding," it says, "never inspired any step forward. Man must live by faith." On the other hand,

> "The youthful student who scoffs, who brags of his agnosticism and his unbelief, is more or less excusable. It is a phase of youth which he will outgrow probably. But the mature man, the professor or instructor who plays the cynic in his classes and derides faith is without excuse. Erudite tho he may be, he has nothing to give from his knowledge which can be adequate substitute for the faith in spiritual reality which he destroys.
>
> "The promotion of spiritual idealism is a splendid aim for a great university. That it should be emphasized in the outward charm of the new chapel, and sustained by liberal provision of means for its pursuit is occasion for rejoicing on the part of Chicago and of the wide constituency served by the university."

Educational institutions do not and can not limit themselves to the teaching and advancement of science, pure or applied, observes the Chicago *Daily News*, which asserts that "the spiritual and moral values are even more important to the human race and its future solution than are the triumphs of the intellect or the material comforts resulting from those triumphs."

Springfield, Missouri

The Daily News does not believe that science and research are destroying what is essential in religion. Rather, it asserts:

"The modern world and the rising generation are more tolerant and less dogmatic or superstitious than were past ages, but it is an egregious error to affirm that religion in its proper sense is dying. The need for inspiration, for altruism, for sacrifice, for love of humanity, for wonder will exist always, and science and technique alone can not satisfy it.

"Men are so constituted that they long for and must have ideals, philosophies of life, answers to the riddle of the meaning of things. In science the tendency is to increasing specialization, and the danger of specialization has been emphasized by the most eminent savants of our own day. The new university chapel, a work of art and beauty, represents a synthesis, and will serve well the cause of non-sectarian, rational religion, and human brotherhood."

The natural inquiring and irreverent attitude of youth, the opening of new vistas of knowledge, the scientific spirit which has made our civilization possible, but which can be distorted into perverted use by the youthful tyro—all these, says the Grand Rapids *Press*, "may lead to a tragic period of pagan anarchy in young lives." Here—

"The Rockefellers have tried to set up a counterbalance—a place towering above the buildings of science, and saying in its inspiring architecture and in the influences born of its endowment: 'Religion is still counted first on this campus, acknowledged by numbers of the very leaders who teach you the sciences, held to be a living truth of the heart which towers above the material truths modern research is revealing. Do not be foolish enough to fall away from religion.'

"There have been few better examples of Rockefeller sanity than this beautiful front-line post of religion at a battle point where it is badly needed."

FAITH AND HEALTH—The surest foundation of mental health, says Dr. Charles S. Thompson, Medical Officer of Health for Deptford, England, is "faith in things unseen—the sense that God is in His heaven and all is right with the world, no matter what the appearances may be. The feet must be firmly planted on some sure rock of religion or philosophy." As he is further quoted in the London *Telegraph*, Dr. Thompson says that anger and storms of passion can shake the nervous system to pieces, that "the coarser passions, such as anger, hatred, and jealousy react adversely on the body far more commonly than the reactions of ambition, pride, and esthetic and intellectual emotions." Therefore, this religiously minded physician goes on:

"The whole point of educational training should be to establish control of feeling, while developing ability to express all feelings in the most spiritual way. It is not simply mental work that leads to breakdowns, but mental work accompanied by emotional strain.

"To sum up the study of the treatment of the mind, a wide range of practises must be embraced. In alleviating nervous disorders we must take into account not only suggestive therapeutics, medical hypnotism, the psychoanalysis of orthodox psychology, but go farther and attempt to understand how and on what basis prayer and appeals to the highest spiritual instinct of mankind have curative value."

ISRAEL UNITED FOR PALESTINE

AMERICAN ISRAEL IS AT LAST UNITED in "a pact of glory," as it has been described, for the upbuilding of Palestine. At a non-Zionist conference held recently in New York all differences over the ultimate destiny of Palestine, whether it shall be a racial and political entity or simply a homeland and religious center for the Jews of all the world, were submerged in a reorganized Jewish Agency, called for in the British Mandate, to rebuild Palestine and to make it a spiritual shrine for Zionist and non-Zionist alike. In the words of Louis Marshall, eminent jurist and a recognized Jewish leader, as he is quoted in *The American Hebrew* (New York), there are no longer Zionists and non-Zionists. "We are all Jews together," he said, "intent on bringing about united action for the purpose of making the Jewish people a great force for good wherever they may live." The conference, says *The Jewish Tribune* (New York), signified "the healing of a breach which has existed in American Jewry for several decades. It marked the drawing down of the curtain on all the venom and bitterness that have been exchanged between Zionist and non-Zionist during the past thirty years."

By courtesy of the Palestine Foundation Fund

A BUMPER PUMPKIN CROP IN RESTORED PALESTINE

The photograph shows a little of the fruit of Zionist endeavor to rebuild the ancient Jewish homeland. Non-Zionists have now also dedicated themselves to the task, joining the Zionists in "a pact of glory."

The conference was called by Mr. Marshall, and on the platform with him, fronting 400 delegates from all parts of the United States and Canada, were Dr. Chaim Weizmann, President of the World Zionist Organization; Felix Warburg, Lord Melchett, of England, and Dr. Lee K. Frankel, who had made a survey of the situation in Palestine, and reported favorably on the conditions for colonization. We may understand the differences between the Zionists and non-Zionists from a statement made by Judge Horace Stern of Philadelphia, who said, as he is quoted in the Philadelphia *Jewish Exponent*, "the difference is one of conception as to the ultimate destiny of Palestine, and incidentally, perhaps, the ultimate destiny of the Jewish people. As I understand the Zionist view-point, at least in its extreme form," he said, "it looks to Palestine ultimately to form a Jewish State, and it stresses the racial or the nationalistic conception of the Jewish people. And, on the other hand, the non-Zionists stress the religious aspect of the Jewish people and subordinate the racial feature, and do not believe at all in a nationalistic conception of

Jewry." Himself a non-Zionist, who believes that the Zionist project is "a perversion of history," he thoroughly sympathizes with the plan to rebuild the ancient homeland. What he says probably expresses the general sentiment of the non-Zionists:

> "I don't suppose there is anybody in the world, I can't imagine anybody in the world, who would not want to see Palestine rebuilt, whether he be Jew or even Gentile or Mohammedan. I don't suppose there is any human being in the world, who, if he could wave a magic wand over Palestine and make it again a land flowing with milk and honey or, what seems to be more likely, according to Lord Melchett, a land flowing with oil through pipe lines and flowing with automobiles over macadamized roads, would not desire to do so. Material things change, but spiritual things never change. If we can make it, with whatever it may flow, a pride of the Jewish people and a help to humanity, if we can make it a spiritual treasure-house of Jewish thought and culture and Jewish spirituality, it seems to me that there is nobody who has any right to refrain from participating to that end.
>
> "And, therefore, feeling as I do, that I or any other non-Zionist can help to participate in the Jewish Agency and help in the upbuilding of Palestine without any sacrifice of any ideas or ideals that I may have on the subject of ultimate destiny—feeling that way, I for one want to pledge my mind and my heart and all my energy to this great cause."

Out of this conference, comments *The Jewish Exponent* editorially, "may come a united Jewry, dedicated to the rebuilding of the ancient homeland of the Jewish people, Palestine, and the strengthening of Jewish culture and Jewish spirituality throughout the world." Jewish nationalism, says *The Canadian Jewish Chronicle* (Montreal), has been the rock on which Jews throughout the world have split.

> "Yet all can safely unite on a common program of building up a virile Jewish settlement, whose agricultural and industrial economy shall be firmly planted in the soil, and which can be made self-supporting and be freed from the need of outside subsidies for the preservation of its very existence. Hand in hand with a healthy economic life, they can also unite in stimulating the development of a great cultural life in the community. If these two aspects are assured by the Jewish Agency, the correlative development of the political character of the Jewish Palestine can be left with safety to be taken care of by the Palestinian Jew himself. And such political outgrowth in Palestine would not affect the position of Zionist or anti-Zionist elsewhere in the world in his attitude to the problem of Jewish Nationalism."

Here, observes the Philadelphia *Record*, is seen the revival and strengthening of an ancient ideal of outstanding interest:

> "Dispersed throughout the earth nineteen centuries ago, the Jewish people have preserved their identity and their culture. But the more singular fact is that many of them have remained faithful to the vision of a restored national life for their race in the land of the covenant—that vision interwoven in the prophecies and liturgy of Judaism:
>
> But in the last days it shall come to pass
> That the mountain of the house of the Lord shall be
> established in the top of the mountains. . . .
> For the law shall go forth of Zion,
> And the word of the Lord from Jerusalem.
>
> "Yet Zionism in its modern aspect is of recent development. Revived thirty years ago by the stirring appeals of such leaders as Herzl, Nordau, and Zangwill, the movement was retarded by many controversies. Its rebirth was due to the Great War. The aspiration became a practical possibility in 1917, when Palestine was wrested from the Turk, and Great Britain, acting for the League of Nations, pledged the establishment there of a 'national home' for those of the dispersed race who wished to realize the historic dream."

But, we read, an active and determined opposition developed among the Jews, especially in the United States. *The Record* informs us:

> "They resented the idea of setting up a Jewish State anywhere, upon the ground that it would morally cloud the citizenship of Jews who possess full civil and social rights in other countries. Henry Morgenthau, Julius Kahn, and many other eminent leaders, uttered such protests as these:
>
> "'Once a Jewish homeland is fixt in Palestine the position of Jews elsewhere, even in America, is jeopardized, if not forfeited.
>
> "'Zionists would dragoon us into a citizenship and a nationality which we do not want. It would create a divided allegiance. America is our homeland.
>
> "'Zionism is the most stupendous fallacy in Jewish history. It is wrong in principle and impossible of realization. It is unsound in economics, fantastical in its politics, and sterile in its spiritual ideals. It is a surrender, not a solution.'
>
> "Others, equally eminent, upheld the project as one of surpassing benefit to the race and to humanity. Yet from these diverse elements, statesmanlike action has welded the Zionist and non-Zionist in a common cause. Its aim is not to create a political State to which Jews would owe allegiance, but to restore their spiritual title to the homeland from which they sprang and to make the great endowments of this people a force for good wherever they may live."

CHRISTMAS-TREES NOT WASTEFUL

THE CUTTING OF CHRISTMAS-TREES is not a menace to forestry, according to accredited authority replying to a question by the Department of Research and Education of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. A churchman, we read in the Department's weekly bulletin, *Information Service*, asked whether the cutting and commercial use of our evergreens is destructive, and, if it is destructive, whether churches and civic agencies could promote a campaign to curtail and ultimately do away with the Christmas-tree business. The Department, we are told, immediately consulted the United States Forest Service and numerous foresters in all parts of the country. Foresters, generally, we read, agree that the United States needs a policy of reforestation and prevention of waste, in order to be assured of an adequate supply of certain woods for the future. The cutting of Christmas-trees, is, however, a minor, almost negligible, factor in the situation. The official statement of the United States Forest Service, as quoted in the bulletin, reads as follows:

> "Very commonly the question is raised as to whether the cutting and use of these trees for Christmas purposes is not a great waste, and whether steps should not be taken to discourage or prohibit it. Even if it were economically somewhat indefensible, the custom is so old, so well-grounded, and so venerated, that these aspects will and should continue to outweigh economic considerations. It is doubtful, moreover, if pure economic considerations would lead to the abandonment of the Christmas-tree custom. Trees are for use, and there is no other use to which they could be put that would contribute so much to the joy of man. . . ."

Foresters are apparently unanimous and even emphatic in urging the use of Christmas-trees, says *Information Service*, and it quotes Henry Schmitz, chief of the Forestry Division of the University of Minnesota, as saying in a radio talk: "Of course we should use Christmas-trees." H. S. Graves, of the Yale School of Forestry, says that "there is no danger to our future timber supply from the use of Christmas-trees," and Nelson C. Brown, of the New York State College of Forestry, says that Christmas-tree usage has "a relatively small bearing upon the future supply of lumber and other forest products." However, we read, we should be interested in the practise of Denver:

> "It requires that all evergreens sold within its borders shall bear tags certifying that they have been cut in accordance with certain rules advocated by foresters. One forester states that voluntary groups and individuals can exert a great influence by requiring these standards when purchasing trees or by interesting their local governments in fixing standards. Certainly, individuals and local groups can prevent extravagant displays of evergreens by municipalities or civic agencies. The merchants of one small city once appropriated $10,000 for a display of evergreens that was described as 'utterly unnecessary' by a responsible forester. Through the action of local groups the extravagance was eliminated during succeeding years, and a very tasteful display secured at much less expense."

for Economical Transportation

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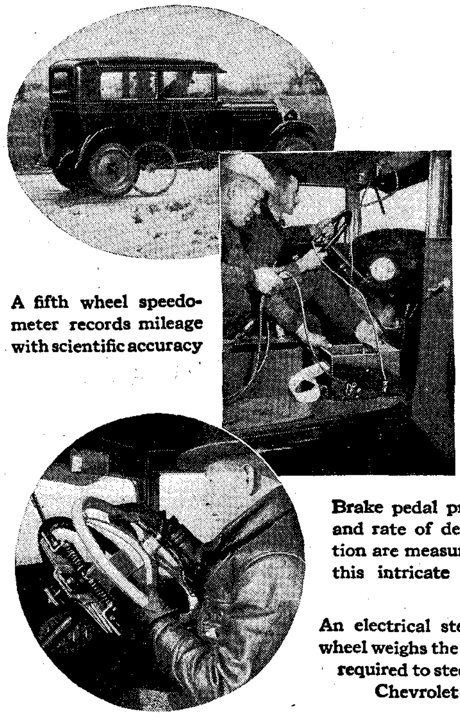

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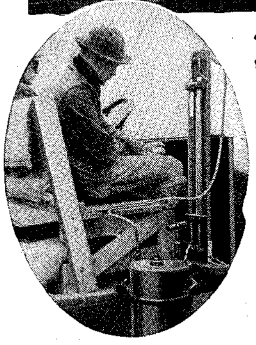

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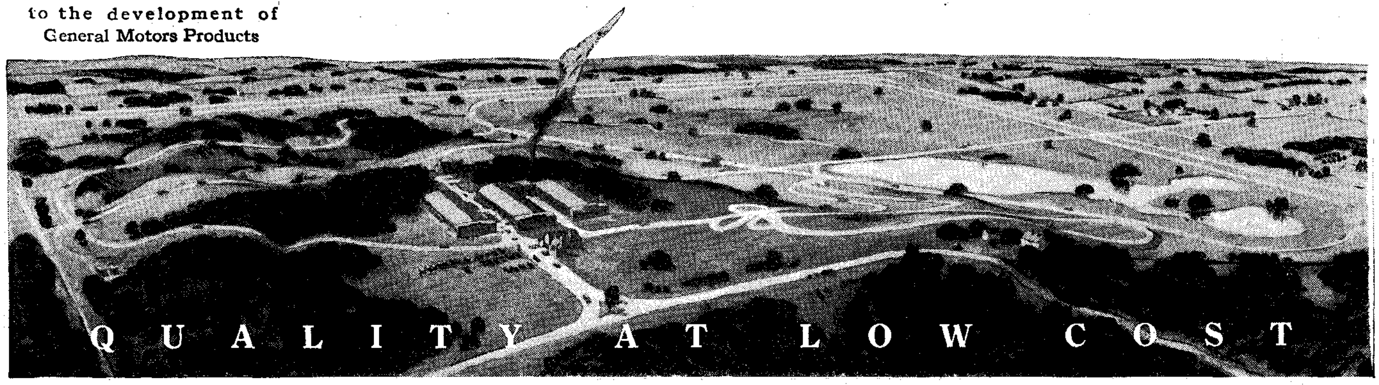


CURRENT ▾ POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned

WHETHER the writer is a returning native or a native generations removed, the feeling exprest here in *The Atlantic Monthly* has visited most of us the first time going back:

OUTBOUND

By Nancy Byrd Turner

The black sea parts to let us pass,
The harbor lights are gone;
A thousand nameless stars wheel up
Between the dusk and dawn.
We're outbound for England,
Our furrow flinging wide;
A thrusting wind is at our side,
And the long wave lifts us on.

My feet upon the forward deck
Have worn the very seams.
(And shall I know the Devon coast
When some red morning streams?)
All night my watches follow
The bells that break the dark—
(And will the Cornish cliffs stand stark
As they have stood in dreams?)

One star burns on above the mast
While twenty million roam.
A moorland wind will make at last
Across the bitter foam,
An old rack of headland
Come shouldering at the prow. . . .
I know they hear in Surrey now
My heart's blood beating home!

The Stratford Magazine (Boston) gives us an argument against plain-clothes Shakespeare:

MODES AND MOODS

By E. Elizabeth Hinson

No, you can't have *Juliet* on a balcony
In knee-high skirts
And be impressive.
One must have the outward trappings of the inward mood,
Else the scene falls short of harmony.
A *Juliet* turned to *Jule*
Strides the banister-rail with boyish grace
And calls to *Romeo*—
"I prithee, a light, *Romeo*,
For my cigarette!"

The Commonweal (New York) has supplied us with much fine poetry. Now we have to record with regret the sudden death of its poetry editor, Dr. Thomas Walsh. It is fitting that we quote the following from its current number:

ALL SOULS

By Alan S. McDougall

Thou everlasting Rest,
Grant Thou Thyself to them, who have at last
The bound of this fleet transience overpast;
All that they have transgressed
Thou of Thy mercy pardon, holding fast
These ransomed to Thy Breast.

Yet is it ours to plead
For any sheep Thou holdest in Thy care?
Must Thy wide mercy ask our feeble prayer?
Do we not rather need
That they who live in Thy communion there
For us should intercede?

Yes: it shall well behove
Us who by Babel's waters homesick sit
And those whose passion by sure hope is lit
To join Thy saints above
In prayer that of Thy threefold Church be knit
One fellowship of love.
Until the trumpet sound,
And all within the graves shall hear Thy word,
And Thy tribunal righteous doom afford,
And those Thy blessed found
Are called to be forever with the Lord,
Among Thine armies crowned.

O Mercy infinite!
For them we plead, as they for us, who pray
When faith, that lights our little earthly day,
Is swallowed up in sight,
Grant them the rest that shall not pass away,
And everlasting light.

We have all kinds of theology in these stirring days, so why not all kinds of immortality? Every man to his taste! What we have here are not Hamlet's "base uses"; the writer in *Scribner's* would probably repudiate even those:

EVERLASTING

By John Frazier Vance

"When they fold
My hands," I said,
"Upon my breast
And call me dead,

"You have seen
The end of me.
There is no
Eternity."

But I know
The fallow field
That covers me
Will come to yield.

Some man's swine
Will be the fatter—
But that will not
End the matter.

Man to grass
To swine to man
It has been
Since time began.

So, dig me deep
And raise a cheer:
Everlasting Life
Is here!

Something more than a pathetic fallacy inspired this poem in *The Lyric* (Norfolk). One wonders how a cow acquires classical learning, but will pass the question for the sake of the vagrant fancy:

CAPRICE

By Dorothy Stott Shaw

It wasn't intended that the cow should find the poppies.
(There are many, many places where red poppies grow
In the maize, in the wheat, in the green hay meadows;
If you look in under, you can see them—so.)

The white cow went in there because the hedge was broken.
(She was a milk-colored cow with huge, brown eyes.
And she smelled sweet as milk, as she walked with heavy udders.)
She sniffed the hay meadow with pleased surprise.

She ate the green hay and she ate the red poppies;
She lay down to rest and to chew her cud,
And to eat them again with reminiscent rapture—
The poppy and the pod and the sheathed round bud.
Of course she dreamed—having eaten poppies!
She walked the silver thoroughfare that is the Milky Way.
She had never seen cypresses, but certainly cypresses
Hemmed the road in, slender and gray,

And the sky was lavender, and dusty with mystery.
She dreamed that she was Io, walking there
In a shift of silk and a damask tunic
With scarlet flowers in her long, gold hair.

She knew that she was Io! Dearie, dearie,
She was so lovely and slim and white,
That the god who looked on her loved her straightway,
And leaned to caress her. Her heart was light

On her lips as she kissed him; but it seemed very quiet,
And she wondered if his house had straw on the floor—

It is wise for cows to avoid red poppies.
She can never be happy any more.

The pathos of the free confined for education's sake strikes home to poets like this in *The New Republic:*

THE CONDORS IN THE JARDIN DES PLANTES

By Padraic Colum

To sink into the depths we need take weights—
Put on such armor as our divers use;
To rise above the fathomed we must bear
Weights, and ye are weighted for emprise
Of rising to where flows the thinnest air,
Yet here beneath our towers you roost and run,
And trail your wings. I think I know your pain,
Your pain and weariness!
Like divers are ye that perpetually,
Plated in metal, make circuit about
Where some sidereal gesture has withdrawn
The tides, the main—
Condors with shuttered, iron-heavy wings!

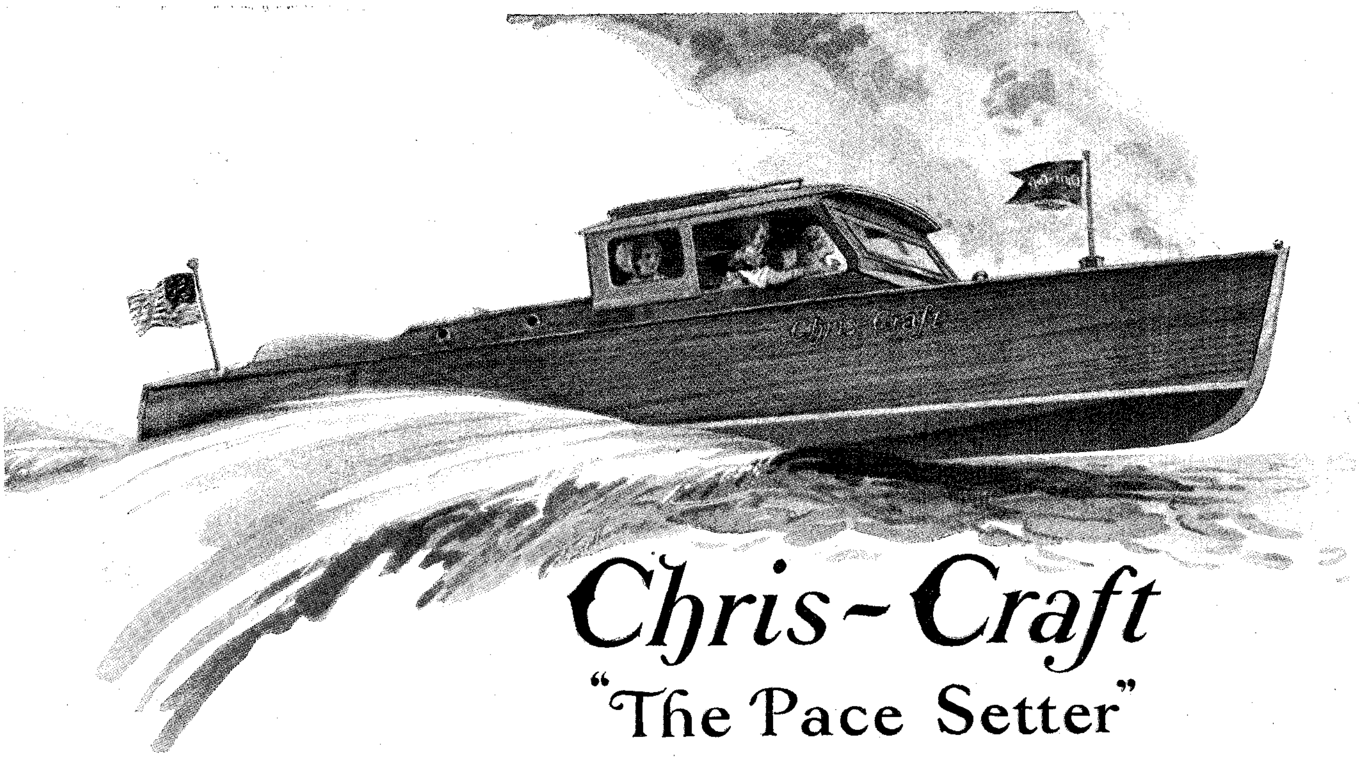
Nineveh and Troy are sufficient to confirm the poet of *The New Statesman* (London), but where there are people, they must be housed:

BELEAGUERED CITIES

By F. L. Lucas

Build your houses, build your houses, build your towns,
Fell the woodland, to a gutter turn the brook,
Pave the meadows, pave the meadows, pave the downs,
Plant your bricks and mortar where the grasses shook,
The wind-swept grasses shook.
Build, build your Babels black against the sky;
But mark yon small green blade, your stones between,
The single spy
Of that uncounted host you have outcast;
For with their tiny pennons waving green
They shall storm your streets at last.

Build your houses, build your houses, build your slums,
Drive your drains where once the rabbits used to lurk,
Let there be no song now save the wind that hums
Through the idle wires while dumb men tramp to work,
Tramp to their idle work.
Silent the siege; none notes it; yet one day
Men from your walls shall watch the woods once more
Close round their prey.
Build, build the ramparts of your giant-town;
Yet they shall crumble to the dust before
The battering thistle-down.



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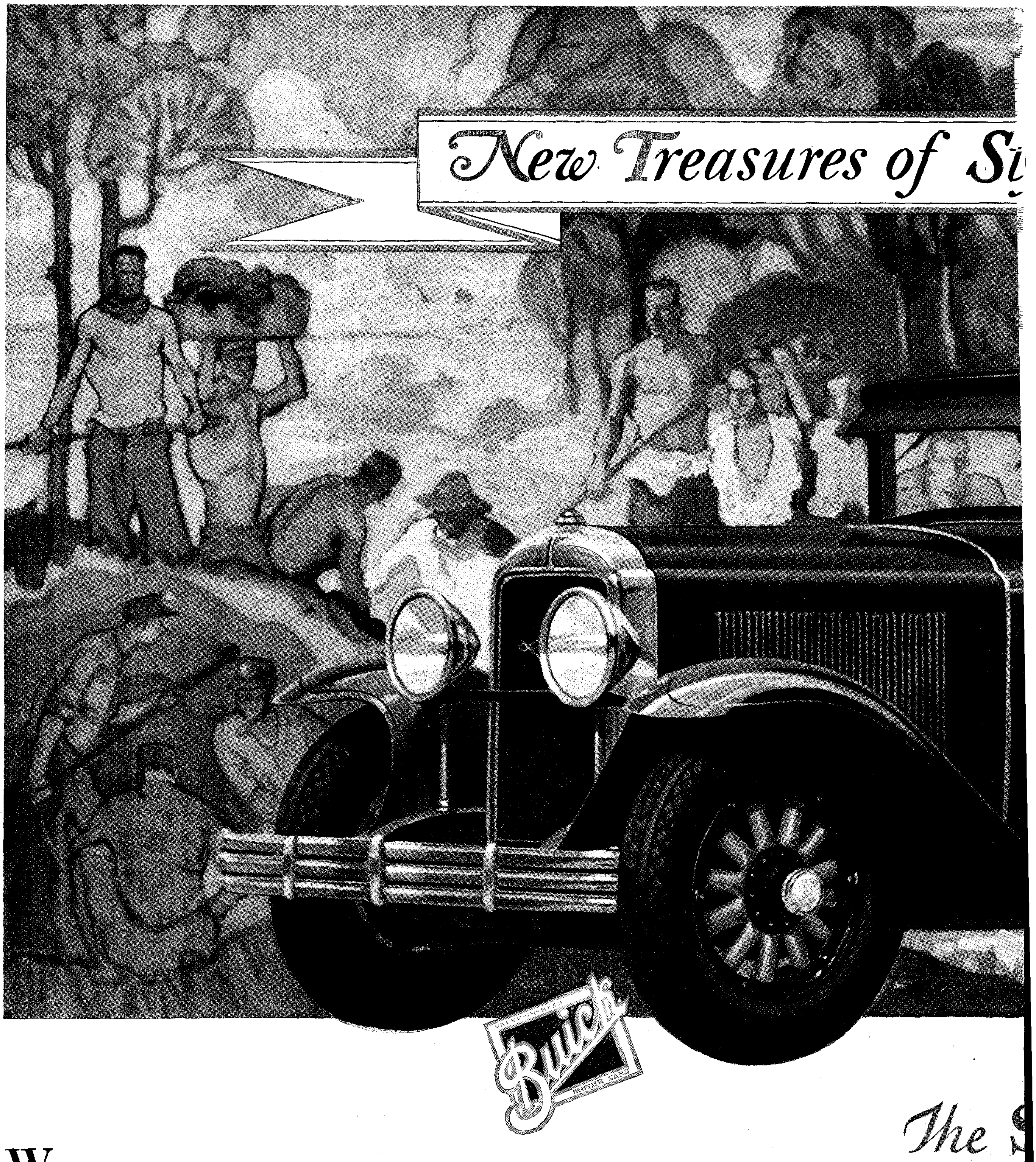

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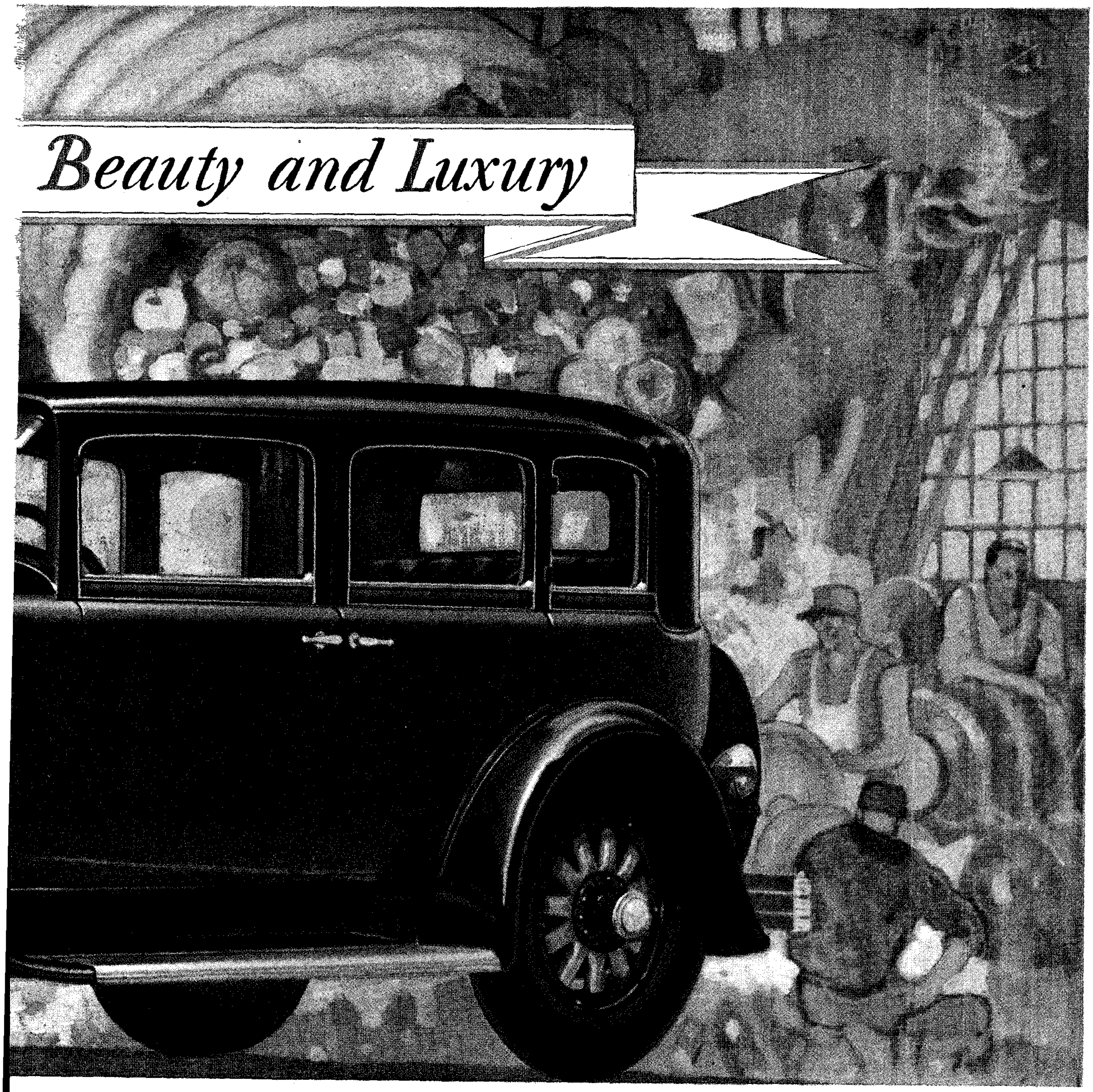
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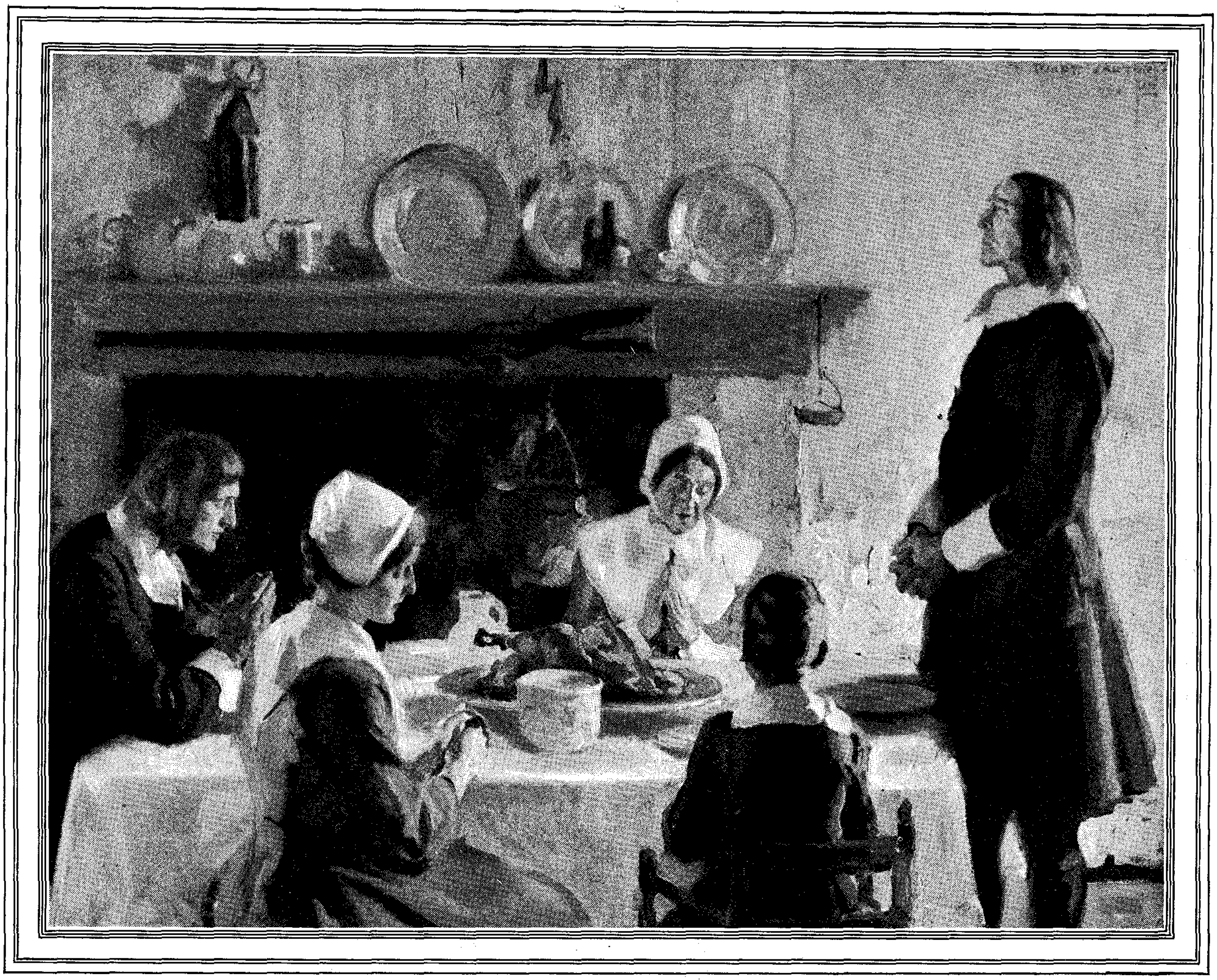
WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT
BUICK WILL BUILD THEM



Wild Turkeys Browned and Golden

and venison and purple grapes
for these *we offer thanks*

FROST came with the nights. The corn stalks withered and the hills were fire and scarlet. Partridge drummed and a fox barked behind the ridge. The stockade gates were shut. Out of New Hampshire rose the Harvest Moon.

"For these we offer thanks." A voice in the wilderness raised in thanksgiving... spreads and becomes the voice of a continent. A settlement grows and becomes a nation. Each year the nation offers thanks for the harvest. Each year the harvest is richer... in happiness... in material prosperity... in the joy of living.

* * * *

A great part of the harvest of America today is the harvest of industry. Endless research and experiment, a divine curiosity, the open mind, these have brought new products and a new and better way of living. And part of the march of progress, contributing to a safer, happier life, is Frigidaire, the automatic refrigerator . . . now providing priceless health protection in over 750,000 successful installations.

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Wild turkeys, browned and golden and venison and purple grapes. For this material evidence of a successful harvest the Pilgrims offered thanks. The harvest of 1928 is nearly in. And already in thousands of homes the New Frigidaire has begun its work ... quietly, surely protecting the health of the family... contributing to a safer, happier life. Frigidaire Corporation, Dayton, O.

FRIGIDAIRE
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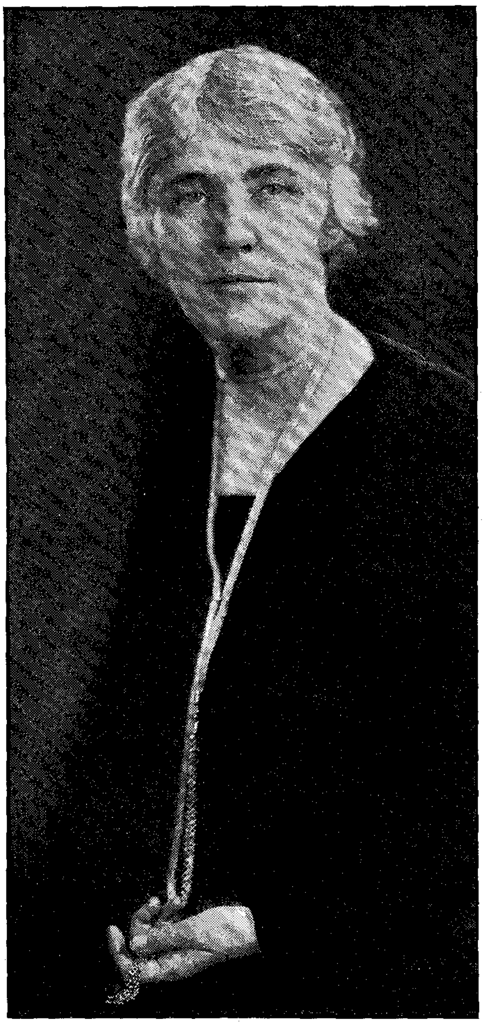
PERSONAL ▾ GLIMPSES

MRS. HOOVER'S INTERNATIONAL HOUSEKEEPING

THE OUTRAGED AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE faced the marauding Cossacks angrily. Her brown eyes flashed, she pointed a slim, imperious forefinger, she shook determinedly her head, wrapt about with a coil of brown hair. "Stand and deliver!" was the effect of her command, but what she probably said was, "Put those things down! Quick!" The Cossacks, of course, could not understand her words, but there was no mistaking her meaning. Sheepishly they surrendered their armfuls of loot—all sorts of household articles, knives, forks, spoons, dishes, bric-a-brac, clothing, laces, embroideries. But Lou Henry Hoover, Mrs. Herbert Hoover, America's new "First Lady," overlooked one thing when she recovered her possessions at Tientsin in China, during the Boxer uprising, we learn from Will Irwin's "Herbert Hoover, a Reminiscent Biography" (Century). She failed to notice the bulging of their boots and breeches; and so the raiders escaped not without profit to themselves. The Cossacks had come to Tientsin to aid in the relief of Americans and Europeans living there during that bloody Chinese uprising; and now that the situation was well in hand, they were becoming difficult to control. Hence their breaking into an American house, killing a native servant to do so.



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

OUR NEW "FIRST LADY OF THE LAND"

A recent "personally selected" portrait, greatly admired by Mrs. Hoover's many friends.

Mrs. Hoover found her house in chaos. Everything had been ransacked, everything eatable had been eaten and everything drinkable had been drunk. Her typewriter had puzzled the Cossacks and they had poured into its machinery a jar of strawberry jam. Otherwise Mrs. Hoover, during our President-Elect's active engineering years, solved many a domestic, social, and diplomatic problem just as effectively as she handled the "Russian situation." During the siege of Tientsin, where the Hoovers were recuperating from Chinese influenza when the rebellion broke out, she played as prominent a part as her husband in the defense of the foreign colony, Mr. Irwin tells us in his book, from which we have quoted before. Reading on:

> The foreign settlement of Tientsin consisted of two or three parallel streets extending for a distance of eight or ten blocks. On one side lay the river and on the other an open field. A densely populated Chinese suburb connected it with the picturesque filth of the native city, around which lay encamped the imperial army. The Russians threw up barricades across that end of the town. Civilian Tientsin regarded this as unnecessary, even when missionaries, escaped by the skin of their teeth, began coming to ask refuge, and Norman Magee, whom Hoover had known at Stanford, showed up with the entire staff of a foreign college.
>
> One afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Hoover sat recuperating in their garden. For days they had heard firing to the north—the imperial troops squabbling with the Boxer mob. Now came two explosions near at hand. As they sat up and listened, the fire-bell began a rapid, excited tocsin. The whole foreign colony were running to the Town Hall, dragging their children. And rifle bullets began splashing the brick compound-walls surrounding the houses. More shells burst. Hoping for the best, they decided that this was merely the fire of the Boxers, looping over their imperial army. The authorities were considering ways and means to abate the nuisance, when a dozen panting, exhausted white men in diverse uniforms appeared at the head of the street—the foreign officers, mostly Scandinavians, in charge of training the imperial troops. They broke appalling news. The Chinese Army had suddenly gone Boxer. Friendly native officers had warned them just in time.
>
> Thirty thousand troops equipped with modern arms, well furnished with artillery; behind them thirty thousand civilian Boxers, ill armed but in a state of blazing fanaticism—and to withstand them, only fifteen hundred European soldiers! These had a wealth of ammunition, happily, and a few machine guns; but only one cannon. The civilians, with accessions of missionaries, traders, and teachers, who had fled to Tientsin ahead of the massacre, numbered three hundred able-bodied men. The foreign settlement boasted a home guard—which existed mainly to give an annual ball. However, Tientsin was a sporting city; search of houses and the hardware store provided a sporting rifle and a revolver for every man and for most of the women. Ammunition was scarce for these arms, and of course not uniform. A hurried council of war determined that the civilians should do sentry, police, ambulance, and engineering duty, and save their ammunition against the last desperate struggle—yes, and for the women.
>
> Mrs. Hoover, when the shells began to burst in the streets and the bullets to spatter against the walls, had taken into sensible consideration the situation of their house. It rose at that end of the street nearest the Chinese armies; from their position, the most conspicuous target in town. Edward B. Drew, American commissioner of the Chinese customs, occupied a stout house, stoutly walled, and within the inner circle of defense. He offered hospitality to the Hoovers and to others who lived in exposed places. The Drew house became an American dormitory; the women sleeping on the floor of one big room, the men in another. "I didn't see much of Bert in those days," said Mrs. Hoover wistfully, two decades later. Only when news came that another civilian was hit, there was a little pause in their work.

Mrs. Hoover had reported to the doctor and had learned first aid before the volunteer corps began bringing in human wreckage from the barricades, Mr. Irwin tells us, continuing:

> Sometimes they had as many as two hundred freshly wounded in a day. The temporary hospital was short of everything—disinfectants, cots, bedding, bandages. Mrs. Hoover raided the meagerly stocked general stores to get cotton goods for dressings; when these supplies were gone, commandeered domestic sheets.
>
> The Hoovers traveled back and forth from their jobs on bicycles. All the houses stood behind stout brick walls. So long as you hugged that wall nearest the firing you were safe. A cross street meant an instant of danger; you pedaled fast. In time, the vicious little "ping" of ricocheting bullets became a

phenomenon as unconsidered as the buzzing of the flies. In the early morning the besiegers knocked off for breakfast; and the servants at the Drew house used to go and sweep up like fallen leaves the bullets of the night. So passed a long three weeks of fighting anxiety.

International Newsreel photograph

IN THE FAMILIAR ROLE OF WIFE AND MOTHER

Those standing behind Mr. and Mrs. Hoover, on the lawn of the family's Washington home, are (from the reader's left): Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Clark Hoover, Jr., and Mr. Allan Henry Hoover.

The relief of Tientsin did not come dramatically like that of Lucknow—with distant pipes and a parade of troops and a hysteria of thanksgiving; altho for a moment it seemed that it would. The Powers were hurrying troops to relieve the besieged at Tientsin and Peking—Japanese, Americans from the Philippines, British from Shanghai, French from Indo-China. These forces found that the Chinese imperial armies held the Taku forts at the mouth of the Pei-ho and intended to dispute the landing. There was a delay while they took the forts. But the foreign settlement at Tientsin could hear the guns at nightfall and knew they had only to hold on. Then a mixed advance force of perhaps two thousand men started up the bank, to arrive at the end of the third week. It found the settlement tired and crammed with wounded, but still fighting. In the van—balm for sore Yankee eyes—marched the olive-brown of United States marines.

Valiantly with the van of the first relief contingent rode four American war correspondents—Oscar King Davis of the New York *Sun*, "Bobbie" Collins of the Associated Press, Frederick Palmer of *Collier's*, Joaquin Miller of the Hearst newspapers. They needed quarters. Now eight shells altogether had hit the Drew house; and Mrs. Hoover, browsing round town, noticed that their own residence, conspicuous tho it seemed, had gone unscathed. There was neither rime nor reason to the Chinese fire. So the Hoovers moved back, taking along the correspondents as guests. In another week enough relief troops had arrived to make the rear roads secure; and they evacuated the women and children to Shanghai. Also, the male civilians were free to go.

But the Hoovers felt that they were still needed. Hoover, because he knew the terrain, was attached as engineer to the colonel in charge of the American troops. Professional surgeons, arriving with the armies, took over the hospital; but Mrs. Hoover had the run of it, and they asked her to stay. However, she had now a little leisure to look after her houseful of Americans.

One afternoon the correspondents were working at dispatches in their rooms and Mrs. Hoover was playing solitaire in the parlor. There came from above a crash of breaking glass, a swish; then an explosion outside of the house. Mrs. Hoover, Davis, and Palmer ran up-stairs. A shell had gone through Collins's room and exploded a few feet from the gate. Bearers were carrying away the dead body of a Japanese sentry. "A close call," they said; and returned to their rooms. Not ten minutes later there came a terrific explosion. A shell had passed through the Venetian blind of a back window up-stairs, leaving a hole as round as tho made by a jig-saw, had detonated its contact-fuse against the newel-post of the stairway. Fortunately, Mrs. Hoover and Palmer, in the rooms on opposite sides of the hall, sat behind shelter of their doors, and Davis up-stairs was just out of the line of fire. The correspondents still tell how they rushed through the fog of lime and smoke to find Mrs. Hoover—and there she sat, turning the cards as before. After that, not another shell struck the Hoover house!

It was in China, where Mr. Hoover's work lay in 1899, that Mrs. Hoover had her first experience as a housewife. Their home was in Peking, but Herbert Hoover traveled far, "into Manchuria and Mongolia," Mr. Irwin tells us, "into Chihli, Shantung, and Shansi provinces. Sometimes he traveled by canal-boat. Sometimes he ambled on horseback, with the paraphernalia of life following in carts or on pack-mules." Mrs. Hoover, too, went on many of these expeditions. Quoting further:

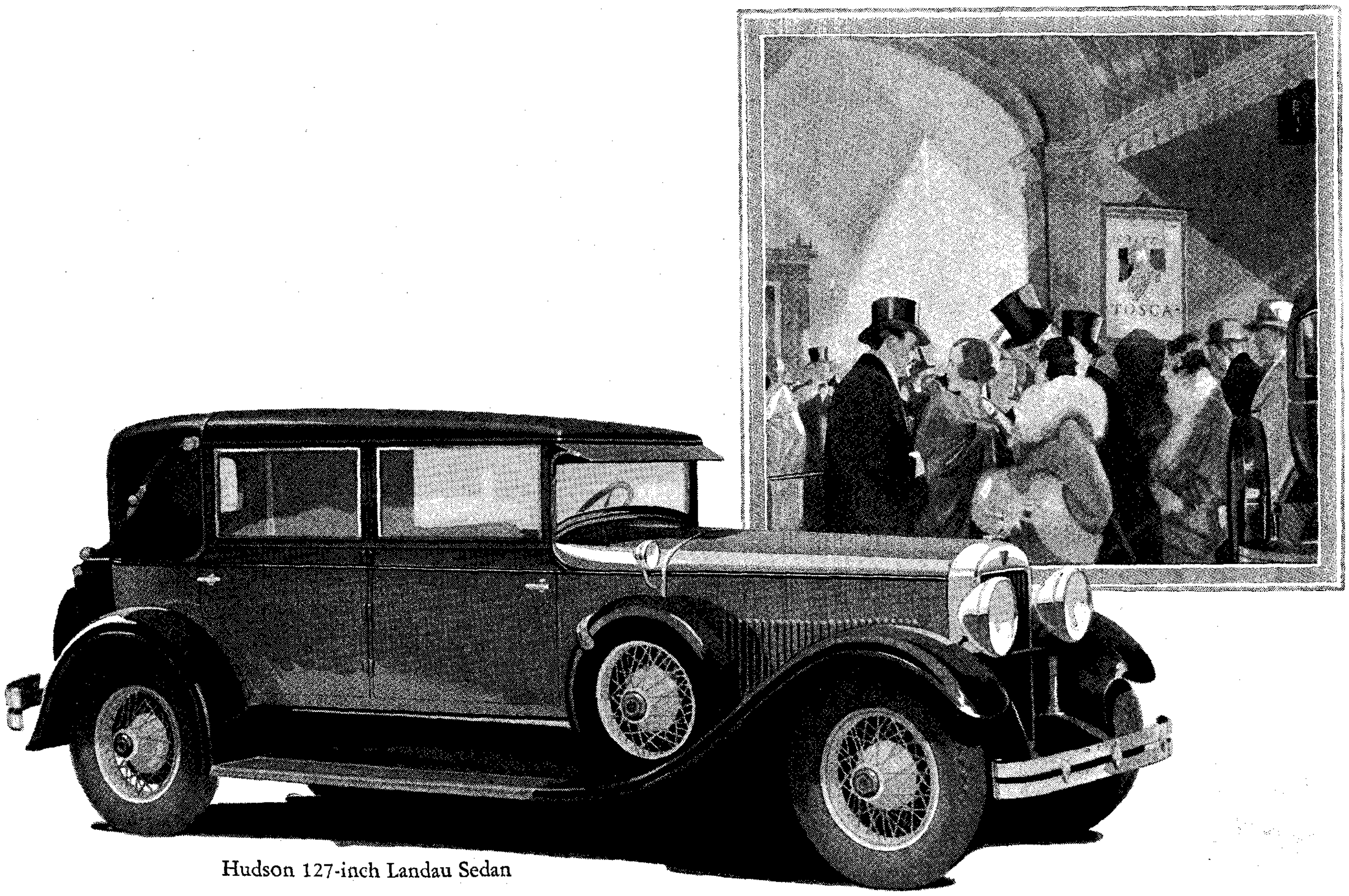
Her letters home sparkled with quaint details. First, as their shaggy Manchurian ponies plodded along the impossible roads, went the guard against bandits; then the Boss and his lady; then servants with household equipment, complete even to mosquito-netting. Often they camped; more often they lodged at native inns. Externally, these somewhat resembled the tourists' "pay camps" of our latter-day West. Bare, one-story rooms surrounded a courtyard; the guest must bring his own accommodations. Arrived, the servants spread bedding and lit a charcoal blaze in a tiny fireplace to heat those brick beds which are standard in Chinese homes. Then from the loads of their pack-mules, or from supplies bought in town, they got dinner.

The cooks had learned their technique from rich and formal Europeans about the legations; and a meal had become to them a performance as unvaried as a Taoist ritual. First must come soup; then an entrée; then a roast, and then a "sweet." Sometimes, on a hot evening, Mrs. Hoover would say to the

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

HE'LL BE A WHITE HOUSE DOGGUMS

Mrs. Hoover is as fond of canine pets as her predecessor, Mrs. Coolidge, and after Inauguration Day the White House is likely to have guardians of Belgian shepherd breed.



Hudson 127-inch Landau Sedan

HUDSON ESSEX

ONLY TWO SUPER-SIXES

What that means to Motordom

Public acknowledgment of the performance and reliability—the smartness and value of the exclusive and patented Super-Six is heard from all motorists.

And further proof is found in sales which outnumber any other six.

Year after year this basic principle has given to Hudson and Essex the advantage of smoothness and reliability beyond any other engineering development. And with this advantage there has been constant improvement in performance — with greater acceleration, higher speed and continuous reliability.

Hudson is available in eight body types, priced from $1250 up,
f. o. b. Detroit

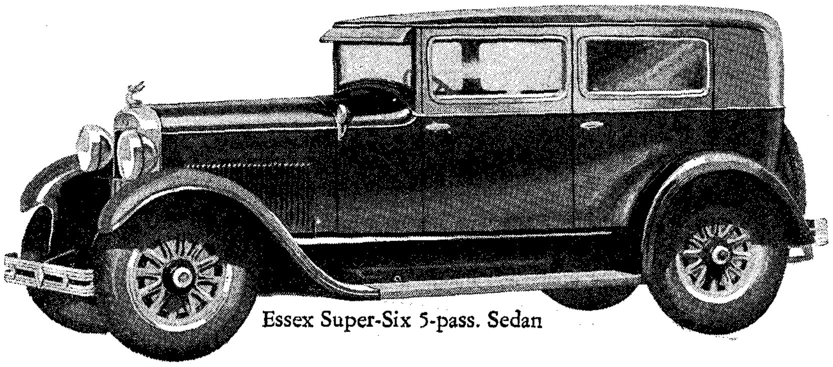
Modern in every sense of design and mechanical excellence and with bodies and fittings in advance of cars of their price class, both Hudson and Essex rightly enjoy the reputation of being the outstanding values of motordom.

No motor equals the fame of the Super-Six. No chassis excels in reputation all the qualities that count for performance satisfaction.

And no cars have such distinctive price attractions.

Sales prove that. Owners confirm it and all motordom acknowledges it.

Essex is available in four body types, priced from $735 up,
f. o. b. Detroit



Essex Super-Six 5-pass. Sedan

CONDUCTOR—
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WHEN you air your pipe in public, restrain yourself! Load up with Sir Walter Raleigh Smoking Tobacco. That powerful pipe of yours will be reduced to a state of companionable mildness. Sir Walter's a mild mellow blend of choice tobaccos. The last pipeful is as cool and fragrant as the first because it's kept fresh in the tin by a wrapping of heavy gold foil. Sir Walter is a tobacco that behaves itself in public.

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If your favorite tobacconist does not carry Sir Walter Raleigh, send us his name and address. In return for this courtesy, we'll be delighted to send *you* without charge a full-size tin of this *milder* pipe mixture.
Dept. D, Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

B&W PRODUCT

SIR WALTER RALEIGH
Who discovered how good a pipe can be
It's milder

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

cook, "I think we'll just have an omelet for dinner." The cook would reply meekly, "You catch 'em"; but four or five courses would appear just the same. When supplies in the packs ran low and he had to forage, often the "Number One boy" could find only chickens and eggs. So the cooks made the chicken into soup for the first course, into variations of eggs and chicken for subsequent courses, and into a sweet omelet for dessert. Then to bed on plaited mattresses; and at cockcrow the stirring of a Chinese village woke them. The children, eager to see a white woman, were already milling and whooping about the inn. To saddle; and to another day of prying into the secrets of the earth. Mrs. Hoover, who loves both adventure and science, remembers these days of her strange bridal tour as among her happiest.

Mrs. Hoover, continues Mr. Irwin, followed or accompanied her husband in so far as their sons and their education permitted. And wherever this family found itself, Mrs. Hoover "made good" as a housekeeper. Reading on from this point:

When—as in Ceylon, the Malay Peninsula, or Siberia—the actual work was too remote and rough, she established herself in the nearest center of civilization and waited. So, altho Hoover did only one job in Japan, she lived for months at a time in and about Tokyo.

By preference, and through necessity of entertaining, the Hoovers lived always in houses rather than in hotels; the mother-home at Stanford, like the mother-office in San Francisco, seemed to stretch a brood round the world. There were, for example, bungalows taken on brief lease in Mandalay or Broken Hill or Tokyo. Two of their foreign residences the Hoovers held on long tenure, subletting them furnished most of the time, reclaiming them when the circumstances of the job required occupancy of two or three months. One was a somber little house in what is now Leningrad and was then St. Petersburg, capital of the Russian Empire; the other Red House, Hornton Street, in the Kensington district of London. This was built in the early eighteenth century as a country residence; an article in the lease still guaranteed the owner against claims for damages by the lessee's cows! But now modern London stretched about it for many a mile. Its only external manifestation was a high wall with a red gate—hence the name. Behind that, a complete surprize, lay the rusty-red old house and a garden brooded over by a great oak-tree, still older.

There Hoover's friends used sometimes to see him when they went abroad. Because of this, and because he occupied it as the most convenient headquarters during two exceptional war years when he was relieving Belgium, many have given it in their memories a disproportionate importance. As a matter of fact, the Hoovers spent far less time in Red House than in their base at Stanford University.

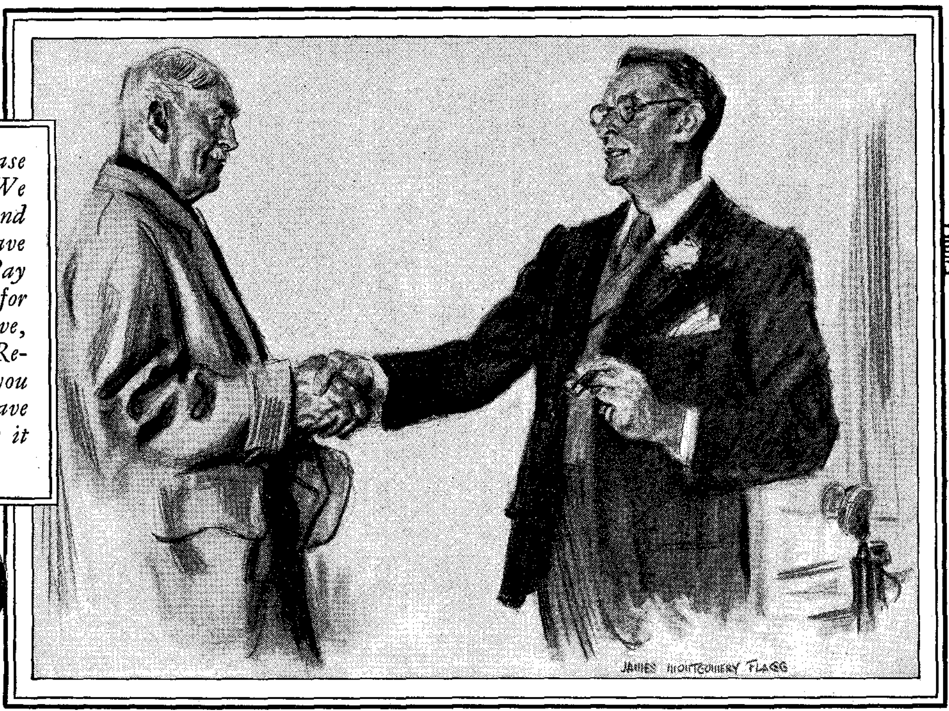
But when they were there, it gathered unto itself interesting pioneers and advance agents of business from all quarters of the world. Unlike many important Americans with foreign interests and connections, the Hoovers never succumbed to social ambition. If occasionally one met "great" people at this table, they sat there not for their rank but for their wit and worth. American engineers back from building bridges for the Sultan of Afghanistan or looking into a far prospect of interior Borneo; old mushers from Nome or the Klondike with the scent of the tundra still on them; university scholars or professors—mainly Stanford men, of course—traveling to or from some abstruse search in the libraries of the Continent; Chinese business men or mandarins; skippers and ships' doctors, shipping men and war correspondents—these were staples of the companies which foregathered in this secret nook, holding serious or laughing discussion of affairs which ran as wide as the world. What have we not heard at Red House!

But Mrs. Hoover is a scholar as well as a housewife. The Hoovers met during their college days in California, where both studied under Dr. Branner. As for Mrs. Hoover, then Lou Henry, we read:

She, too, was born in Iowa. Her father was a small-town banker. In the severe winters of the Middle West her mother developed a chronic cough. At that time science had not yet identified the tuberculosis bacillus, and such a symptom meant only one thing—"consumption." A mild dry climate was the standard treatment. The Henrys moved to Los Angeles. There she did not improve. Then they discovered Monterey. Some balm in its misty climate relieved the cough; for it was not tuberculosis at all, but only a bronchial trouble. So, amid the gnome-like cypresses and adobe houses of that old Spanish capital, Lou Henry grew up—an athletic, out-of-doors girl who rode her bronco like a centaur. During her senior year in high school, Dr. Branner gave a series of university extension lectures in Monterey, and she attended them. She is one of those women who thrill to intelligence. Before the course was finished she found herself fascinated by the mysteries in the bones of the earth. After the last lecture, she broke to her parents the news that she wanted to enter Stanford and to work under Branner. In those middle years of the mauve decade, sending a girl to college savored of unconventionality. But the Henrys were progressive people, and they had the means to indulge her whim. She was in those days as slim and supple as a reed. Her face had and has a beautiful bony structure, regular and delicate yet firm; and her wealth of brown hair she coiled about her forehead fillet-fashion. Tho she brought no horse to Stanford, she used often to rent a hack from a livery stable at Palo Alto—riding, as was then required of a lady, side-saddle with much drapery of long skirts. I first noticed her for her horsemanship as much as for her beauty.

No sooner had she settled down to her laboratory work than she began hearing about Hoover. He was the brilliant student whose original work all the geology department tried to imitate. It was Hoover this and Hoover that—the great Hoover. She being a mere freshman and he an exalted senior, Miss Henry had no present hope of meeting him. Then one day Dr. Branner was discussing with her some new specimens in a cabinet. "Hoover brought them in from the field," he said. "They've been called carboniferous, but I'll eat my hat if they aren't precarboniferous. Isn't that your opinion, Hoover?" Miss

The Happy Day



"You surely deserve release from work and care. We owe our success to you and other men who always gave us the best they had. Pay days will be provided for you, as long as you live, out of the Cooperative Retirement Fund which you helped to build. You have earned the right to take it easy. Good luck!"

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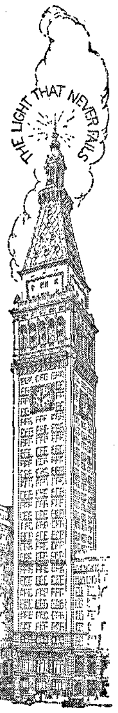
AFTER the man who has won the right to retire in ease and comfort has been congratulated, the wise president and board of directors who thus show their appreciation of faithful service also deserve congratulations. Such appreciation inspires new courage in all hearts. The interests of capital and labor are inseparably linked. Through cooperative efforts their most difficult problems are being solved.

Many of the biggest employers of labor are themselves employees and do not own the companies they manage. These men have learned that officers as well as men in the ranks do better work if they know that years of loyal service will be amply rewarded.

Stockholders expect dividends. Employees expect good wages. In wise management there is a fair and just division of earnings which must be preserved in a delicate balance. Not all of the yearly earnings may safely be paid out in dividends and pay checks.

Long-headed business men lay aside money for new and more effective equipment when old machines shall be worn out. In the same way they make plans that permit the honorable retirement of veterans and the filling of their places by younger men.


THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

Big business recognizes that it is good business to establish the independence of faithful workers in their later years. By planning together for their mutual advantage, employers and employees can build a sound Retirement Plan based on earnings and savings that will provide a regular, definite income for life.

No man of spirit wants charity but he does want an opportunity to become independent.

Business has welcomed the development of modern pension plans which have made possible retirement with a fixed income. While, in the past, many privately owned businesses have provided quietly for the needs of retired employees, scientific pension systems are a comparatively new development.

Some of the earlier plans, dictated more by good intentions than by sound financing, are so hopelessly involved that they will have to be revised or completely abandoned.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has made a comprehensive study of more than 350 different pension plans in operation today. To employees and employers interested in a sound solution of pension problems, the Metropolitan will be glad to mail without charge, Booklet 128-L, "Sound Retirement Plans and What They Should Provide."

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Delicious
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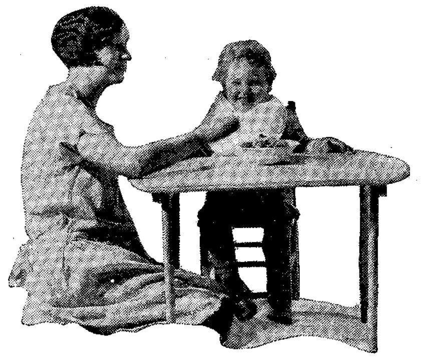
that's nothing but lusciously flavored whole wheat breakfast food—yet it acts more remarkably than any medicine to relieve that "not sick—not well" feeling

TO restore that zest, that missing lustre to your eyes, to correct faulty elimination and frequent headaches; to keep the skin clear and rosy—Pettijohn's for breakfast.

Hospitals have tried it with success when medicines failed. Doctors recommend it.



Laxatives are habit-forming. Avoid them. Pettijohn's is a whole wheat, natural remedy; the pure grain—with all its calcium, phosphorus, iron; its vitamin content unimpaired; its nutritive carbohydrate and protein.

No cold, dry, tasteless flakes! Golden cooked grains, with the firm, substantial bite that keeps your lazy teeth busy; and a tantalizing flavor that appeals to grown-ups as to children.

New Pettijohn's is made by the great Quaker Oats Company, manufacturers of 48 different cereal products, with 12 mills in cities throughout the United States and Canada. It is cooked, ready to eat, in 3 to 5 minutes. Try it tomorrow, at the suggestion of The Quaker Oats Company.

An interesting booklet, "The Truth About Bran," explains how delicious a prescription can be. Send the attached coupon for it today.

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

Henry looked up. Beside Branner stood a lean, immature-looking boy. Was this the great Hoover? She had thought of him as seven feet tall, with a beetling brow and a beard! As for Hoover, he stood speechless. Presently Dr. Branner, having finished his impromptu lecture, withdrew. And Hoover and Miss Henry fell into conversation about the carboniferous period. Next Friday night he put on his best suit and called at Roble Hall. Their acquaintance went steadily and serenely toward its destined end.

Of her college days, when geology was one of Mrs. Hoover's main interests, the New York *Herald Tribune* tells this amusing anecdote:

When she entered Leland Stanford University, she was able to take the advanced courses, and was the first girl to join the men on their geology hikes. The story is told that the men looked askance at her, and foresaw the necessity of complicating their progress by helping the skirted presence over rocks, and then pulling it up out of hollows.

On the first hike, at the first barred gate, they found they were wrong. Miss Henry put a hand on top of the gate and vaulted over. After that the only girl was accepted as a competent member of the geology class.

But Mrs. Hoover's scholarship goes even deeper than undergraduate proficiency. She bore an equal part with her husband in the production of a profound work on engineering. Says Sarah Comstock in an article copyrighted by Cosmos Syndicate, and quoted from the New York *Evening Post:*

It was in 1912 that the translation of "De Re Metallica" made a stir among the learned. Hoover had already written articles and a text-book on mining. In his researches he had become interested in this remarkable volume on mining science written in the sixteenth century by Agricola. Strangely enough, altho the book had been the standard work of its period, the Latin technical terms used in that century had become so obsolete that it had come to be considered untranslatable.

"You know Latin pretty well," he said one day to his wife as they were discussing this treasure with the lost key. "Why can't we put your Latin and my metallurgy together and translate that book?"

For five years they worked from time to time, whenever they could spare a few days, and the result was a sensation among the erudite. Agricola was revealed at last. The volume now stands as the authority of its period, and Mrs. Hoover's name appears on its title page, not by mere courtesy, but because her partnership in the work was genuine.

Mrs. Hoover is a thinker, an organizer, "a woman concerned with the problems of the world and the welfare of humanity," according to Dorothy Ducas, who offers us this pen portrait of the new First Lady in *The Evening Post:*

She takes her place in every crowd as its leader, walking into a room wearing her crown of white hair with dignity, and drawing the eyes of all just by her lack of effort to do so. Tremendous vitality and the marks of deep thought are in her pale, intelligent face. Earnestness, capability, wisdom are perhaps her outstanding characteristics.

Mrs. Hoover's life is a long record of achievement in various fields. Altho she does not claim to be a feminist, what she has done in the almost thirty years since she associated herself with Herbert Hoover, whom she calls "Bert," altho all his friends continue to use the full "Herbert," is one of the best bits of feminist propaganda the history of this nation has to offer.

She was the only girl in the geology class at Palo Alto, where she met her husband on the college campus, and she has retained the attitude of a student to this day. Her appraising look when she is contemplating a problem gives ample evidence of the alertness and keenness of the brain behind her sweet, motherly exterior. Mrs. Hoover has been a feminine counterpart of her husband, his mental, physical, and spiritual equal, all through their lives.

When Herbert Hoover married the daughter of a well-to-do banker and carried her off to China on their honeymoon, he set her up beside him for keeps as a working comrade. Practically her first job was to organize the women of Tientsin during the Boxer Rebellion, to ration off food supplies, to feed the foreigners behind a barricade of sugar barrels and rice bags. She even is said to have manned a machine-gun at one time to hold off the Boxers, tho this is probably apocryphal.

During the World War, when her husband was in London attending to his job in connection with the return of Americans in Europe, Mrs. Hoover organized the Women's Relief Committee to do the same thing for members of her sex. When Mr. Hoover took charge of Belgian food relief, she aided him, altho it meant spending part of their personal fortune, saved from the days when they were just starting out.

Later, when the United States went into the war, Mrs. Hoover organized the Food Administration Club in Washington, and ran a combination tea-room and boarding house for the girls of her husband's department. She it was who invented the Hoover apron, that house-dress which was so popular during the war for its economy in laundry bills. The slogan "cash and carry," destined to save man power for the forces, and making women carry their own small parcels, was Mrs. Hoover's.

She has been a vice-president of the Girl Scout organization for many years. Never having had a daughter of her own, altho she has a granddaughter now, she threw herself into girls' social work as a substitute for the mother-and-daughter relationship.

Even now Mrs. Hoover is the leader of a troop of Girl Scouts in Washington. To them she has donated a little house for their headquarters, and, Miss Ducas says further:

She takes a dozen girls out on hikes every now and then, too.

Mrs. Hoover is fond of out-of-doors, and likes to ride horseback. Every year she organizes camping trips for her immediate family. In 1923 she was the author of a plan for the physical improvement of American women which was adopted by the War Department as part of its campaign

When zero days threaten your lubrication, remember these facts about Mobiloil Arctic's cold-weather

Quality

In winter you demand two things of your lubricating oil: fluidity for quick starting, and rich, oily character for complete lubrication of all moving parts. Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic meets both these demands.

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Mobiloil Arctic's fluidity facilitates quick starting, but unlike most "winter oils" Mobiloil Arctic has a rich, oily, piston-sealing *character.*

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In special cold rooms Mobiloil engineers make engineering studies of cold weather lubrication. Nothing is left to guesswork.

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The Mobiloil Engineers study every make and model of car. They recommend for each an oil which gives you the greatest lubricating value, and greatest protection against gasoline dilution.

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182 automobile manufacturers approve the recommendations for their cars in the Mobiloil Chart. Most makes take Mobiloil Arctic in winter.

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Some cars which require Mobiloil Arctic in winter are: Buick, Cadillac, Chevrolet, Dodge, Essex, Ford (Model A), Hudson, Hupmobile, LaSalle, Nash, Oakland, Oldsmobile, Overland, Packard, Reo, Studebaker, Willys-Knight.

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Mobiloil Arctic is the favorite lubricating oil in such cold weather countries as Norway, Sweden, Finland, Poland, Denmark.

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to encourage athletics and reduce the percentage of physical defectives in this country.

She is a charming hostess, a lover of her home, a joyful companion to her two sons and her grandchildren. It has been remarked that in spite of her unusual intelligence, her interest in world affairs, Mrs. Hoover has kept in the background during her husband's rise to national importance. This undoubtedly was because she found so much pleasure in that background.

Her Washington home in S Street has been very popular during her husband's term as Secretary of Commerce, for its garden, for its library, for its informal pleasant teas. Incidentally, she prefers to live in her Palo Alto home overlooking the campus where she and "Bert" met, and where she is very much interested in a movement to obtain comfortable medium-priced homes for young professors whose salaries are not large. Again, you see she is an organizer.

Here are a few facts about Mrs. Hoover that bring her to life:

She never wears jewels, even at formal functions.

She wears low heels all the time.

She dresses in dark blue and black, even when she is not in mourning, as she now is for her father.

She never reads fiction, but pores over books on economics and sociology every night before going to bed.

She takes motion-pictures herself.

She is the family chauffeur, driving the car for her husband in Washington, and even across the continent.

She is known as a finished carver of any joint or bird.

She speaks five languages.

She is fond of knitting.

She has no fear of anything, even of ridicule, and excited much comment several years ago when she went off on geological trips with her younger son, Allan, in an awkward automobile which he made himself, and which was not thought safe or respectable for the wife of Herbert Hoover to ride in.

But it matters very little what any one thinks if Lou Henry Hoover has come to a decision she believes is just. Newspaper reporters have begged and begged the kindly lady for interviews, only to be refused flatly, and so graciously, they do not object.

When Mrs. Hoover, at her Palo Alto home, heard the crowds cheering her husband as the President-elect of the United States, she took it serenely, relates an Associated Press correspondent, who goes on to give this description of the next chatelaine of the White House:

> She is of medium height, about five feet six inches, but with her erect slenderness appears taller. Her soft white hair, parted in the middle and drawn down to a flat knot at the nape of her neck, setting off as it does the broad forehead and wide-apart, clear gray eyes, does much to emphasize the air of quiet dignity that is her outstanding characteristic.
>
> She is especially gifted as a hostess, and has that special "sixth sense" that sees which guests belong together and will interest each other.
>
> Few people know that by the personal training of her father, the late Charles D. Henry, bank cashier of Waterloo, Iowa, and Whittier and Monterey, California, Lou Henry Hoover is fully equipped to hold a position as a bank cashier, bookkeeper, or teller.
>
> Her taste for literature was in her student days at Stanford University, as much as her geology, one of the common interests that brought about her romance with Herbert Hoover. It enabled her to help him through the pitfalls of his English examinations.
>
> In spite of his classical training and her full equipment for a professional career, Lou Henry was married almost immediately after graduation, for her young engineer fiancé had a three years' start, and was already well launched in his profession when he came home from Australia on his first vacation in 1898 to marry her and take her back to China.
>
> Since then his career has been hers. She has walked beside him through the years of peace and war, revolution, famine and ceaseless work to ultimate success with the same happy helpfulness that she gave him as a fellow student, and with a sureness that must often have been a secret source of strength for him.
>
> The lifelong comradeship with her husband and the merging of her life in his is, perhaps, the outstanding thing that impresses one about Mrs. Hoover. She has a strong individuality of her own and a reserve that sets her personality apart in clear relief.
>
> Mrs. Hoover is known for her impartial sense of justice, an attribute that may also have its share in the smooth running of her household. She is the first, for example, to give full credit to her domestic staff for their work. In illustration of this she was the only contributor to the Congressional cook-book who credited to her cook, Mary Rattley, the recipes submitted for mushroom soup, spoon bread, sweet potatoes with marshmallows, and other delicacies, entered by her.
>
> Mrs. Hoover's controlling impulse is to help and second her husband in every small or big thing in life. This shows frequently in incidents of their daily life, such as her ready filling in of conversational gaps when they entertain, for she has an easy flow of small talk and anecdotes that he has not, and it is she who keeps the conversational ball rolling.
>
> She is President of the Women's Auxiliary to the American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers, vice-president of the District of Columbia Overseas League, and an active and interested worker in the Playground and Recreational Association of America.
>
> Mrs. Hoover's dress harmonizes with everything else in her life. It is simple and dignified, with skirts of a "comfortable length," but not too long to be unfashionable, and shoes with "sensible heels," but always smart, tho comfortable enough for her to stand three hours receiving guests at the formal "at homes" required of the wife of a Cabinet officer and still say, "it is not an ordeal; I really enjoy it."

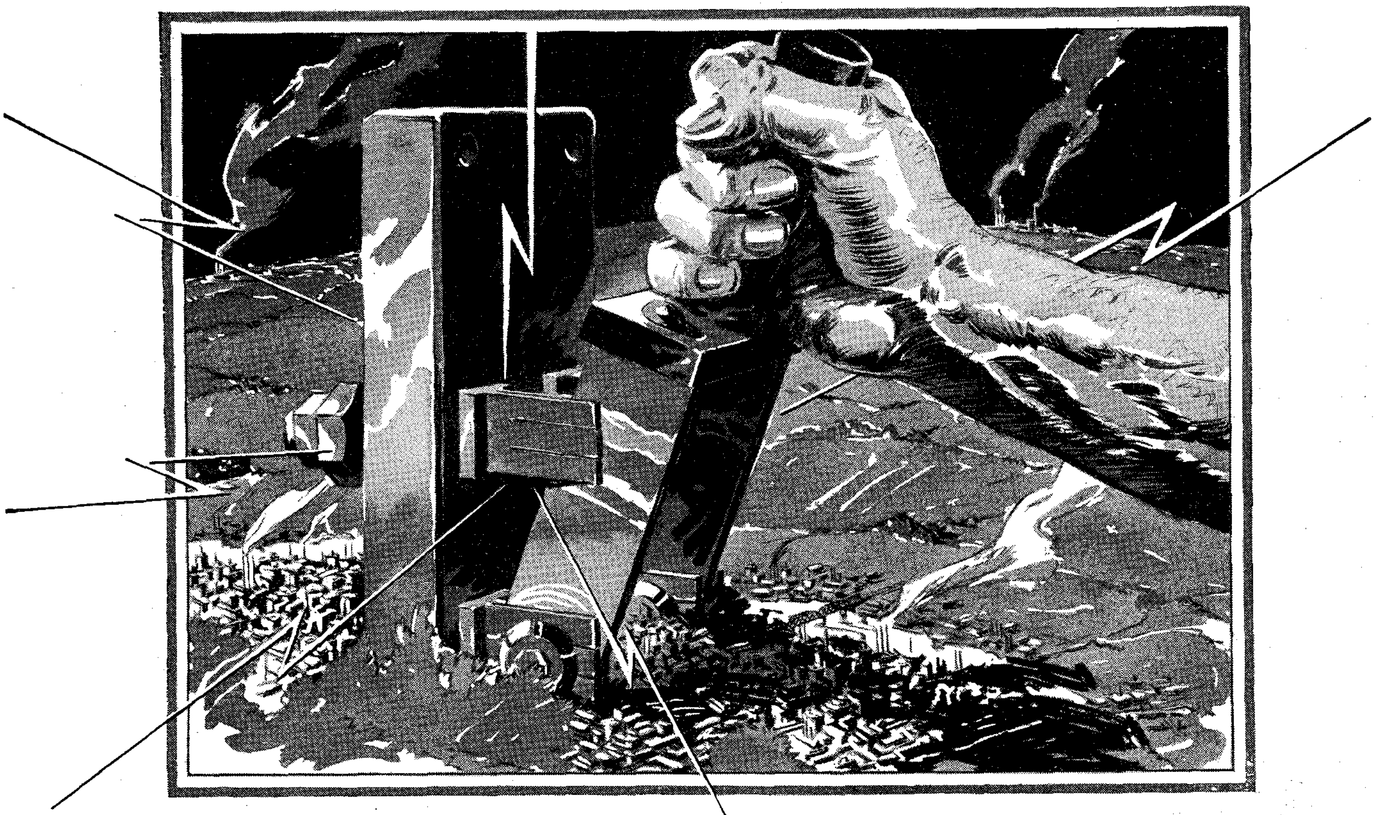
THE FIRST THANKSGIVING

RESUMING OUR SERIES of Ferris pictures of early American life, we offer this week the timely picture of the first Thanksgiving. The artist, as we see, does not hold the ordinary view of the Puritan fathers as drab and sour individuals. Here is color and cheerfulness, and also a friendly converse with the aborigines. The painter furnishes us with an excerpt from Jane G. Austin's "Standish of Standish" as a key to the picture:

> "A big fire was started before the Elder's house, and the drum announced the morning prayers. Priscilla and her attendants flew back to the fire, and presently a long table spread in the open air for the men was covered with great wooden bowls full of what a later generation named 'hasty-pudding.' Other bowls contained clam chowder. Plenty of cold boiled beef with mustard, flanked by dishes of turnips, offered solid resistance to those who attacked them.
>
> "Massasoit and his followers attended, and Quadequina produced something like a bushel of popped corn—a dainty hitherto unknown to the Pilgrims."

Mr. Ferris goes further and discusses the costume of the Pilgrim, and points out how tradition probably belies facts. Thus:

> "There has been and still is much misapprehension as to the dress and habits of the Pilgrims. When and where did the popular portrait arise of a Pilgrim drest in black, drab, or brown, invariably with a brass buckle in the front of his hat (never so worn at this period), and carrying a bell-muzzled curio which could only be used for mob fighting? 'The Pilgrim drest always in sad colors.' Let us see what sad colors were—I mention a few. Scarlet, bright green, orange, violet, blue, brown, black, in fact, any but light, or what we know as tints or subdivided colors, such as pink, Nile green, lemon, etc.
>
> "It has always been the writer's opinion that (owing to a long residence in Holland) the Pilgrims adopted to a great extent the Dutch dress of the period. The men's doublet was short, only reaching just below the waist, the breeches had not yet quite decided to come below the knee for good. Ruffs were worn, but they must have been scarce in Plymouth: laundry difficulties would have compelled a simpler neckgear: a plain collar such as Shakespeare wore, or none at all, would be more likely.
>
> "They seem to have had no prejudice against what we today call strong drink, and I never heard that they did not use tobacco. In 1620, men kept their hats on indoors, and, it may be, even in church—I seem to recall that laws were passed against smoking in church, but I am not quite sure. They used many words in ordinary discourse which we have been obliged to discard; not as inexpressive, but the opposite; and their curtailments of other people's inclinations simply took a different form than ours.
>
> "If my mention of these facts helps to convince a few of us that the Pilgrims were human, a little will be gained.
>
> "About 1645 an accomplished artist named Hollar published in London a series of plates, 'The several Habits of English Women,' and unconsciously laid foundation for most of the mistakes made by later painters of Pilgrim costume. Hollar's plates are exquisite, and have been followed by most modern painters of Pilgrim subjects, but unluckily they are twenty-five years too late for the period."



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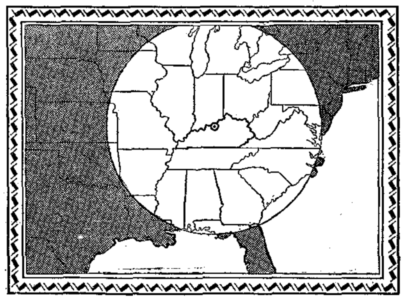
Raw Materials of a wide variety in nearby districts.

Acreage Plant Sites at low cost and *exempt from city taxes for five years.*



Largest inland city south of the Ohio; Census Bureau reports 329,400 July 1st, 1928

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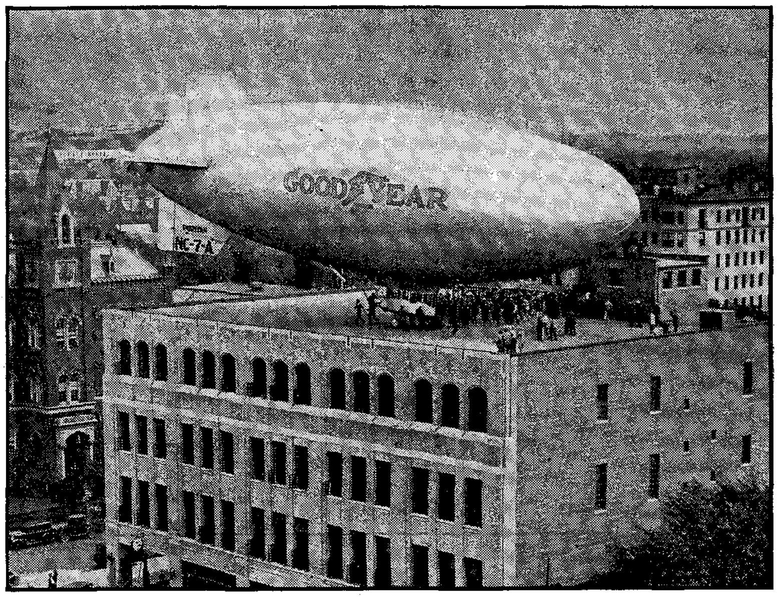
MOTORING AND AVIATION

LITTLE SISTERS AND AUNTS OF ZEPPELINS

GOING UP IN AN ELEVATOR gives one much the same sensation as starting a trip in a blimp, according to an observer who recently went for a ride in the second smallest dirigible in the world—the plump little *Puritan*, of the Goodyear-Zeppelin Corporation, which is shown on this page making a neat landing on the roof of an office building in Washington. So handy is this baby Zep that on one of its recent joy-rides it made a pretty attempt to land within the narrow confines of Battery Park, New York; but the wind was so contrary and savage that the little Zep's chauffeur, Jack Boettner, after circling the park a couple of times, gave up the attempt and headed back to the blimp's garage at Lakehurst, New Jersey. Obviously a vest-pocket dirigible like the *Puritan* offers good practise for the training of Zeppelin pilots, who will be needed in increasing numbers as the gigantic super-dirigibles now under construction, or projected, in America, England, and Germany come to completion. But, to go further back, "almost every officer who commands a dirigible, regardless of its size, began his experience," says Donald E. Keyhoe, the author of "Flying with Lindbergh," "in a simple little free or drifting balloon, with no engines to move it along, nothing but one valve to send it down, and a few bags of sand to check the descent." Hence, if the *Puritan* and other baby blimps may be called little sisters of the Zeppelins, the old style gas-bag balloons may be regarded as their aunts and grandmothers, full of wise training possibilities. Writing in the New York *Herald Tribune* Sunday magazine, Mr. Keyhoe continues:



International Newsreel photograph

SHE CAN HOP DOWN ON A ROOF LIKE A PIGEON

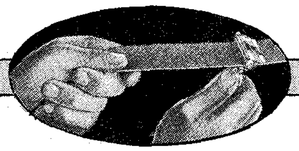
During an army exposition in Washington, Pilot Boettner dropt the *Puritan* thus on top of a building at Seventeenth and M Streets.

> From these balloons—about one two-hundredth the size of the new dirigibles—the officers learn the principles of ballooning, going on from them to the small non-rigids and then to the super-dirigibles. In this way the Government prevents accident to its costly airships from inexperience of new pilots.
>
> It is a thrilling adventure, this free ballooning, and many of the thrills are lost when the students graduate finally to the larger craft. The tail spins, loops, and other stunts of the airplane may be lacking, but when you are riding the wind below a tiny gas-bag you'll find plenty of thrills before you come to earth.
>
> I remember one time down South during my own training, Pilot Stevens leaned out from the basket of our slowly drifting balloon and cupped his hands to call down at a group of men on the ground 600 feet below.
>
> "What county is this?" he shouted, for we had but a vague idea that we were somewhere in Alabama. We had left Pensacola four hours before on a flight to train future dirigible pilots. I had been included while waiting for the airplane course to be started.
>
> For a few moments there was no answer from below, altho we could hear the men talking excitedly. At last one man replied.
>
> "Is that there a government outfit?" he demanded in a rather belligerent tone.
>
> "Sure," Stevens called back. "This balloon belongs to the Navy—"
>
> He stopt abruptly, for the man was raising a gun.
>
> "Duck!" yelled Stevens, and he dropt low in our reenforced wicker-basket. There was an explosion, then an unpleasantly loud rattle of shot against the bag.
>
> "Dump out a sand-bag," ordered Stevens, pushing a thirty-pound bag of ballast up and over the edge of the basket. "But keep out of sight."
>
> There were three students in the balloon. A few seconds later there were three successive detonations when as many sand-bags hit the ground.
>
> "Good-night!" exclaimed Stevens. "I said one bag—we're not out for an altitude record."
>
> I began to feel a peculiar clicking in my ears, caused by the changing air-pressure, as, lightened, we swiftly ascended. Stevens peered over the side cautiously and then got to his feet.
>
> "Come on up," he said, grinning. "They're gone—probably thought we were aiming those bags at them. And anyway, it would take a rifle to hit us now." We were already above 1,500 feet.
>
> "What's the matter with those people down there?" asked Wallace, one of the students. "Don't they know the war's over?"
>
> "Probably thought we were revenue officers," explained Stevens. "That's the trouble with free ballooning around here. If you stay high, it's hard to keep track of where you are. If you drift along low some moonshiner takes a pot shot at you. I remember one fellow who landed near a place where some one had blazed away with a shotgun. While he was packing up the balloon a hill-billy came along.
>
> "'I thought yuh was one of them kid's balloons,' he told the pilot. 'It's a good thing I didn't have my rifle—I'd have brung yuh down.'"
>
> As we reached 8,000 feet I was glad that we had been a target, for by this time we had climbed above a huge mass of billowy, white cumulus clouds that entirely hid the earth. It was like a vast snow-bank, but much more beautiful.

Stevens soon decided to land, so, pulling heavily on the valve cord he let enough hydrogen escape from the top of the balloon to make the outfit "heavy," we are told, and they broke through the clouds into the cooler air below, whereupon:

> The change in temperature made the gas contract, and down we went, quicker than before.
>
> As we neared the earth we slowed the fall by pouring out sand, instead of throwing out whole bags. At 100 feet we headed straight into a tree. We dropt hastily below the basket's edge, and not a second too soon, for a jagged limb poked itself through the space where we had stood. The balloon struck squarely against the tree, throwing us into a heap on the floor. I began to understand that "drifting" was a relative term—in this case meaning twenty-five miles an hour.
>
> "Hang onto the limb," shouted Stevens. "I'll try to valve her down."
>
> In the struggle my campaign hat went over the side, lodging in a near-by branch. Unthinkingly, I started after it, but our pilot made a leap for me.
>
> "Boy—remember first of all you're ballast," he admonished me. "Last time a fellow jumped out like that, I went up

STROPPING IS ESSENTIAL TO THE



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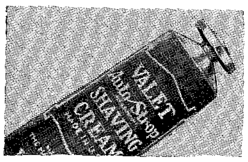

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You visit far, strange lands in their gayest moods—Cairo, at the height of the social season — India, in February's May-like mildness — China in early springtime — gorgeous Japan a-bloom with brilliant kimonos and cherry-blossoms.

And always you return from exotic delight to home-like comfort.—From the dynasty of Rameses II to the luxury of a Park Avenue Hotel and the amenities of a Terrace Cafe. From alabaster and ebony to the quiet peace of a spacious stateroom — and the joys of a cuisine that brooks no rival.

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MOTORING AND AVIATION
Continued

5,000 feet. He weighed 180 pounds—it was just like heaving out six bags."

Just then the sun broke through the clouds, warming the gas, and the limb broke off under the increased lift. Once more we were off for the usual unknown destination of all free balloons.

We came down at last in a small plowed field, dragging in a thirty-mile wind so that the basket fell over on its side, making us "eat dirt." But we were satisfied, for our pilot had carefully picked out this spot.

"There's daily railroad service out of the nearest town," he said. "You want to watch that. I hit one place where trains ran Monday, Wednesday, and Friday mornings. And I landed Friday afternoon."

On the next flight, with Lieutenant MacDonald as pilot, we decided to make a brief landing, adding more ballast and letting out one student to equalize the weight. This would let us go farther before the final landing, for we could pour out the sand gradually to make up for lost gas, whereas we could not expend the student in this way.

To help in landing we let down the drag, a stout rope about 250 feet long, taped and wired at the end to prevent fraying. The drag serves two purposes. As the balloon nears the earth the rope trails upon the ground, taking its weight from the balloon and thus slightly checking the fall. It may also be used by persons on the ground to stop the balloon.

We dropt the rope as we approached a small mill town. As we dragged along at about 150 feet MacDonald called to the mill-hands to catch the rope.

"Come on, fellows, give us a hand, will you? Catch the rope and snub it around a tree. It won't hurt you—we're barely moving."

But the mill-hands suspected a trick. They grinned at him and at each other, one or two yelling back humorous comments. MacDonald tried again, a little more emphatically. But arguments, scorn, and threats had no effect. Red in the face, our pilot desisted. And a moment later trouble really began. Our drag rope, hissing along in the grass, suddenly began to act up as we neared the village center. Trailing up the side of a house, it whipt around a chimney. There was a jerk, and the top of the chimney became a shower of falling bricks.

"We'd better get out of this," said MacDonald, reaching for ballast. "We'll be getting shot full of holes."

But the released sand did not take instant effect. The drag sawed its way through a clothes-line, laden with white garments. They dropt to the ground. An irate housewife ran out and lasht us with her tongue. We poured out another bag of sand. But just as the bag was lifting, the drag made one more effort. Writhing and twisting, it stole along toward a horse peacefully asleep in the shafts of his buggy at a hitching rack.

With an audible crack, continues the narrator, the tip of the drag lit squarely upon the hindquarters of the unsuspecting equine, which reacted thus:

He awoke with a snort, reared upward, leaving his bridle at the rack, and galloped away.

We climbed high and discreetly—covered many miles that day before we came down. Back at the training station we told Lieutenant Lonnquest, another pilot, of our adventures.

"If they got your balloon number, you'll probably be ordered out there to wash clothes and build a new chimney," he said to MacDonald. "I remember one day I thought I was going to be locked up. I was drifting over Pensacola with three students. We had only a four-mile wind, so I decided to land on the edge of town and let one of the students 'solo' from there on. But the chap who was valving brought us down a little fast, so that the drag trailed over a trolley-wire and wrapt itself around it. We were barely moving, so the wire didn't break. A street-car came along and stopt. That blocked the crossing and traffic piled up.

"In a few minutes there was a crowd below us. I valved down very gently until the people could catch the basket and pull us to the ground. A policeman shouldered his way into the crowd, getting out his note-book. I whispered to one student to climb on top of the car while we talked to the policeman. He knocked the drag loose with a stick and jumped down into the crowd. The car started up and the policeman looked around, surprized. I signaled one of the two students in the basket and we both jumped out, leaving just one man.

"'Let him go,' I told the crowd, and the balloon went up like a rocket. The other student and I ducked through the mob and caught the car, leaving the poor policeman standing there with his empty note-book, staring at the balloon."

MacDonald chuckled.

"You ought to have had a grapnel hook on that drag. You could have hooked him and taken him along. They used to send out balloons with grapnels a year or so ago. But one night a hook caught in a high-tension line and the lights went out in three counties."

"Stay away from water if you can't see across," Lonnquest advised us. "It may look all right, but you're likely to end up in it. There was a pilot with some students at Norfolk who thought he could drift across Chesapeake Bay. But as soon as the cold air over the water took effect they went down in a hurry. They threw out all their ballast and then their shoes. Finally they got down to their underwear, but it wasn't any use. The basket hit the water and began to fill.

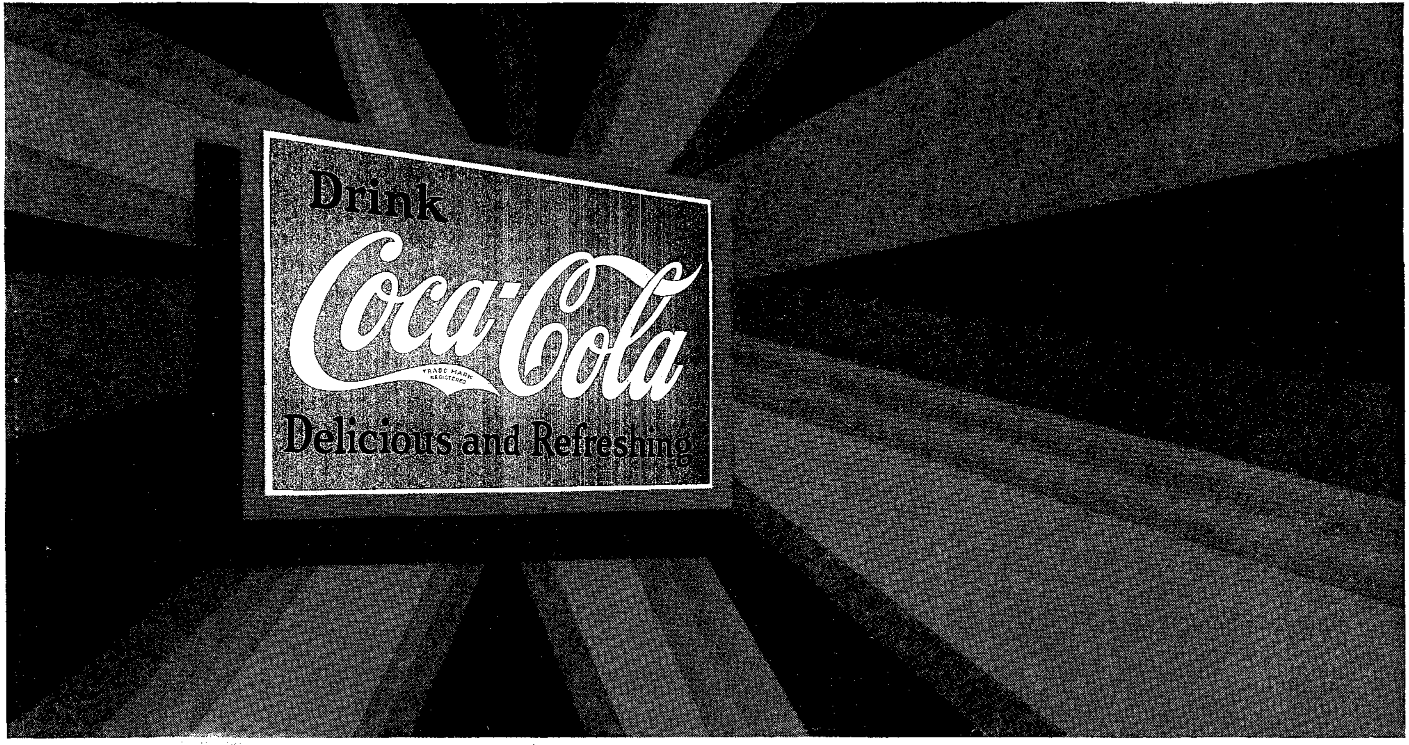
"They climbed up into the load ring and started to unfasten the basket, but the bag still didn't have enough lift—so somebody had to stay in the basket and hope for a rescue.

"The worst of it was that a student had to stay, for it would be no easy trick to land the bag without basket or ballast. The biggest student volunteered, and they cut loose, leaving him there.

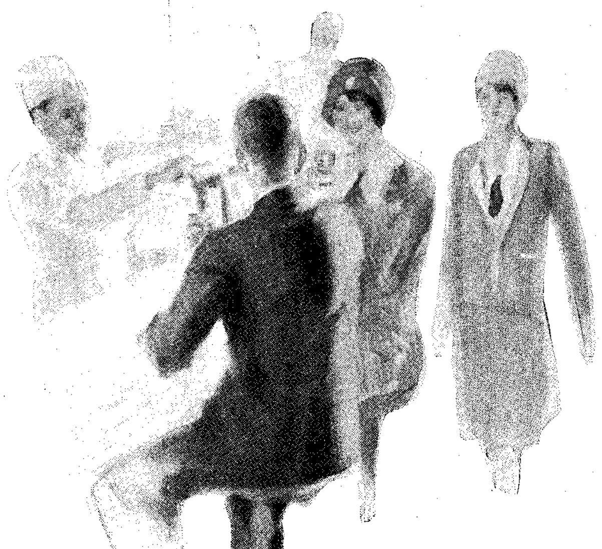
"That gave them enough lift, and they struck a shore-bound wind. But when they valved down they were over a forest, and a tall tree snagged one chap off the load ring. Up went the bag again, with the pilot valving like mad. And just as soon as they dropt back off went another student in the trees. This went on until there was a man hanging in a tree-top every mile or so, except the first one, who almost got arrested when he climbed down, nearly threadbare, looking for help.

"The pilot at last landed the bag and got out a rescue party for the chap in the bay. They reached him just as the basket was almost submerged."

A standing invitation to pause and refresh yourself



The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.



8 million a day

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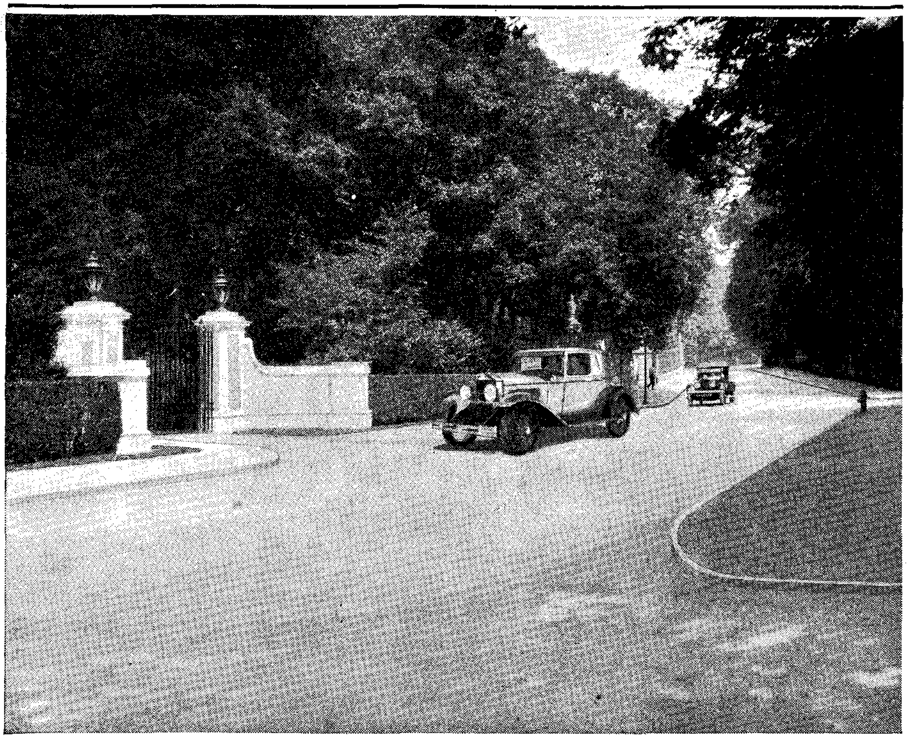
IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

Byways of wealth and distinction



Leading to the entrances of world-famous estates, Bellevue Ave., Newport, R. I. is paved with concrete as are many miles of residential and business thoroughfares in that fashionable colony

DISCRIMINATING communities, whose citizens appreciate beauty as well as pavement values, are building concrete streets. Investigations have repeatedly shown concrete pavements to be unequaled for distinction and fine riding qualities, as well as for durability.

The concrete street requires no surfacing. The same rugged, almost indestructible material which forms the base or foundation of most modern streets, takes a surface finish of distinctive beauty and provides safe traction wet or dry.

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33 WEST GRAND AVENUE - - CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
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More and more concrete pavements are laid every year by American communities. 1928 has again broken all previous records for contracts placed. If your street is to be paved or widened you should advocate concrete for safety, beauty and economy. We will be glad to tell you how, as a taxpayer, you can go about getting the work done. Our illustrated booklet on modern street pavements will interest you. A copy will be sent on request.

PORTLAND CEMENT
CONCRETE
FOR PERMANENCE

MOTORING AND AVIATION
Continued

HOW A PARAFFIN COAT PREVENTED A TRANSATLANTIC FLIGHT

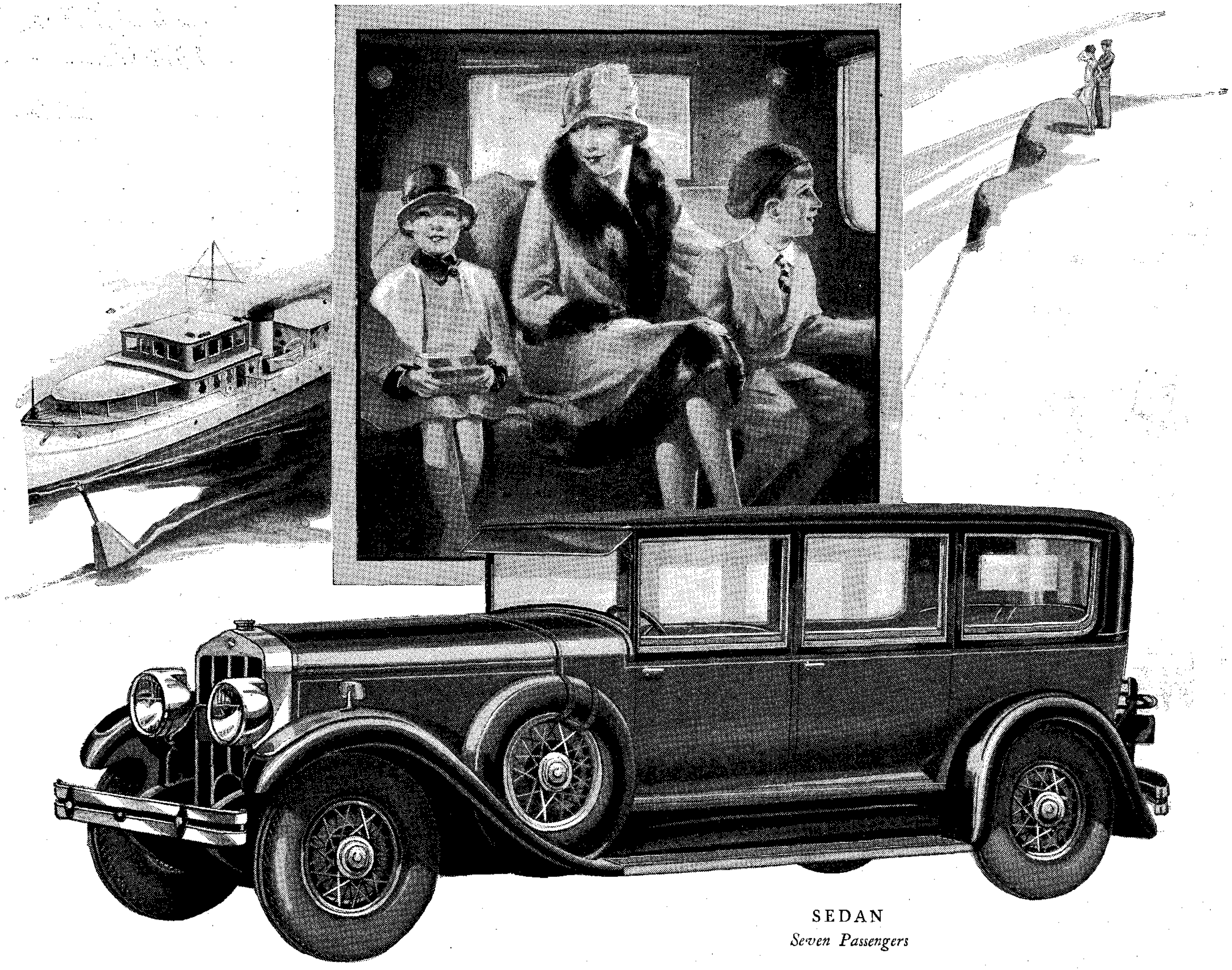
THE handy sand trap was a welcome haven to the foursome that dodged the peril of paraffin on the Long Island golf links. Paraffin, the golfers concluded, when they learned just what had happened, is all right on the tops of preserve jars and in candles, but the surface of an airplane is no place for it. And two daring aviators, after an unsuccessful attempt to fly from Roosevelt Field to Rome, agreed with this verdict. A forced landing, with damage to their plane and no little danger to themselves and the golfers they so nearly struck at the Old Westbury Golf Club, persuaded them. Paraffin, that convenient and usually harmless aid to the busy housewife, we learn from the Brooklyn *Daily Times*, put a speedy end to the recent attempt of Roger Q. Williams and Piero Bonelli to fly across the Atlantic in the Bellanca monoplane, *Columbia*, owned by Charles A. Levine, who is well known as the first transatlantic airplane passenger. For an explanation of what happened, we read on:

A recent bulletin of the National Aeronautic Association, saying that wings treated with paraffin or wax would be free of ice in cold climates, fell under the eyes of Mr. Levine, and he ordered the boys to work all night spreading on coats and otherwise servicing the ship at Roosevelt Field. Paraffin is manufactured by the Standard Oil Company in various forms—for waxing floors and burning as candles—and about ten pounds in cakes was melted and spread on. Even the Hartzell wooden propeller was greased as thoroughly as the limbs of Gertrude Ederle for the English Channel swim, but the fuselage was spared.

This seemed a wise move, as Piero Bonelli, navigator, had informed Mr. Levine that a fresh breeze was blowing out of the southwest and, if it continued, it might waft the *Columbia* into the blizzardy weather of the Great Circle course. The wind did continue sprightly, until at the time of the take-off its velocity was 18 to 20 miles, and altho it veered a point or two, it was generally blowing direct for England.

If the *Columbia* had made it aloft, she would have traveled with a "tail-beating wind" such as the fates provided for Colonel Lindbergh last year in his hop to Paris, but wax was in the way. Let Roger Williams explain:

"I didn't realize why we couldn't climb until some time after we did that cropper on the golf course. The wind and our propeller threw a lot of dust on our wings at Roosevelt Field prior to the take-off. The dust stuck on the wax and cut our speed down ten miles an hour. When we rose to our greatest height—100 feet—the indicator showed we were going seventy miles an hour, when we should have been making eighty. We were up to our limit of nearly 2,000 revolutions a minute on the 'prop,' when we began to lose altitude with our great load. I saw we couldn't make the climb, so ordered Bonelli to dump gasoline. He tried to open the dump valve, but it



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WITH the power and speed to challenge and conquer all the major road records...

With a beauty of external body lines already copied by half the motor world...

With a new elegance of interior finish and appointments which has created wholly new standards in modern luxury..

The new Airman Limited stands *supreme;* the first motor car in the world to offer truly LUXURIOUS FAST TRAVEL.

Only the owner of an Airman Limited can experience *complete* motor car satisfaction. In every mile of street and road, he takes pride in his car's performance. He knows the lure of the air-cooled motor... and his *next* car is another Franklin. For air-cooling is far more than a trouble-saver. To air-cooling goes a large measure of credit for the car's amazing road records for speed and hill-climbing...for its unprecedented ease of handling...for its economy...and even for that magnificent riding comfort in which Franklin has so long excelled.

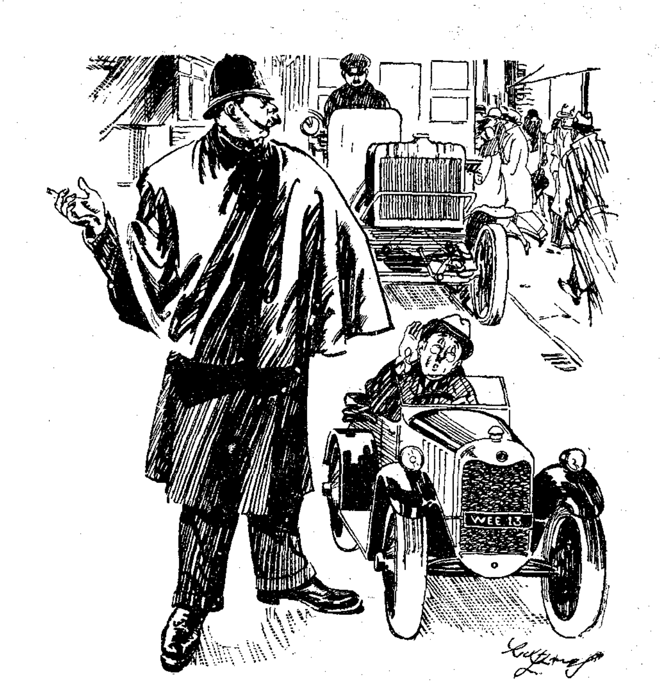
You, who may not yet know this new definition of LUXURIOUS FAST TRAVEL, are urged to have an Airman Limited placed at your disposal...eager to meet your own most exacting standards of performance, appearance, riding ease, ease of control... comfort supreme.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE CO., SYRACUSE, N.Y.

THE NEW FRANKLIN
AIRMAN LIMITED

was stuck. Steering over and between bunkers and sandpits, I picked the sixth fairway and sat her down, breaking the landing gear and a left wing strut. Believe me, I expect to write a paper making reservations to the claim that wings should be waxed."

So saying, Williams sponged off some of the wax and dust with a gasoline-soaked swab, and invited spectators to feel how smooth the surface was, as compared with the other portions.



INQUIRING MOTORIST: "Constable, would you bend down a bit closer? I can't hear you!"
—*The Passing Show* (London).

Had the *Columbia* gone on and the wind continued in the same direction at the same velocity, a landing would have been made in Ireland, England, Belgium, or elsewhere in that neighborhood.

Williams gave the plane the gun from the very start, disregarding a dangerous fill-in of sod at the center of the course. The *Columbia* dragged slowly along at first. Finally she climbed by inches, then feet, until she had reached nearly 100 feet high and was just crossing the boundary line between Curtiss Field and the Old Westbury Golf Club.

The heavily waxed wings and a sudden down current of air sent the *Columbia* toward the ground, and in that brief moment a thousand thoughts raced through the brains of the daring pair whose lives hung in the balance.

"Dump!" yelled Williams, and Bonelli, his right hand on the small wheel controlling the dump-valve, tried to respond. The wheel would not move. To stop a slight leak beneath the large tank, a mechanic had tightened a nut with a monkey-wrench.

Williams looked for a place to land. He saw menacing bunkers on every hand, yawning sand traps which would accommodate the *Columbia*, small trees just below, and telephone wires and poles a few hundred yards ahead. Also the club-house hard by, and scurrying golfers with flying sticks. Ah! a welcome fairway lay stretched out ahead.

Bonelli tugged at the dump release while Williams worked both feet on the rudder and both hands at the stick controlling the elevators and the ailerons.

Meanwhile, Vincent X. McGuire, president of the Old Westbury Golf Club, and three friends in a golf foursome had dodged onto a sand trap in the nick of time, like prairie dogs hunting a hole.

Williams made what aviators call a "three point" landing—that is, he came down on tail skid and wheels, but the weight made of the *Columbia* a "squash." She was down like a horse with legs spraddling, the propeller whirling full speed, and some 10,000 pounds of machinery, fuel and other weight pushing forward by the rules of momentum. The wheels had no brakes, so Williams dug her tail skid in six inches to arrest her.

"Poor old *Columbia!*" muttered J. B. Shattuck, manager of the golf club. "It's the Smithsonian Institution for you!"

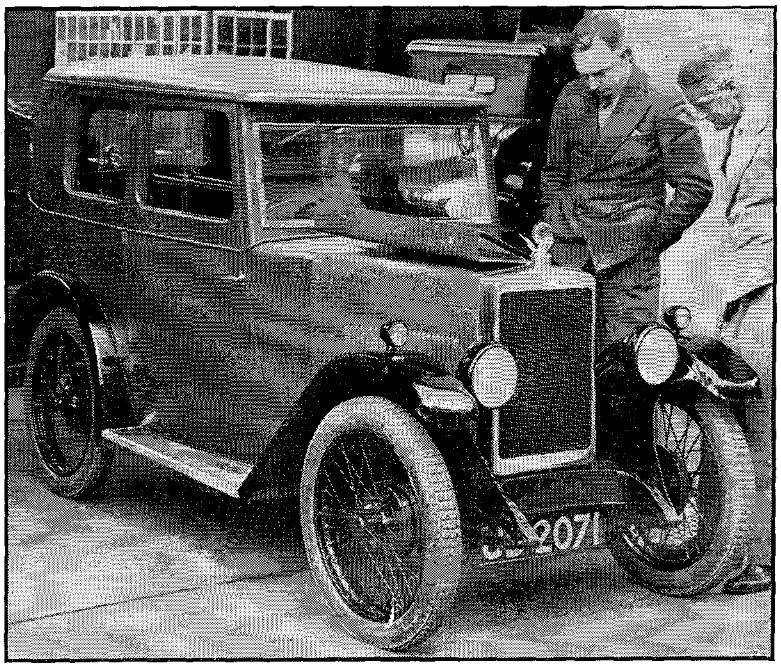
JOHN BULL AND HIS "BABY" CARS AT THE LONDON MOTOR SHOW

"HI, HI! STOP THIEF! Some pickpocket's stolen our car!"

Such is the caption beneath a cartoon in a London humorous weekly. The picture represents an exhibitor at the International Motor Exhibition at Olympia, in London. His stand is that of "the Midget Six," and he is gesturing frantically toward a small vacant space in his reservation, while waving with his other arm for a policeman, and shouting the above alarm. And that is only one of many jokes in English periodicals on the popularity of the baby car. Treating the subject with becoming gravity, as a trend of the times in English motoring, an editorial in the Manchester *Guardian*, remarks:

> The feature of the year has been the rush of "baby" fanciers into the cheap market in search of these mercurial midgets, and competition now rages round the amount of physical comfort which can be attached to an eight-horse-power engine without breaking the latter's heart or the purchaser's slender purse. But Olympia will not, of course, be a "baby" week only; when an efficient little car had been put on the market at a little over a hundred pounds, it seems a wonder in itself. From that sum must be deducted agent's fees and costs of advertising, so that the remaining profit of the manufacturer must almost be calculated in shillings. Therefore, however proud he may be of his smallest car, he must also regard it as ground-bait thrown to provide better fishing later on. Olympia also shows a nicely graded set of bargains for those who have felt the lure of speed and want something larger, speedier, and more solidly balanced on the road. The power of seven horses is expected to carry the new motorist not merely from one town to another but from one ambition to the next. To own six cylinders instead of four, a roof and four walls and luxurious furnishings, or else to be torpedoed all over England in a "super-sports" model is the hoped-for destiny of those who begin with a modest taste. The sumptuous car is human nature's second course.

A number of London onlookers agree that the popularity of the midget car is based upon stern economic necessity. Thus a writer in *The Graphic*, contending that the English are financially the most heavily burdened country in the world, gives the baby car credit for much work accomplished at a modest outlay. Beginning with its low first cost and depreciation, he points out that it will carry four people anywhere for the least possible expense in tax, insurance, fuel, lubrication, tires, and general maintenance. Furthermore, this authority praises the midget for its handiness in heavy traffic and



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

ONE OF THE "BABIES," AND SOME OF ITS NURSES

This vest-pocket automobile is manufactured by Morris, of England, the midget-car pioneer, who now has many rivals.

"Pass me a Lucky - I pass up the sweets."

Johnny Farrell

Johnny Farrell,
National Open Golf
Champion, 1928.

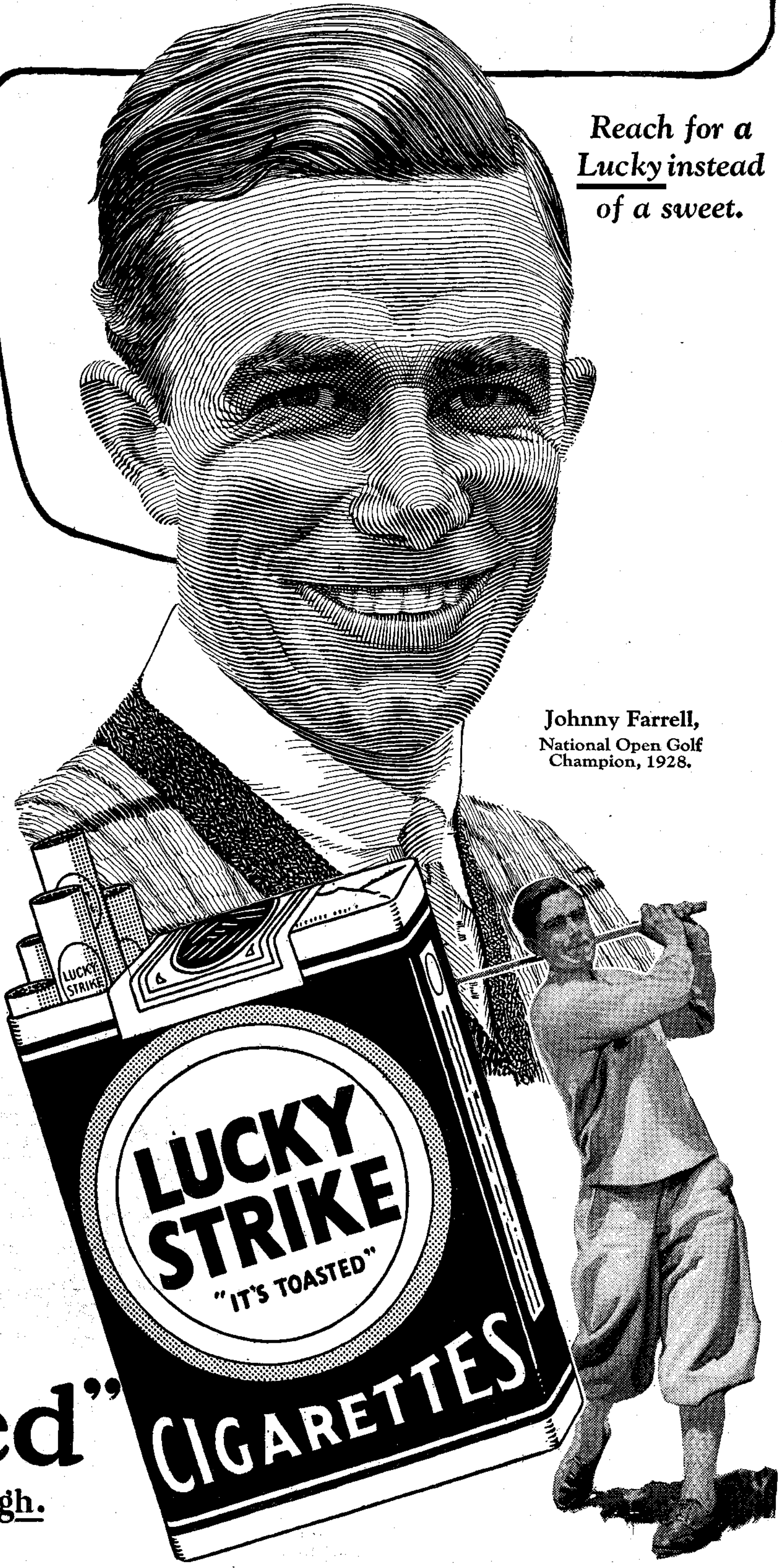
When fattening sweets and heavy, rich desserts tempt and you dread extra weight, light a Lucky instead. The sensible and sane way of reducing—no discomfort, no trouble—just a common sense method of retaining a slender figure.

The finest tobaccos are skilfully blended to make Lucky Strike. Then, "It's Toasted." More than a slogan, this secret process brings out every essence in the tobaccos and produces a flavor which makes Lucky Strike a delightful alternative when that craving for fattening sweets tempts you—there is no interference with a natural appetite for healthful foods. Now folks say: "It's good for everyone to smoke Luckies."

Toasting does it. At the same time toasting removes impurities. That's why 20,679 physicians are on record that Lucky Strike is less irritating than other cigarettes. Toasting does it. That's why prominent athletes have testified that Luckies do not cut the wind nor impair their physical condition. No wonder that this was discovered long ago by many men, who pride themselves on keeping trim and fit, who love the "pep" that comes with health and vigor.

Remember, sensible slenderizing is no longer a secret. Next time you are tempted by fattening sweets, light a Lucky instead, and avoid overweight.

Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet.

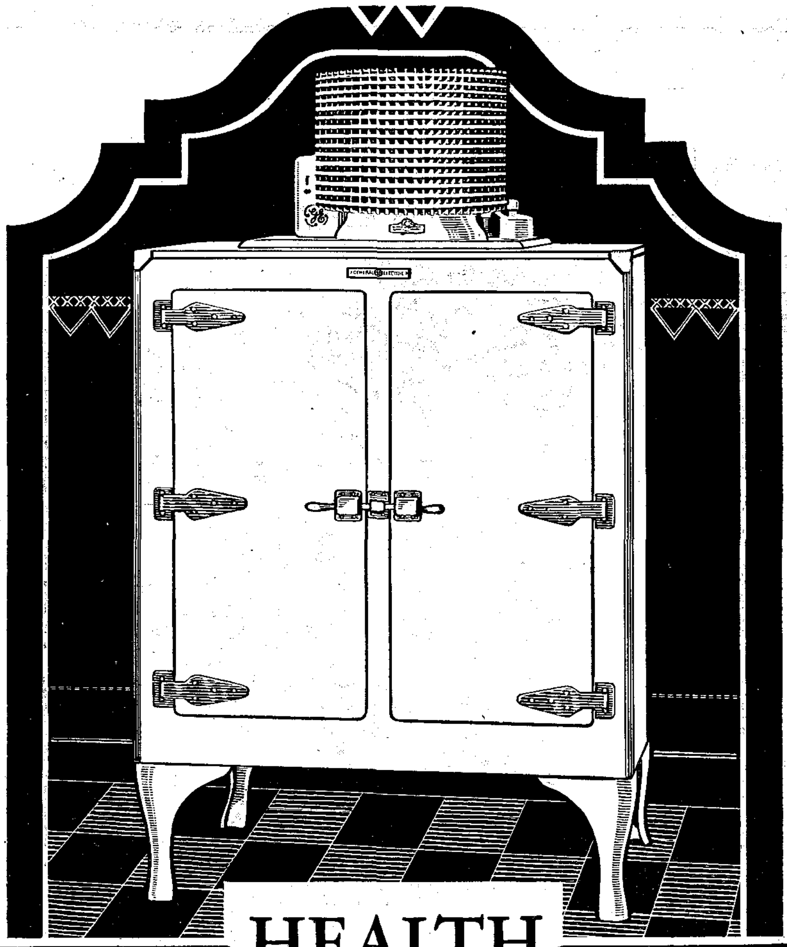


Johnny Farrell,
National Open Golf
Champion, 1928.

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation-No Cough.

© 1928, The American Tobacco Co., Manufacturers



HEALTH

is something to be thankful for
.. safeguard it always

THE best thing about the goodies that come out of a General Electric Refrigerator is that they're always healthfully fresh. This quiet, automatic refrigerator maintains the correct temperature that checks the growth of bacteria.

For this perfect refrigeration, food must be kept at a temperature *below* 50 degrees—always. Kitchens are almost as warm in winter as in summer. That's why correct refrigeration is a vital year-round necessity.

The General Electric Refrigerator is different from all others. It is actually "years ahead" in design. All the mechanism is up on top, sealed in an air-tight steel casing. It is so completely automatic that you never even have to oil it!

General Electric Refrigerators are guaranteed for perfect refrigeration—quiet, automatic and economical. If you would like further details, send for booklet D-11.

GENERAL ELECTRIC
Refrigerator

"Makes it Safe to be Hungry"

ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION DEPARTMENT *of* GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY
HANNA BUILDING CLEVELAND, OHIO

MOTORING AND AVIATION
Continued

its moderate appropriation of garage space. One manufacturer held the "baby" car field without rivalry a few years ago, recalls a London *Sketch* writer, whereas to-day there are half a dozen turning out tiny models. And, it is argued, since more cars must be made and sold, it's a good thing that they should occupy as little space as possible. The modern midgets are capable of good acceleration, adds this writer, so they are not likely to hold up traffic. Says a London *Daily Mail* writer:

> The very small motor-car is an interesting development, and a British one. It was first thought that this type would only have a local appeal. A demand for it has developed in all parts of Europe and, even more important still, overseas.
>
> The pre-show overseas orders for the British baby motor-car have exceeded all expectations. The Americans have no very small motor-car. It may not be long, however, before they are competing in this market.

According to a London correspondent of the New York *Times*, viewing the Olympia show:

> Cars of seven to ten horse-power—with low taxation assessment—costing from $500 to $1,500 are there in abundance, equipped with many gadgets for the making of comfort and easy driving and the running of them, and they seemed to attract most attention to-day, especially from women, who showed themselves ready purchasers.
>
> The makers of these baby cars which outwardly look too small to accommodate more than one full-sized individual, have adopted all sorts of ingenious devices with the result, as they assert, that they will seat four persons comfortably. Dickey seats on British cars have almost entirely disappeared.

Meanwhile the humorists are all shooting at the baby-car fad. *Punch* depicts a huge London bus, obstructed by a midget auto which has bumped into a hydrant, or something. The bus driver, looking down at the disconcerted motorist, is chortling: "You little——*tease!*" And the London *Passing Show* gives us this one:

> CAR SALESMAN—"This is our new 'baby seven.' We are selling them, literally by the dozen."
>
> THE WIFE—"Really! And how much a dozen are they?"

A cartoon in the London *Humorist* shows us one of the baby cars impaled, upside down, on the radiator of a mammoth bus, which has run into it, and now holds it clear above the roadway, where its disheveled owner sits, dazed and disconsolate. Beneath is the following dialog:

> OMNIBUS DRIVER—"Where do you come from?"
>
> OWNER-DRIVER—"Shepherd's Bush."
>
> OMNIBUS DRIVER—"Well, we're going that way, so leave it where it is, 'op in the 'bus, and you can unhook it when you get there."

And another issue of the same weekly gives us this passage-at-arms:

POLICEMAN—"You'd better move this car, sir, unless you want a summons for causing an obstruction."

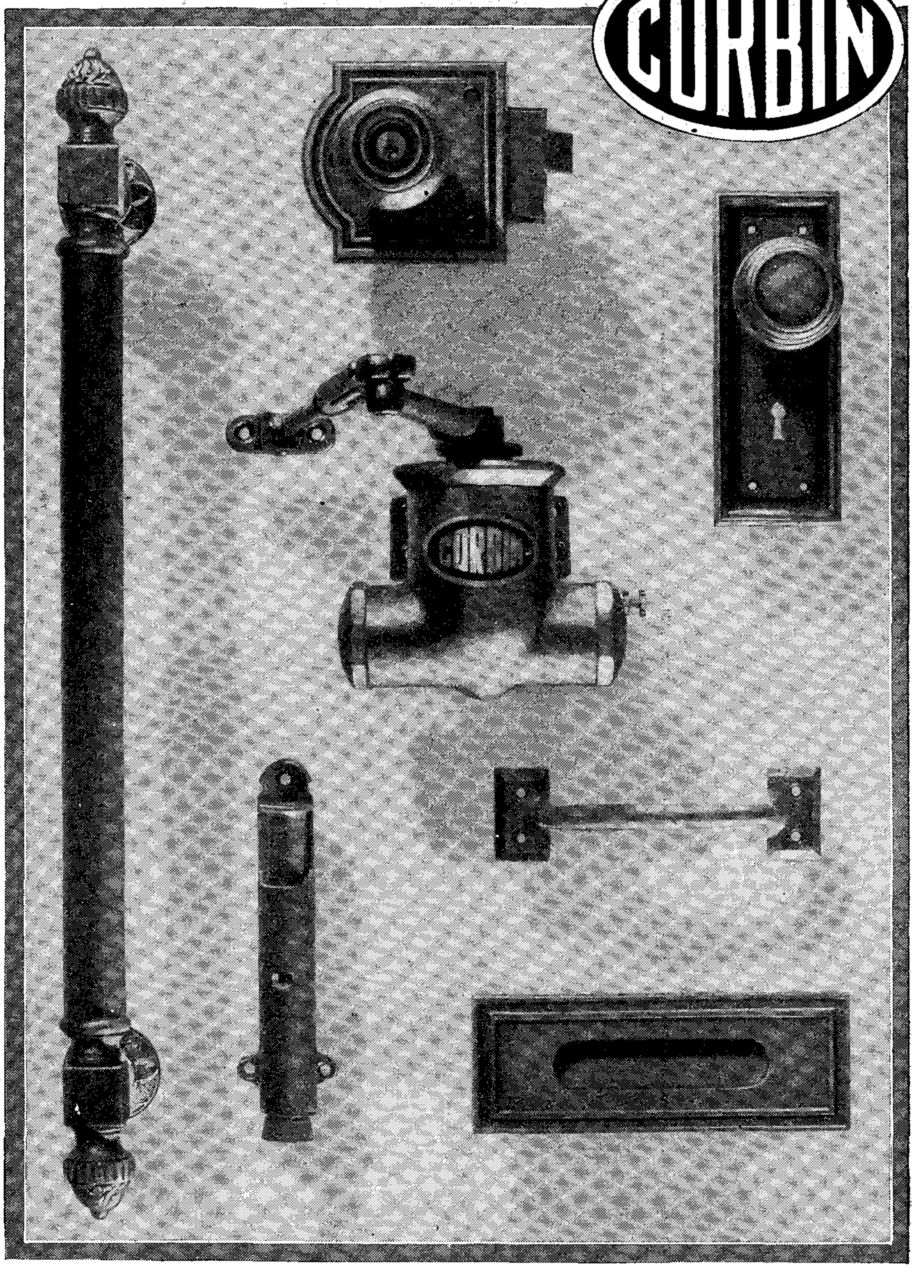
PROUD OWNER OF MIDGET CAR—"Flatterer!"

AERIAL TRAFFIC COPS IN LONDON AND CHICAGO

THE outraged aviator shouted back at the aerial-traffic policemen who had "bawled him out" for flying too low with his passenger over the city. "What do you want me to do?" he inquired sarcastically. "Give this bird an altitude record for four dollars?" The incident is more than funny, in the opinion of Frank J. Carmody in a copyrighted article for Ullman Feature Service of Washington. It indicates "that aviation is reaching the point where the volume of aerial traffic will justify traffic direction," remarks Mr. Carmody, continuing:

> And aerial traffic is going to be directed. Generally around airports where there is any real traffic there is being shown a disposition to apply with greater rigor the field rules which govern the actions of planes taking off and landing. Where traffic is still heavier, this disposition is still more pronounced. At a few of the larger fields, terminals for various kinds of operations, provisions are being made to install a traffic cop comparable to that well-known individual who starts and stops the conflicting motor-car streams at busy down-town intersections.
>
> At present the Chicago airport, with seventy to eighty planes taking off and landing daily, is the only one using a real traffic cop—an employee of the airport, but none the less an official of importance. Eventually, in the opinion of many observers, the larger American airports may adopt a system of traffic direction similar to that in use at Croydon, London's busy air terminal.
>
> Croydon has gone beyond the hand signals of the traffic officer. It has a system of lights which inform the pilot when he may go and when he may not. These lights are operated from a tower which gives the operator a full view of the surrounding territory. Planes landing and planes taking off are directed by this traffic officer instead of the respective pilots of each trying to keep an eye on each other and guessing what the other is going to do.
>
> The Chicago system, tho not so elaborate, is believed to be the most progressive at the moment in this country. As indicative of the effort to handle a new type of traffic, it is doubly interesting.
>
> Three men comprise the Chicago airport traffic force. They are on duty daily between the hours of 6 A. M. and 9 P. M., working in equal-hour shifts.
>
> Because he deals with traffic that may be far away, as judged by motor-vehicle standards of comparison, the aerial traffic cop needs more than a pair of arms and a whistle. One would be quite as impotent as the other if these were the items of his equipment.
>
> To make up for this deficiency, Chicago airport officials developed a system of flags for use in directing its "hard-hitting traffic," as some one has designated it. Three flags comprise the series. Standing in the middle of the X-shaped runways,

Good Buildings Deserve Good Hardware



BANK HARDWARE *by* CORBIN

HARDWARE for fine banks, for notable public buildings—how does it concern you and the hardware for your home?

Such hardware, first of all, must give security, must continue to give it—despite constant, heavy wear. Secondly, the hardware must reflect the chaste beauty, the substantial character of the important buildings it adorns. Good Hardware–Corbin—so combines performance and appearance that it is in use, probably, on more distinguished buildings than any other make.

Your home is the most important building in the world to you and your family. It deserves hardware that will serve as bank hardware serves. It deserves hardware that reflects its beauty, its design. Briefly, like all good buildings, your home deserves Good Hardware–Corbin.

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The American Hardware Corporation, Successor
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Endorsed by Famous Beauty

Dorothy Knapp, star of Earl Carroll's "Vanities," uses the Health Builder daily She says, "I unhesitatingly recommend the Health Builder to every one that is interested in keeping radiantly healthy and in retaining a beautiful figure." Here, (at last,) is a *safe, simple, scientific* method of reducing weight and keeping vigorously healthy.

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Ideal for home use is the Universal Home Model, a compact enclosed Health Builder. The Athletic Model is very popular for clubs, home gymnasiums, colleges, health centers, institutions, steamships, etc., while the handsome De Luxe Cabinet Models combine utility with distinctive beauty.

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The Battle Creek Health Builder Keeps You Fit!

MOTORING AND AVIATION
Continued

which permit landings and take-offs in any direction depending upon the direction of the wind, the traffic cop semaphores his messages regarding what is safe and what is not safe.

The green that means "go" to the locomotive engineer or to the motor-car operator is missing in the Chicago flag system. It is supplanted by a blue-and-white-striped flag. The red flag of the series, however, is directly comparable to the red light of all other traffic directional devices. It means "stop." The third symbol is a white flag which designates the runway that is in use.

Just as the local train is shoved upon a siding to make way for the limited, Mr. Carmody tells us, so in the traffic scheme at Chicago do all other planes give way to the ships that carry mails. Reading on:

In the Illinois metropolis, the mails enter and depart from all four points of the compass, and this fact alone accounts for a considerable volume of the aerial traffic of the Chicago airport.

That these planes may not be delayed in their important missions, they are given right-of-way over all others. This means that no other ship in the air may land nor may any take off when the mail plane comes into sight. The one exception of course, is provided by the Department of Commerce Air Traffic rules which specify that a ship in distress has right-of-way over all others. The logic of this regulation is quite obvious.

The Federal regulation which requires that planes land "up the wind," that is into it, is rigidly enforced by the traffic system in effect at Chicago. Under the method in use, planes may land only on the runway designated by the white flag and the traffic director sees to it that this landing strip is the one that conforms to the wind conditions at the moment.

While the Chicago gesture in the direction of airplane traffic direction probably will be measured as humble in the future, it is significant of the fact that the history of the automobile—whose movements still are not safely directed—will not be repeated. The leading figures in aviation have recognized that while the air may not be cluttered with airplanes for some time to come, the airport very likely will be.

Last December when leaders in various branches of the industry met in Washington at the behest of the Department of Commerce, the issue of traffic direction was brought into the foreground of much of the discussion. At that time, supplementary to the air-traffic rules, there was issued a set of "suggested field rules" to govern the movement of planes on and near the airdrome.

In the intervening period, airport managers and airplane operators and pilots have seen the need for applying these field rules in modified or supplemented form. As a result, there is growing out of this an experience that will provide the basis for a solution to the problem of congestion that is seen as inevitable—and at a date earlier than many anticipate.

As many view it, aviation's quest for safety through the medium of uniform, intelligent traffic regulation is another evidence of its determination to solve its problems as they arise and not pile one on top of the other until the task of solution becomes too difficult.

PUTTING PLANES WITHIN REACH OF THE MAN IN THE STREET

IT'S the upkeep, not the original cost, when you buy an airplane, just as when you buy an automobile. But the upkeep of a plane is no more, proportionately, than that of a car, we learn from a recent survey, the results of which appear in *Popular Science Monthly*, and are outlined in the New York *Sun*, thus:

> Now, for the first time, the real facts about the dollars and cents of private flying are revealed.
>
> These facts are contained in reports from dozens of men whose hobby is flying, among them lawyers, doctors, bank officials, and students. With few exceptions, these amateurs who take to the air for pleasure rides, hunting, vacationing, and business trips combined with pleasure, advise others to own and operate their own planes.
>
> One outstanding fact emerges—that the actual cost of a plane suitable for an amateur aviator is far less than is popularly supposed. The survey revealed among private pilots a distinct preference for small, light planes of the $2,000 to $3,000 class. Some more costly planes brought the average up to $3,000. In first cost, at least, airplanes compare favorably with automobiles, particularly when their greater speed and freedom from traffic restraint are considered.
>
> As for the cost of operation, seven and a half cents a mile is the average for the owner who stores his plane in a public garage, makes minor repairs himself, and has his work checked now and then by an expert mechanic at the flying field. That means that it would cost, say, $750 to cover 10,000 miles in a year. Hangar rent is a big item in the budget and constant mechanical service would be another heavy expense. For pilots who house their own planes, five cents a mile is the average cost.
>
> Big planes mean greater expense. The owner of a five-passenger enclosed biplane, for example, says it costs him seventeen cents a mile. A smaller, three-passenger open biplane costs ten cents a mile to run, including all items.
>
> The man who demands expert service, as well as hangar space for his plane, will pay from ten to twenty cents for every mile he flies.
>
> All in all, the average operating cost for every class of owner is nine cents a mile. Some of the figures given compare favorably with the cost of running a car. Three pilots say that their planes cost as little or less to run than their average-priced automobiles, pointing out that tho the hourly cost is higher so is the speed.
>
> Two out of three of the private pilots keep their planes at a State, government, municipal, or private airport, in rented hangar space.
>
> The following table shows the range of costs, as compiled from the reports of flyers:

	Low	*High*	*Average*
Cost of plane........	$400	$12,000	$3,000
Monthly hangar rental.	15	50	25
Flying cost per mile (upkeep included)...	.03	.25	.09

> Fifty-four per cent. of the flyers use their planes for pleasure and business and 10 per cent. for business only. Ninety-two per cent. advise others to fly their own planes, 4 per cent. advise against it, and 4 per cent. are undecided.

Her hair is oily

She should use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo

If you have the kind of hair that loses its fluffiness shortly after shampooing, use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo. This preparation is tonic and mildly *astringent* . . . approved by dermatologists. It leaves the hair fluffy, with a natural sparkle. Use it every four or five days at first: later every week or ten days may be enough.

Her hair is dry

She should use Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo

Like all Packer soaps, this shampoo is a vegetable oil soap . . . in addition, it contains a rich, soothing emollient (and no drying alcohol). Dry scalps will never feel a stinging sensation when they use this special shampoo. Leaves your hair soft and silky to the touch—more manageable—and delicately perfumed.

He has dandruff

He should use Packer's Tar Soap

. . . the soap that made pine tar famous for shampooing. Pine Tar is antiseptic, healing, with properties valuable in the treatment of dandruff. Packer's Tar Soap is endorsed by dermatologists for skin and scalp. For noticeable dandruff use Packer's Tar Soap every few days until improvement begins.

Select the shampoo your hair needs

Acute cases of dryness, oiliness and dandruff need the care of a dermatologist—a doctor who is a skin specialist. But nearly all scalps *tend* to be dry or oily, and many are mildly affected with dandruff. Now—each type of scalp can have the special shampoo which meets its particular needs. The coupon below is for your convenience. The regular size of each shampoo is for sale at your drug or department store.

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For 10c enclosed send sample of PACKER'S
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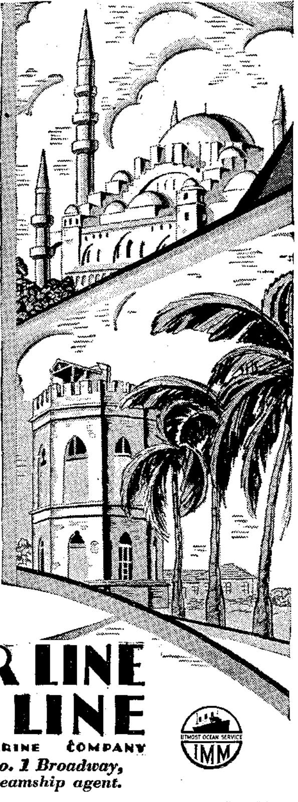

WEST INDIES AND MEXICO

Four cruises of varying lengths and itineraries—Mexico City, the Panama Canal, Bermuda, (at Easter), Havana, Nassau, etc., on the great liner *Lapland*. Whether you can spare 22 days or only 11, here's a way to spend a delightful winter holiday. Sailing dates: Jan. 31, (22 days); Feb. 25, (16 days); March 16, (17 days); April 6, (11 days).

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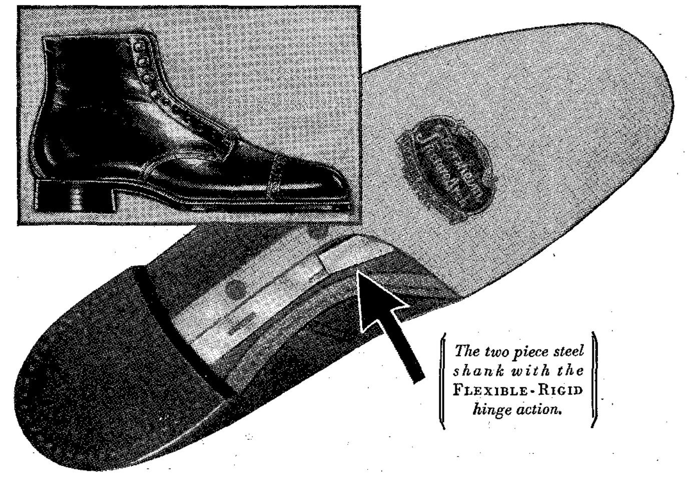
The two piece steel shank with the FLEXIBLE-RIGID hinge action.

THE shoe that gives you the utmost in arch supporting comfort without stiffness or bulk. The two piece built-in steel shank works like a hinge — bends easily with the foot as you walk — it locks rigidly under pressure, thereby carrying the strain that otherwise bears down and weakens the foot arch. Made in a variety of shapes and leathers, assuring perfect fit, comfort and long wear.

COMBINATION 17—*Style* M-314
Twelve Dollars

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HOW MUCH CAN AN AVIATOR MAKE?

GOOD pay, with lots of time off to spend it! Thus many aspirants size up the situation of the air-mail pilot, who, as we shall see later, has unusually short working hours. The pilot, however, has a job that demands good pay and plenty of time off for rest, according to Frank J. Carmody in a copyrighted article for Ullman Feature Service of Washington. "Big opportunities in aviation." "Rich rewards in aviation." These two phrases, Mr. Carmody continues, have a familiar ring to any one who has glanced through any of the trade magazines or papers of the aviation field. They are the clarion calls of those who have something to sell, whether it be flying instruction or second-hand planes. Those statements, however, are general. Precisely how big are the opportunities offered by aviation? The rewards, how rich? With these two inquiries, the writer launches an outline of the financial rewards awaiting the competent aviator, telling us:

It is impossible to gainsay that there are big opportunities and rich rewards awaiting the youth who is clamoring for his parents' consent or working hard to amass sufficient money to take instruction that will qualify him for some branch of aviation. As a matter of fact, the newness of the field probably gives it a distinct margin over virtually all others in the matter of offering both big opportunities and rich rewards.

There is not a single sphere of aviation, according to those qualified to speak, in which opportunity is not knocking at the door of the right man who has dug in and mastered piloting, maintenance, engineering, production technique, operation, or the like. But the point to be remembered, say these experts, is that aviation is no different from any other sphere of endeavor in that it rewards those who merit reward.

Judging by the patronage of the flying schools that have sprung up by the dozen in all parts of the country, those looking for the rich rewards and big opportunities are going after them via the cockpit route, in other words by first becoming pilots. What is one's chance of getting a job as a pilot? What pay will one get when and if one does land a position on some one's pay-roll?

In the first place, it is well to remember that it is a long jump from the time one learns to manipulate the controls of a plane until one can qualify for a transport pilot's license. Two hundred hours of solo flying are requisite to obtain a license that will enable one to line up a job as an instructor, a test pilot, a mail, or—in most cases—a sightseeing or taxi-plane pilot.

Provided, however, one is willing and able to amass the 200 hours of solo, he is qualified to get his share of the rich rewards and the big opportunities. At present there are approximately 2,000 transport pilots. While many are in the military service, most of those who are not are working, full or part time, at a pay that is greatly varied, depending upon the type of job.

The mail pilot, for instance, draws from

$5,000 to $7,500 a year on an average. The night mail flyer, of course, is paid a higher rate, more nearly commensurate with the hazards of his occupation. That, undoubtedly, is good pay measured by any reasonable standard. But the work, with its hardships and its dangers, fully justifies good pay and constantly better pay, perhaps.

If the pay of the mail pilot strikes many as being handsome, the hours of work required probably will seem still more so. An average probably would be between fifteen and twenty-five hours a week, judging by the schedules maintained on several contract routes.

The mail pilot probably is the best paid of the salaried flyers, save for the test pilot on the pay-roll of the big plane builder, we learn, reading on:

The latter, perhaps the most carefully chosen flyer, must have unusual abilities not alone in handling the plane but also in the form of engineering genius. He is paid what he can get, and if he is good enough he can get quite a bit—from $6,000 to $10,000 or more, depending upon a number of varying conditions.

The pilot who hooks up with a sight-seeing or taxi-line operator frequently is paid on an hourly basis, and if he makes a connection with a busy operator he can acquire quite a bankroll. If he is on the regular list, he may make from $5 to $7.50 or $10 an hour, and possibly get in as many as forty hours a week. At the minimum rate working a maximum number of hours his earnings for the average week would run $200 a week. But it very often is not possible to get in the forty hours a week, and certainly the job is a seasonal one in most parts of the country.

At many of the larger fields, the popularity of week-end flying jaunts makes necessary the employment of extra pilots. During the summer months, quite a few experienced pilots are making from $50 to $100 in this fashion—pay that often is more than they can command on their regular jobs in some other sphere.

Of course, not all pilots thus employed are paid on an hourly basis. Those on the regular pay-roll may be retained at a rate of about $300 a month, ranging as high as $500 or $600.

Instructors in the numerous flying schools are paid on a comparable basis, in many cases by the hour. Their pay, depending upon the size of the school and the dispatch with which they dispose of their students, may run at a rate of $10,000 a year, or possibly more. But instruction, according to those who engage in it, is worth every cent one can command. Few in other branches of flying will disagree with this statement. They know.

Many are entering aviation by way of the maintenance departments. Putting their knowledge of mechanics into force in this particularly active field, they count upon getting a salary and, eventually, instruction in flight. The mechanic is paid on a basis of from $1,800 to $3,000 a year, on an average. Of course, there are instances where the $3,000 is exceeded by some especially gifted mechanics.

Helpers—and there are a lot of youngsters who want to work up from this rung of the aviation ladder—are paid from $15 to $25 weekly.

There are other avenues of approach to aviation, but at the moment the traffic upon them is not so heavy as on these. All offer big opportunities and rich rewards for those willing to work hard for them.

Your home

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A LUXURIOUS ROOM. Your breakfast, piping hot, brought in to you while you laze in bed. The morning sun pouring in through your port-hole. Your private bath, with fresh and salt water, hot or cold. Your wardrobe, where clothes hang smoothly. Your ready, convenient telephone.

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A cozy room. Especially on a winter evening, when you can sit and read quietly in the warm, friendly glow of your cheery fire-place. The feel of thick, warm carpets under foot; etchings and prints on the wall; restful; quiet. *Your* home at sea—your American home.

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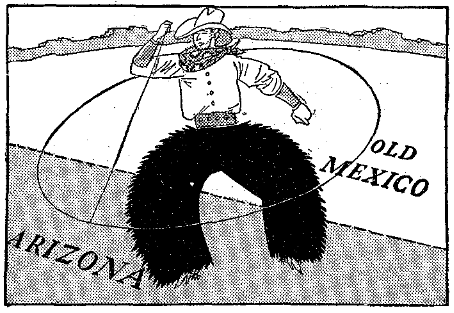

You'll see the real Arizona cowboys in Nogales—and, *just across the street, you'll be in* Old *Mexico!*

Nogales ("*No-gal-iss*") is the cleanest border town in the Old Southwest—high up in the Patagonia mountains (4,000 ft.)—a healthy, sunshiny, *vacation* place — the crossroads where two friendly nations meet.

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MOTORING AND AVIATION
Continued

"LINDY" PLEADS FOR REGULATION OF STUNT FLYING

A NEW S. P. C. A., a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Airplanes, was needed. It was a fairly good plane, with a good motor, but it was being abused. The amateur pilot, intent on stunting, climbed sharply, looped near the ground, banked steeply only a hundred feet up, and did other things which made the veteran pilots on the ground at the air-mail field shudder. Then the motor faltered, the plane slipt, and down it came to crash and kill both pilot and passenger. That accident could have been foretold, says Col. Charles A. Lindbergh, in a copyrighted article in the New York *Times*. Colonel Lindbergh's theme is that airplane crashes are due generally to stunts or inexperience. Continuing, the New York-Paris flyer tells us of the fatal accident described:

Every good pilot on the field knew it would happen. They could not do anything about it, for there is no way of preventing a man from committing suicide if he will not listen to the advice of men who know more than he does. And flying knowledge comes only with long experience.

There are too many airplane crashes nowadays, and they increase with the increasing use of airplanes. Most of them are avoidable and are due to inexperience or carelessness on the part of the pilot. There are recorded in the newspapers almost as many crashes as automobile accidents. An automobile smash-up in a part of the country remote from the field of the newspaper does not attract attention, but any airplane crash is apparently news, altho automobile fatalities are far more numerous. This is probably due to the fact that there is a tremendous interest, coupled with a natural fear of airplanes. Every new crash, no matter what the cause, retards the progress of flying.

I am making a distinction here between real crashes and mere accidents in flying. Newspapers can do a great deal to differentiate between the two. They can educate the public to realize that a crash is not always the fault of the plane. I have found in reading accounts of airplane accidents that there are many popular misconceptions of the cause of fatalities. A plane going into a "nose-dive" is put down as a common cause of trouble, whereas few planes nose-dive; many spin in or slip to the ground.

If newspapers would make it plain to their readers that many little mishaps are not "crashes"—and I know that more and more newspapers are realizing the difference—they would help flying a great deal. Many of these accidents are unavoidable and not particularly dangerous. When a gust of wind gets on the tail of a plane, resulting in a ground loop, or when the wheels strike a hidden hole and the plane noses over, or when an emergency landing in a rough field results in turning over—these are not crashes. Seldom is the pilot or his passenger injured. As planes improve and landing fields become more numerous, these accidents will diminish.

Real crashes are generally complete washouts, both for the machine and those

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in it, and they are caused, as a rule, by the fault of the pilot. Only a small percentage of all accidents can be attributed to the engine or the plane. When a pilot stunts close to the ground, or puts a commercial plane through stunts which it is not supposed to stand, only one result, and that a tragedy, can be anticipated.

Occasionally we read of the wings of an airplane coming off. It is unheard-of for this to occur in ordinary flying with a plane of reputable manufacture; if it happened, it would ruin the reputation of the builder of the plane. Only recently, however, two or three planes have apparently disintegrated in the air when rolled or put to some other unusual strain which they were not supposed to withstand. A pilot who takes a light commercial plane up and dives it at full speed straight down, with motor open, should expect structural failure.

Something must be done to check inexperienced stunt flying if aviation is not to be retarded. More and more planes are being used, more pilots are being turned out of flying schools every day. It is natural that in learning to fly after they have been turned loose by the instructors, some of these pilots should have accidents; but they can be minimized, just as automobile accidents may be made less frequent, by careful driving.

The recent Ford tour and the transcontinental races "were the best proofs in recent years of the safety of modern flying," Colonel Lindbergh declares, continuing:

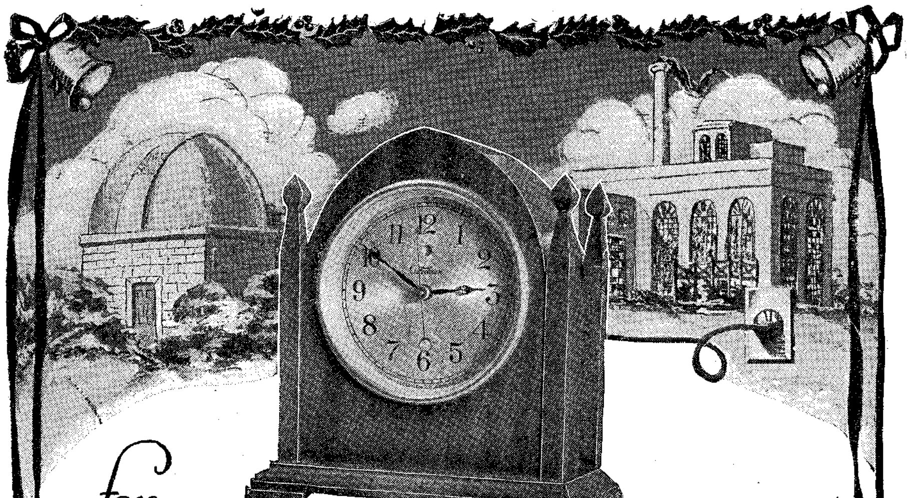
There has never been a serious accident in the Ford tours. Planes have had forced landings because of engine trouble; landing-gears or wheels have broken and tipped them over on their noses; but repairs have been made and the planes have gone on. In the Ford tours the routes have often been over mountains and through bad weather, but the pilots have come through safely. The planes have been of all types, with all kinds of motors.

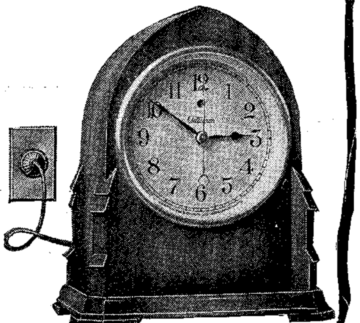
The transcontinental races were an even more remarkable demonstration of what can be done by pilots who are careful and know their work. The planes were generally flown with heavy loads and close to the limit of their speed, which is hard on motors. There was not a single fatality, altho some of them had forced landings on ground where it would be difficult to bring a plane down.

It is criminal for ignorant pilots to take up passengers. The average person knows nothing of airplanes or pilots, and will often entrust his life to a pilot who has no right to fly any one but himself. When a passenger is killed in such circumstances it is very seldom that any one but other pilots realize that it was inexperience or recklessness which caused the crash.

Pilots without sufficient experience can not be licensed to carry passengers for hire on interstate flights, but there is no law to prevent an inexpert pilot who has just bought an old plane from giving his friends joy rides as long as he stays within his State, unless that State has adopted Federal flying regulations. A fatal crash where licensed planes are flown by licensed pilots is rare; the "crashes" are mostly on stunting flights.

A federally licensed pilot is forbidden to carry paying passengers on stunt flights. However, crashes and fatalities due to stunt flying with passengers will continue as long as the individual States do not adopt Federal flying regulations, which will bring all pilots under Federal supervision.





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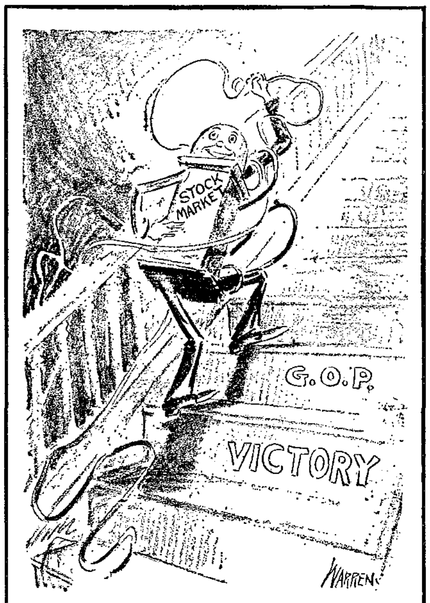
INVESTMENTS ▾ AND ▾ FINANCE

THE "HOOVER BULL MARKET"

THE "HOOVER MARKET" got off to a flying start on the very day after election, for as one financial writer observes, "within twenty-four hours of the election the words 'Hoover market' had been substituted for 'Coolidge market,' in the language of Wall Street, and predictions were being made of a prosperity and an era of speculation as great under the new Administration as in that of the old." And the Hoover market continued to press forward day after day until on the Monday after election the Stock Exchange saw what was up to that date the biggest day of its history, with a volume of sales closely approaching the six-million-share level—5,917,200 according to the New York *World*—and with railroad shares, industrials, and the combined averages reaching at the day's best prices record high points for the year. Within fifteen minutes after the market opened the ticker tape was behind, and was lagging seventy-one minutes at 1:30, the same kind of delay which was experienced, as the New York *Times* points out, on the three other big days of the year: June 12, a 5,052,790-share day; November 8, a 5,037,330-share day; and November 9, a 4,999,140-share day. The next morning the newspapers made front-page stories out of the speculative frenzy, the milling about of frantically gesticulating brokers on the Stock Exchange floor, the bookkeepers working through the night in the brokers' offices to record sales. The rush of buying can only be accounted for, in the opinion of the New York *World's* Wall Street commentator, by the fact that "nothing so attracts public speculation as the sight of rising prices." As this writer continues:



THE GOLDEN STAIRS

—Warren in the Cleveland *News*.

> No one can be found who will venture a prediction as to when a "corrective reaction" will come, or how far it may go. It is admitted even by the bears that the "Hoover bull movement" may run along merrily for weeks. It is conceded even by the bulls that a check may come soon.

Describing "the greatest market day" in the history of Wall Street, the New York *Times* says in its news columns:

> The gambling spirit that has developed since election has never before been exceeded. There have been bull markets before, but the present one surpasses them all, having been taken up at a time when stocks were already high, when all warnings had been disregarded, when brokers' loans had become swollen, and when stocks selling at $200, $300, and $400 a share had multiplied tremendously.

Wall Street attributed the unprecedented turnover in stocks, we read in the New York *Journal of Commerce*, "to the combined stimulating forces of the election results, easier call money, forecasts that the next few months will witness an unusually high rate of activity in industry and trade, excellent corporate financial statements, and expectations of numerous favorable dividend announcements." While Mr. Hoover's election was not a surprize, "the completeness of his victory created an optimism which was quickly reflected in a sharp advance in stock prices," we read in a market letter from the Stock Exchange house of Goodbody and Company. The market's new slogan, according to Hallgarten and Company, another investment house, is "progressive prosperity." "Four years of boom ahead of us is enough to make any bear want to jump into Mount Etna's crater," writes Arthur Brisbane in his New York *American* column; "and heaven only knows what Herbert Hoover may invent to increase the boom."

A not uncommon feeling of wonderment is exprest in the editorial columns of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer:*

> It is, of course, taken for granted that the attitude of the new President will be friendly toward business, but it can hardly be more friendly than that of the present Administration. At best, government policies have less to do with the course of business than is generally supposed, and after all the market advances of the past year it is hard to imagine anything that would afford basis for even greater optimism. If stock prices generally are not considerably lower when the new President is inaugurated than they were when he was elected, all the experts will have to admit that the public's estimates of security values defy explanation.

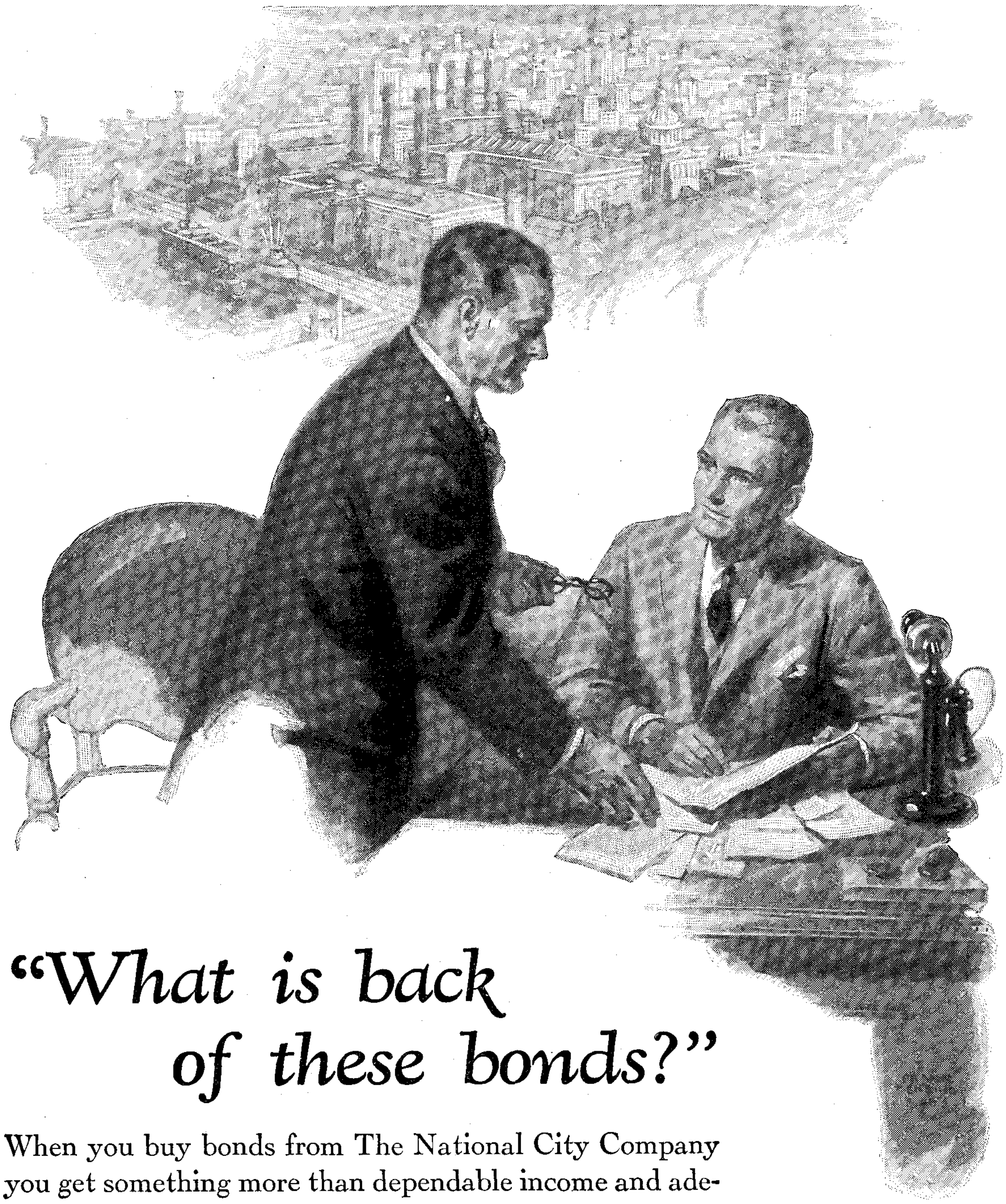
But "apparently the nation is convinced," writes Paul Willard Garrett, financial editor of the New York *Evening Post*, "that an era of Hoover prosperity, destined to rival in some degree the Coolidge epoch now drawing to a close, lies just ahead. It reckons that if this be so stocks will eventually rise so much above recent prices that intermediary setbacks need not disturb those whose eyes are on the distant future."

The question that the post-election continuance of the bull market raises in the mind of Mr. H. Parker Willis, editor of the New York *Journal of Commerce*, is an old one: "How long and how far is the present movement of stocks to continue?" Mr. Willis goes on to say in his column of stock-market comment:

> True, since election was over, there has been a certain effort in some quarters to make it appear that a wonderful new vista of prosperity has been opened. There may be some who believe in such a new vista of prosperity, but the trouble with the situation from the market standpoint is that there is no indication whatever that those who so believe are inclined to invest their funds in buying securities. They are, according to all accounts, simply purchasing on margin, which means that the real furnishers of funds are the banks, and that what is going on in the market now is nothing more than a shifting of ownership of one group of buyers to another, both of whom are working on credit. That being the case, it makes no difference whether the new buyers think they see a long avenue of Hoover "prosperity," or merely believe that many other persons like themselves are buying at the moment so that they have a chance to wait a while and then cash in on profits. There has been no indication that there has been any lessening whatever of reliance on the banks, but quite the contrary, as the brokers' loan situation clearly shows. In fact, the stock-market movement is far out of hand now, and it is not likely that the Reserve System can do anything very effective to stop the upward movement of prices.

Meanwhile, we read on, as the bankers and other financial authorities have been worrying about the credit angle of the stock-market situation, "business conditions have come around to the point where they help to sustain values":

> The market has been almost uniquely successful in maintaining the general level of prices during the recession of trade, simply waiting for business to catch up with stock-market prices.



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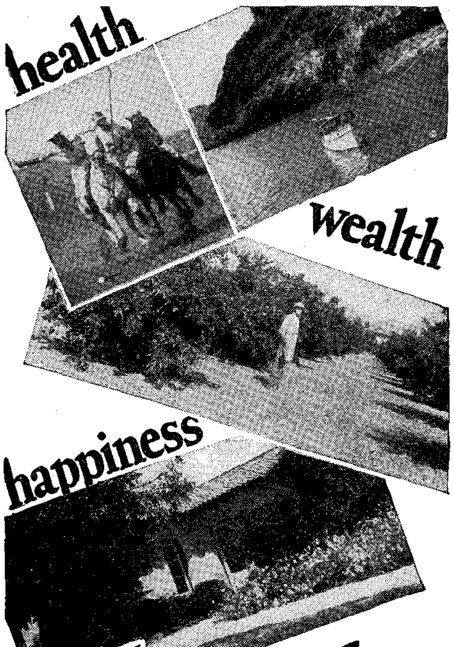

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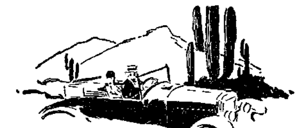

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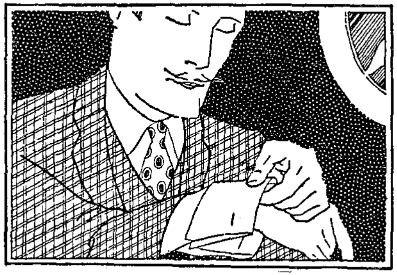
INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

Trade is now in such a position as to help rather than retard the tendency of prices. Not only in the staple lines of business such as building, steel, copper, and others of like sort, is there strong demand, but it appears everywhere that the various industries are disposing of a great volume of goods. Wholesale trade in many lines reports unusually satisfactory conditions, and retail trade is excellent almost without exception in the different sections of the country. There is no doubt that the abundant yield of crops has been sufficient to guarantee not only good purchasing but good credits and collections during the autumn and early winter. All this furnishes a background for the booming of shares which could hardly be improved upon. Apparently this good volume of business is not merely a temporary or sporadic development, but is something that is likely to continue for a substantial period. This, of course, gives bankers and credit authorities materially more confidence in dealing with the situation than they could otherwise expect.

The continuation of "split-ups," stock dividends and the issuance of more or less valuable rights, has of course, helped a great deal in keeping prices up and speculative enthusiasm high. It is difficult to convince a stockholder in General Motors who is about to receive two and one-half shares for every one which he previously held, with a higher dividend than before in the aggregate, that this policy of reducing the size of the unit is not a splendid thing for the public. With 43,000,000 shares outstanding, there will be an enormous market in the stock and possibility of all sorts of dealings in it. Similar split-ups and stock dividends have lined the pockets of other shareholders—or at least would line them if they were willing to sell out and take the cash proceeds. There have been enough such steps within the past week or two to furnish a very strong financial support in combination with the really good business news that has been coming in. Stimulus of this kind taken in conjunction with the stimulus that comes from satisfactory business, furnishes a very powerful incentive to dealers to stick to their guns in the stock market, and is one reason why it is so hard to dislodge the public from the market. Even tho the rate of earnings yielded by stocks available at a given time may apparently be small, the public argues in many cases that this low yield will be amply increased through the issue of capital obligations of some kind. So it merely invests and reinvests its profits in the thought that the cash return may be small, but the aggregate yield is something quite satisfactory. Of course this only holds true as long as the stock market goes on advancing, thus enabling a holder to sell rights at a good figure. His income from this source, in other words, taking him as a class, is imaginary or illusory.

Current prices are not only high but they are badly and illogically adjusted among themselves, a situation which can be corrected only through what is called "a general shaking out."

During election-day week a new high average price of stocks on the exchange was established 130 per cent. above that ruling at election time in 1924. Obviously, continues Charles F. Speare, in a Consolidated



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Press dispatch, "this rise can not be duplicated in the next four years":

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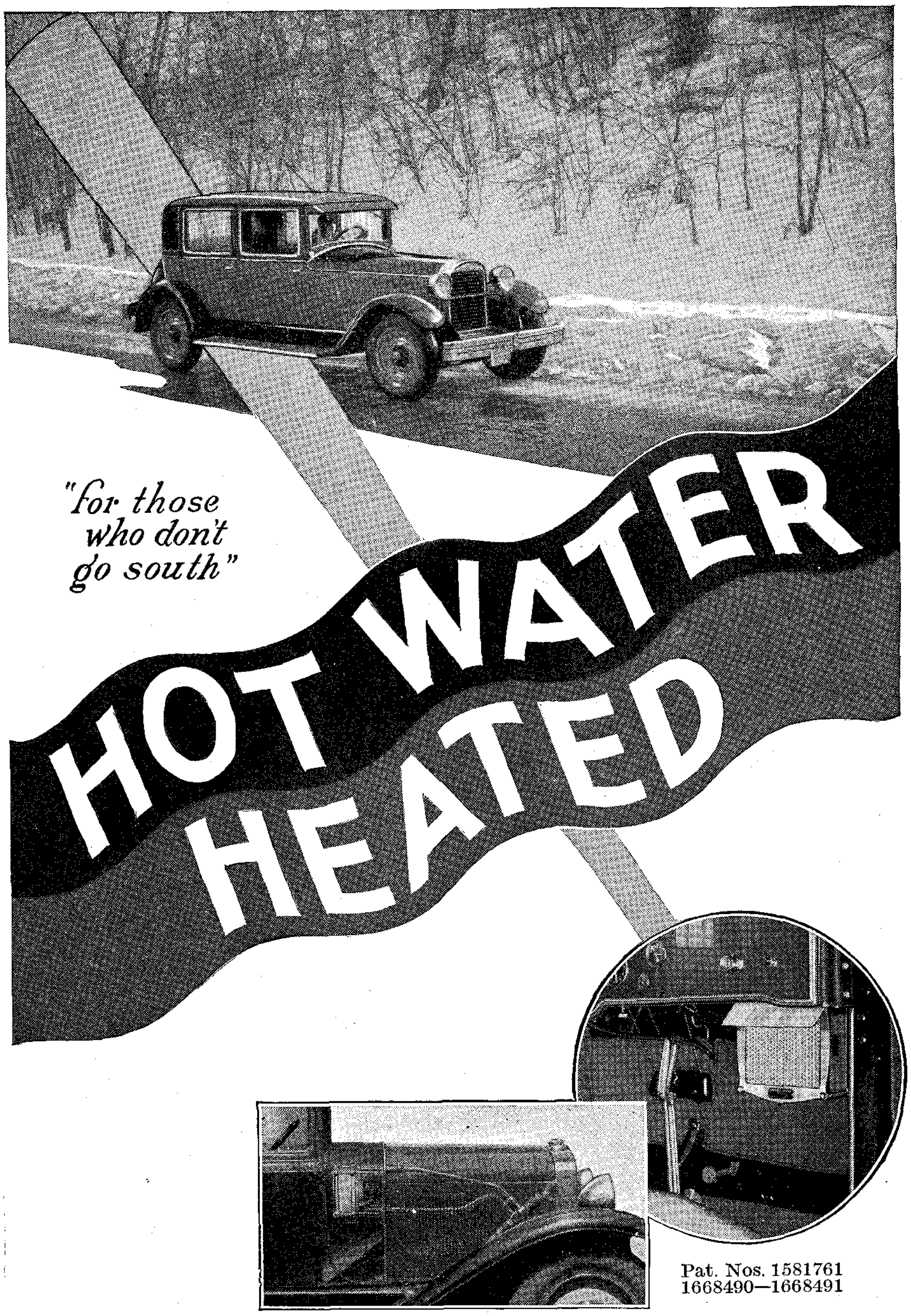
>
> It is doubtful if the country can stand a second phase of industrial revolution similar to that of the past four or five years without upsetting some of its established industries, and thereby producing economic disorder. None of the new products of industry that were concededly experiments until recently can be replaced, and the demand for them will go on increasing. As in the period between 1899 and 1902, however, the tendency to-day is to bring together in large units the manufacturing interests of the country. This will be likely to follow during the political term of a President who has a genius for consolidations, and who must realize the necessity for it in young industries that have sacrificed efficiency in operations for immediate demonstrations of new discoveries and new methods of distribution.

Now that Mr. Hoover has been elected and the first reaction of the stock market has been seen, Moody's Investors Service thinks it will be of interest to recall "how the stock market has acted after previous victories for distinctly conservative candidates":

> After the Coolidge landslide in November, 1924, a great bull movement set in; and, on the other hand, the Harding victory in November, 1920, was immediately followed by a drastic slump, which, however, was due to the previously existing credit inflation, and had nothing to do with politics. After the Taft victory in 1908, the market showed a reactionary tendency from November 18 to February 24, whereupon the bull movement was resumed. From the time McKinley was first elected in 1896 to the middle of the following summer, the market dragged on bottom, and then ensued a rise which lasted until it was interrupted by the Boer War; but the second McKinley victory of 1900 was immediately followed by one of the wildest bull markets on record. On the other hand, the Harrison victory of 1888 was followed by years of stagnation in the stock market. If there is any lesson in these experiences it seems to be merely that the stock market responds to business influences except when radicalism in politics prevents.



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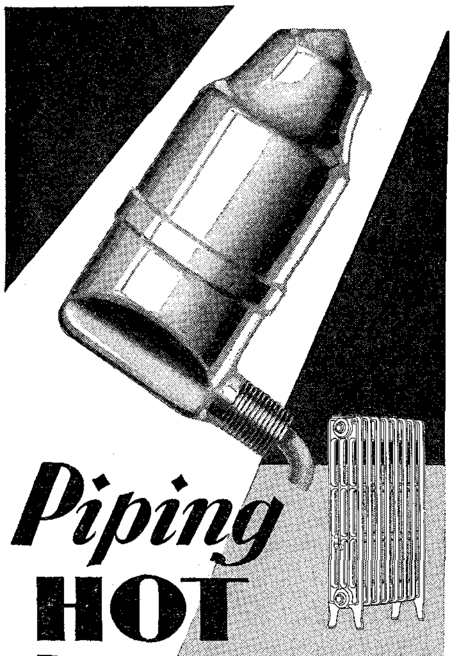

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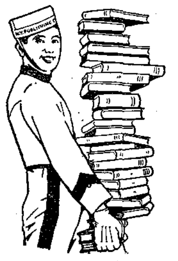

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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

November 7.—An outflow of lava from Mount Etna, Sicily, takes toll among the town and cultivated areas dotting the mountainside and makes the town of Mascali its first victim.

November 8.—Jose de Leon Toral is sentenced to death for the murder of President-elect Alvaro Obregon, of Mexico, and Mother Superior Concepcion Acevado de la Llata is sentenced to twenty years in prison on the charge of being the "intellectual inspiration" of the crime. An appeal is taken in both cases.

November 9.—Juliu Maniu, leader of the National Peasant party in Roumania, is empowered by the Regency Council to form a Government of his own adherents. He succeeds Vintilia Bratianu, who was requested to resign.

In a public speech, Prime Minister Baldwin adjures the world to adhere to the Kellogg anti-war pact, lest all the nations perish together.

November 10.—The main railroad between Messina and Catania is cut by the flow of lava from Mount Etna.

Emperor Hirohito formally ascends the throne of Japan, and promises to cultivate friendly relations with all nations.

November 11.—Mount Etna's molten stream begins destroying Carabba, the last town in its path before reaching the sea.

Premier Poincaré of France announces the formation of a new Cabinet, without the aid of the Radical Socialists.

November 12.—The Greek Foreign Minister signs the Kellogg-Briand pact for renouncing war. It will now go to the Chamber of Deputies for ratification.

November 13.—The 1928 Nobel Prize in literature is awarded to Mme. Sigrid Undset; the 1927 literature prize, held over from last year, to Henri Bergson, and the 1928 prize in chemistry to Prof. Adolf Windaus.

DOMESTIC

November 7.—President-elect Hoover appeals for the cooperation of all leaders of opinion to aid him in interpreting the "common sense and ideals of the American people."

The Arkansas anti-evolution bill has been passed by the vote of the people, it is announced.

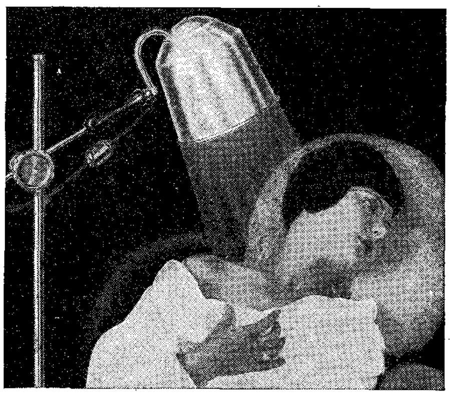
More than 65,000 families, involving approximately 325,000 individuals, suffered losses in the Mississippi Valley flood last year, according to a statement by the American Red Cross.

November 8.—Seventeen persons are killed by an explosion in a shoe factory in Lynn, Massachusetts.

November 9.—Alanson B. Houghton announces that he will resume his post as American Ambassador to Great Britain, the President not having accepted his resignation when he became candidate for Senator from New York.

President-elect Hoover is to visit the important nations of South and Central America on a mission of good-will, it is announced.

CAMPBELL'S INFRA-RED RAY LAMP



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November 10.—Thirty men and women are jailed in Washington, D. C., for staging an "anti-capitalistic and anti-militaristic" demonstration.

With the results from three Congressional districts still in doubt, present figures show that the Republicans in the new House will have 269 members; Democrats, 165, and Farmer-Labor, 1. In the Senate the Republicans will have 55 members; the Democrats, 39, and the Farmer-Labor, 1, with one seat vacant until the election of W. F. Vare, of Pennsylvania, is disposed of.

November 11.—Income-tax returns for 1927 paid up to August 31 of this year amount to $826,245,497, or $98,766,071 more than for the same period in 1926.

"If we could secure a more complete reciprocity in good-will, the final liquidation of the balance of our foreign debts, and such further limitation of armaments as would be commensurate with the Kellogg treaty renouncing war, our confidence in the effectiveness of any additional efforts on our part to assist in the further progress of Europe would be greatly increased," says President Coolidge in his Armistice Day address.

Mrs. Mary Perley MacFarland announces that she has been expelled from the Daughters of the American Revolution because of her protests against the organization's alleged blacklist, the existence of which is denied by Mrs. Alfred J. Brosseau, President-General of the National D. A. R.

November 12.—The Lamport and Holt liner *Vestris* sinks 250 miles east of the Virginia Capes, and several ships go to the rescue of her crew and passengers.

Robert V. Caldwell, prospective juror in the trial of Col. Robert W. Stewart, Chairman of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, charged by the Government with perjury, informs the court that he has been illegally approached, and is removed from the box.

November 13.—Gov. Alfred E. Smith of New York broadcasts an address in which he asserts that the Democratic party is not crusht by its defeat at the polls, urges a constructive program on which to base a successful campaign in 1932, and bespeaks cooperation with the forthcoming administration.

Rescue ships report saving 210 passengers and crew of the *Vestris*, leaving 118 persons unaccounted for and believed lost.

Shirtsleeves to Shirtsleeves.—
There, little forest with poplars so high,
You'll be a rich man's estate by and by.

There, little rich man's exclusive estate,
You'll be a golf course, as certain as fate.

There, little golf course, I pray you don't cry,
A swell sub-division you'll be by and by.

There, Gleaming Gables, no longer so bright,
Now you are ripe for a factory site!

—*Life.*

Remember Mabel.—"Do you believe politics is better since women got into the game?"

"It may not be better," answers Miss Cayenne, "but it certainly is more peppy."
—*Washington Star.*

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NOT TOUCHED BY HAND
QUICK
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RELIEF
NET WEIGHT 1¼ OZ
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Menthol
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LUDEN'S NAME ON EVERY DROP
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Coughing and sneezing are inexcusable—annoying to the victim, and those around him, for Luden's Menthol Action has made coughing unnecessary.

Luden's Menthol Action is unique—*exclusive.* A time-tested, jealously guarded formula blends clear menthol with certain other ingredients in such a manner that the instant you slip a Luden's in your mouth—and take a deep breath—*quick relief.*

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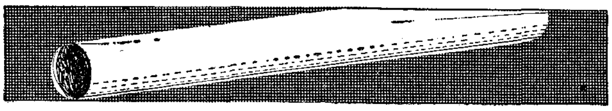

In the triple-sealed yellow package everywhere

LUDEN'S

THE ▾ SPICE ▾ OF ▾ LIFE

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Prickly Epicure.—Porcupine, tame, eats anything, very fond of children.—*Ad in an Ottumwa (Ia.) paper.*

Endorsing the Doc. — Eat less meat, physicians advise, and the price tags back them up.—*Albany Knickerbocker Press.*

Thinking Hard?—
CRASH VICTIM SERIOUS.
—*Tulsa (Okla.) paper.*

That Dr. Fell Feeling.—If, as a psychologist tells us, there is no such thing as pain, what is it some people give us? — *Albany Knickerbocker Press.*

All Doing Well?—
TWIN CALVES BORN
TO CITY TEAMSTER
—*Pittsburg (Kan.) paper.*

Change of Climate?—
New Yorker, Found Dead
After Absence, Improving
—*Washington Post.*

Human Baa Lamb.—Mr. Hubbard comes from one of the best-known purebred sheep families in the country.—*California farm paper.*

Wants What He Wants.—A man is that large irrational creature who is always looking for home atmosphere in a hotel and hotel service around the house.—*Detroit News.*

Lid Came Off.—Arrivals from Nenana bring the report that there is considerable agitation there against continuance of Sunday amusements, the agitation dating from the reopening recently of the Presbyterian church.—*Anchorage (Alaska) aper.*

Call the Bogy Man.—Receiver of Stolen Goods (to dissatisfied burglar—"Oh, you don't believe these scales is correct, don't you? Well, you just fetch along the Inspector of Weights and Measures!"—*London Humorist.*

Concentration Did It.—Betty came running into the house in a state of great excitement.

"Bobby Smith kissed me!" she announced at the top of her shrill voice.

"Why Betty," cried her mother, "what did he do that for?"

"Well—I'm not sure—but I think I have the stronger will."—*American Legion Monthly.*

Timely Proverbs.—He who hesitates is honked.

Two is company, three is a crowd in a breakfast nook.

What can't be cured, one should be careful not to catch.

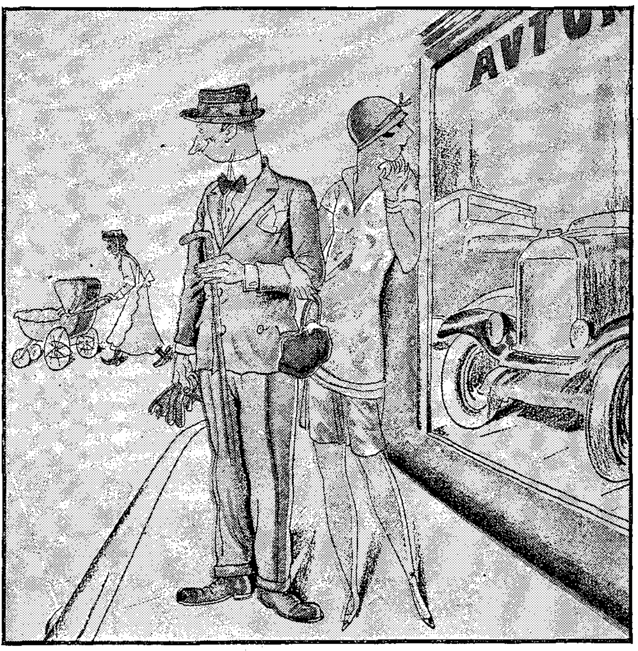
The payment of hush money does not guarantee a quiet life.

When youth calls to youth it makes a lot of extra business for the telephone company.—*Boston Transcript.*

When Mr. Coolidge Moves.—New modern flat with Calvinator.—*Ad in the Grand Forks Herald.*

'Twill Never Happen.—When all of us printers stop making misprints, what will The Literary Digest do for jokes?—*Central Lake (Mich.) Torch.*

Nine Lives, Two Legs.—
Cat Has 14 Toes;
Seven on Each Foot
—*New York American.*



He—"I hope we shall soon have a little carriage like that."
She—"Really? Won't all my friends be envious!"
—*Il Travaso* (Rome).

Easily Identified.—STRAYED from our farm about October 10th, young Jersey cow. Had horns and lump on left hind leg. —*Xenia (Ohio) paper.*

Ki-Yi-Yi!—"With whom was your wife quarreling last night?"

"Oh—er—she was scolding the dog."

"Poor beast—I heard her threaten to take the front-door key away from him." —*London Passing Show.*

Hurrah for Publicity.—
BIRTHS

To Mr. and Mrs. William McClellan, Route 30, a daughter, Clarice June.

To Mr. and Mrs. John Sundseth, 952 Lincoln Avenue, a son, Kenneth Ralph.

For best results try a *Daily News* Want Ad.—*Beloit (Wis.) News.*

Played no Favorites.—He was looking for a quiet place to park his car, and seeing a side street, turned into it, put the brake up, and was walking off when a policeman appeared.

"You can't leave your car there."

"Why not? It's a quiet spot."

"I tell you you can't leave it there."

"But, my good man, it's a cul-de-sac."

"I don't care if it's a Rolls-Royce, out with it."—*Tit-Bits.*

Baby Talk.—
DILLEY-PICKELL
—*Wedding head-line in a Newark paper.*

Let's Hope Not.—Edward Strickenborg was shot through the head and probably wounded.—*Chicago Daily News.*

Page Samson.—
WANTED—Man to move building.
—*Ad in a Muncie (Ind.) paper.*

Hot Party.—Beautiful pieces of lingerie were regaled with a delicious salad course and hot coffee.—*Columbus Commercial Dispatch.*

Too Much Protein?—Boy Dead After Eating Beans, And his Parents and Brothers.—*Boston paper.*

No Safety Anywhere.—
Man Hurt When Struck
By Auto in Hospital
—*Washington Post.*

Highly Recommended. — FOR SALE—Fairfax Hereford Bull Calf. Dam good milker and tester. — *Petrolia (Can.) paper.*

Joys of Self-sacrifice.—"Husbands should share the housework with their wives," says a woman's paper. We despise those selfish husbands who want to do it all themselves.—*Boston Transcript.*

Flapper Ideal.—The purpose of rouge and powder is, of course, to beautify, but sometimes their use has an opposite effect. This is especially true of girls in their 'teens who use make-up in order to appear more 'orn-wg'pu. *Hamilton (Ont.) paper.*

Ardent Pacifist.—Late one night the landlord of some flats was called up by a tenant who inquired: "Can a landlord interfere when a woman on the third floor quarrels with her husband and disturbs the neighbors at night?"

"You are one of the neighbors?" the landlord asked.

"No, I'm the husband."—*Times of India.*

Just Wouldn't Help.—He was up for his university examination. It was well understood that he was "dumb" intellectually, but the powers that be were anxious to pass him, for he was a fine oarsman and was needed in the crew.

"Just put down something," pleaded his tutor. "Write down anything you can and we'll get you through somehow or other." And he left the pupil to it.

The sturdy youth sat for an hour gazing at the virgin paper before him. Then in disgust or despair he scrawled the word "Dam" on the paper and left the room.

Later on his tutor came up to him more in sorrow than in anger.

"We can't pass you," he said glumly. "You've spelled it wrong."—*Answers*